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THE

Gentleman's Magazine

VOLUME CCLXXV

N.S. 51

JULY TO DECEMBER 1893

PRODESSE & DELECTARE E PLURIBUS UNUM

Edited by SYLVANUS URBAN, *Gentleman*

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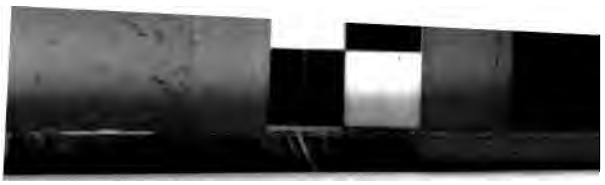

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THE

GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

JULY 1893.

THE MAJOR: AN ELECTION SKETCH.

BY LYNN CYRIL D'OYLE.

HIS name was really Charles Mager; but one night when we were doing a little canvassing in the mountains, and my friend had been safely delivered of a hot Republican oration to a rough audience of Democratic backwoodsmen, he gained his first title.

I say his first title, for, if Darwin be right, this man so far evolved in mind from his ancestors had at least retained their most useful accomplishment—the art of climbing. He climbed the ladder of fame rapidly; yet not in any playful manner, as his ancestry might have done, but steadily, firmly, and surely, like one who carries a heavy burden and must make each step decidedly; yet having a care to notice each preceding rung, to see whether it be adequate to hold the strain that he will put upon it.

One loose-jointed young mountaineer in red-topped boots had been sitting in the back of our electioneering waggon during the speech-making, under the pretext of being a little deaf and weak in the legs; but I soon saw that he was making considerable fun by the dumb-show that he carried on in pretence of being one of us Republicans. He had considerably diluted the tail-board of the waggon with tobacco juice; and, as the evening wore on, it became only too obvious that he was becoming too full of peach-brandy, apple-jack, or the injudicious blending of other such concoctions that were handed round without the slightest regard to political distinction.

When the time came for us to depart our horses were "hitched up" by many willing hands; but all entreaties and commands failed to dislodge the fellow (who seemed to be known only by the name of Sandy) from his perch.

Two or three men advanced good-temperedly:

"Turn it up, Sandy," they said, taking him by the legs to drag him from his perch; but Sandy reached for his rifle, the butt of which lay beside him in the bed of the waggon.

"Leg-go!" he demanded huskily; "I'm goin' home wi' the Major."

Whether Sandy after the first mile or two altered his intention, or whether the rough mountain road at length dislodged him, we did not know. But, ever after, my friend was known as "the Major;" before long it was "the Honourable Major," and now he is most deservedly Attorney-General of an important State. So you will very readily understand that I must not be too minute in my descriptions of locality; but I will tell you this much: he was elected as representative of a large county called Chestnut County, in the important State of which he is now Attorney-General.

No one will laugh more heartily than the Major himself if he should happen to read this humble article; for, although I do not intend to let you know his real name and address, I am going to tell you the whole truth of an incident in the life of an American statesman.

There have been only four people in the world in the secret up to the present time, and one of them, like myself, is an Englishman who has been but slightly masked in several other stories, and whose name would very likely be familiar to most English people if I chose to give it you correctly—but I do not. So in this faithful narrative of how the Major was elected Representative of Chestnut County, I will call him Poutch.

You see, I am in rather an awkward position; so you must forgive me if I falsify my characters and the description of the locality in which the incidents that I am about to relate took place. All else is true.

And I do not wish to take any credit to myself for the important part taken in this little political comedy. Perhaps some sanctimonious ones may think that little credit was due to any of the company concerned; but this view of the case I most decidedly repudiate.

Charles Mager was a very good lawyer even when I first knew him, and at the time of his election he was undoubtedly one of the best criminal lawyers in the Southern States. He was a good fellow,

too; and many a deer-drive, turkey, quail, fox, "coon," and squirrel hunt we have had together. Few could beat him with the rifle, but the ordinary gun was not his weapon. He could imitate a number of wild birds and beasts, and could whistle two notes at a time: a singular accomplishment which often created some merriment in a nigger camp. To the Major I owe very much indeed—possibly my life. For when Poutch and I first went into the mountains on our arrival in Chestnut County we were taken (being utter strangers) for two men who had stopped the mail. It was, of course, a curious case of mistaken identity, for the mail-carrier himself swore that we were the men, that we had waylaid him on the mountain trail, threatened his life, and goodness knows what besides; and had it not been for the Major, with whom we had luckily at the very time driven in the opposite direction—in fact we had gone to take a dip in the Tennessee River—things might have been very serious indeed for us. It was also lucky for us that he was both a well-known and a well-liked man in the community.

You must know that the South was then in a very unsettled condition. The effects of the war were still felt everywhere; bands of "Guerillas" and "Kuclucks" infested the mountains, and murders were rife in all quarters. I have seen it stated in a responsible organ that the murders committed south of the Ohio *since the war* amounted at that time in the aggregate to nearly double the mortality from yellow fever! I believe that statement, absolutely; for many very cowardly ones were committed in Chestnut County during my short residence there, to say nothing of the feuds between families and the more pardonable killings upon their account.

I have lived much on the Western frontier; was in the Indian Territory in unsettled times, and in Fort Dodge when it was said that a man was killed and eaten for breakfast every morning (which of course was drawing the long-bow, not to say the "long pig"); I have been in some of the roughest frontier towns and communities; but in Chestnut County life was really unsafe. Yet for some of the better people there I formed a very warm attachment; and one of these was Charles Mager.

He was in truth a good-natured and a warm-hearted man. In fact our acquaintance was not many hours old before we borrowed $5 of him: and the fact that we paid this back seemed to impress him very deeply. I think his keen sense of fun was gratified by the fact. And for aught I know this was the first link in a chain of very close friendship. Certainly a similar action might well create some comment in a more favoured society.

As I have said, the Major was a very smart criminal lawyer. At all hazards he would save a man's neck: either by eloquence—or by somehow arranging that his client should escape. So he got many cases that seemed utterly hopeless. And some of his fees were curious: a cow, a horse, an old rifle, and in one case a nice little plot of ground to which the owner could never hope to return, were amongst the rewards for wresting a criminal from the hands of the law—perhaps for saving his very neck from the halter.

More than once he has told us that there was not the slightest hope of saving this man or that; but that if we should happen to be at the trial we had better stand clear when Hindes rode up to the court-house door upon his black mare (the fleetest thing in the country), and left her carelessly untied, as was his wont. So, later on, when everyone was astounded at the daring rush the criminal had made, and how he had escaped to the Tennessee River and into the fastnesses beyond, we took the news perhaps a little more calmly than the rest. You see, we three lived together, now, and alone shared these little secrets.

In the night Hinde's black mare would return to its stable, scratched a little perhaps and bathed in foam; and the proprietor would be angry for a time, but inwardly very proud of the way in which she had outstripped them all.

Many a time was that old court-house rocked by laughter at the Major's little pleasantries or good-natured banter at the expense of the judge or prosecuting counsel. He was so dry, and withal so eloquent.

He also raised two very curious and amusing points of law, that are now bywords throughout the locality. In one case, which was a dispute as to whether an outgoing tenant could remove manure that had been carted upon the land, judgment turned upon the point as to whether the manure was "personal property" or "real estate." My friend argued that the former was most decidedly the case; and the riddle that he put to the circuit judge entirely *nonplussed* that gentleman, and it doubled up the court to a man. It was one of those dry and witty sayings in the form of a riddle to which there can be no answer. The other case I dare not even touch upon, though both tales if told in full would highly amuse you; but I cannot give them here; they are, to tell you the honest truth, a little too spicy even for the press of these degenerate times.

"What a shame!" you will say.

And so it is. But I cannot help it. Mrs. Grundy would be down upon my head with her virtuous umbrella like a thousand of

bricks. Again, if you are a man you would laugh immoderately at the little jokes, and enjoy them; but if your wife or daughter should happen to enjoy the same things you would class me with Zola—though I hope you would allow them the credit of a little wit. On the other hand, if you are a woman you might possibly blush a little, read the stories over and over again with much amusement, and then pretend, at least to your male friends, not to have read the article.

So that in either case you see that although it would amuse you, I should be doing harm to myself and infuriating a worthy but fictitious old woman.

Besides Poutch and myself, the Major had another very ardent canvasser and supporter in the person of a retired army doctor, who lived in the hills for his health's sake, but also practised a little in the district and was the State's medical examiner for pensions.

It so happened that a few days before the polling took place, Mr. Snow, a celebrated character in the mountains and a staunch Democrat, fell ill of a gastric fever common in those parts. He sent for Dr. Shirley—the only medical man in whom he had the slightest faith. He liked the bluff manner of the old army surgeon.

When Dr. Shirley arrived after a ten-mile drive, old Snow was pretty bad. The doctor saw at once that although he was in a good deal of pain there was no immediate danger. Old Snow rolled from side to side of the bed.

"I reckon it's a case this time," he said between the groans.

The doctor shook his head, meditatively. Then taking the old man's hand he felt his pulse—and looked serious; placed his palm upon the distended stomach—and looked alarmed.

"It's a bad case, sure enough, Mr. Snow," he said seriously; "a very bad case!"

Poor old Snow clenched his hands and looked up piteously. He groaned anew.

"I allowed it was," he whined. "Can't yer do nothing, doctor? Mebbe I'd better call in th' old woman and sign them papers," he added plaintively.

"Well, I don't know just yet," returned Dr. Shirley. "I'll sit down here beside you a while, and watch the turn."

"Tell me the truth, doc. Don't waste no time," the old man pleaded.

"I'll see presently."

The doctor watched a little while. He was a rough, bluff-spoken man, but kind-hearted withal; and he did not like to see the other suffer as he was doing now.

"Snow," he said presently, "there's one thing that may save you yet."

"God be praised!" exclaimed the old man. "God be praised! I've said a good many things about these 'ere mountains in my time; but I'll take it all back—I don't exactly want to leave 'em yet. Doctor, what is it?"

"But will you take the remedy?"

"Ay, that I will; if it ain't worse than the disease."

"Then you must vote for the Major at the election—vote *the straight Republican ticket.*" Dr. Shirley smiled good-humouredly.

Snow set his lips to suppress a groan, and turning vigorously upon his companion said firmly:

"I can't do it, doc. I've bin a good straight old Democrat nigh on forty-five year! Never missed pollin' but onest, and that was in the war. Oh!" But here another severe twinge took him and doubled him up.

The doctor followed up this advantage.

"It's the only kind of medicine in these times." He took a little phial from his pocket and held it up. "You must take that promise first, and then one dose of this will ease you; but one won't work without the other. It's mixed so that it won't work on a Democratic constitution." The doctor's little joke had a softening effect, and he added: "Now look here, Snow; we are good friends, and you know me—when I say a thing I mean it. Here is what will cure you in this bottle: promise me to vote the Republican ticket, and it's yours."

The poor old man eyed the bottle covetously as Dr. Shirley placed it upon the table and sat down beside the bed. Presently he smiled grimly:

"Put a napkin over it," he said.

The doctor sat still without answering. It pained him much to see the old man's agony as he rolled upon the bed; but he had made a firm resolution, and knew that his time would come.

A quarter of an hour must have gone by, when at last old Snow turned round and faced his enemy.

"It's a dirty, low Republican trick," he said quietly; "but I give in, not bein' one of them old-fashioned martyrs."

"Do you promise?"

"Yes."

Dr. Shirley held up the bottle.

"You swear to vote the straight Republican ticket?"

"Swear be damned! I'm a Democrat, and so my word's better than your bond."

The doctor wanted no more; so he gave him the first dose of the medicine, which contained a little opium and brought immediate relief.

"Doctor," said old Mr. Snow presently, "you're a good 'un. I'll do what I've swore to do; but it's the last fee you'll ever get out of me, and I reckon 'll clear up all outstandin' debts between us."

I could tell you a capital story about old Mr. and Mrs. Snow and a commercial traveller who lost his way in the mountains; but it can have no possible bearing upon elections—not the slightest.

The Major's opponent was Colonel Van Norman, strange to say a *bonâ-fide* army colonel, and the editor of the *Chestnut County Democrat*—a bloodthirsty organ containing little news excepting police news and party politics. But, for all that, it was a good sheet, and well edited. There was in it, too, a very plain-spoken "personal" column; and, as the Colonel was a fearless and hot-headed man, you can well imagine that his life was beset by many dangers.

One of my own personal friends wished to borrow my pistol for the purpose of shooting him, and as I distinctly put my foot down and refused, he went unarmed, and would most likely have been killed himself had it not been for the timely interference of Mrs. Van Norman, who was a good, attractive, and generally-liked woman, although many (I for one) could not stand her husband. He was a slight, pompous man, and very conceited indeed.

Being the editor of such a powerful organ as the *Chestnut County Democrat*, however, a bold and good speaker, and the man of fashion of the place, and the county also being of a democratic tendency, he had a large number of supporters. In fact, he looked upon the coming election, and his own return as representative, with dignified (if it be possible for conceit to put on dignity) and complacent certainty.

He was a Norman, was the election "gag," and always in the *van*.

The chief trouble with our candidate, the Major, was that he was so retiring. Rather careless in his dress and about his personal appearance, a most eloquent speaker (when started), and endowed by nature with a handsome face and noble bearing—some said that there had been Indian blood on his mother's side of the family—yet he did not enter into electioneering with that "push" which is most essential in contesting an uphill seat. But Poutch and I, and a few more, did not take it so calmly; we were determined that at least he should make a good stand against Van Norman. There was no other Republican in the county so well and so favourably known.

A good deal of canvassing had already been done, when there came the awful news, which shook the very nation, of the shooting of President Garfield. And shortly after came the sad news of the death of that good man.

It was a day of general mourning—the day of Garfield's funeral. At about twelve o'clock in the morning I was standing in the clearing near the house, and, for want of better employment, "sizing up" the quantity of cordwood ready to go to the brick-kilns, when a mutual friend of ours rode up, dismounted, and tied his sorrel gelding to the gate, and, vaulting the snake-fence, came right up to where I stood. Intimating that he wanted to talk to me in privacy, we went behind a stack of tan-bark. Here we sat down, and picking up a stick he began "whittling" it with a large clasp-knife. Having lived in the South for some time I knew that this was a sign that he had something of importance to say to me. So I let him talk about the weather, the crops, and the insanity of Guiteau, at his own length, well knowing that he *had* an important point somewhere, and that in his own good time he would veer round to it. Presently he ceased whittling, threw the remnants of the stick away, brushed a few chips from off his trousers, pocketed his clasp-knife, and faced me.

"Look here," he said pointedly, "I've only just heard something on the sly (through the women folks, of course), and came right off to let you know about it."

"Well," I said, "what is it?"

"Just this. You know there's going to be a grand meeting to-night—a 'Service of Grief' some call it. All the county will be there. It'll be the greatest and most influential assemblage that the town ever saw."

"Yes," I interrupted, "we're going down. I suppose it will be a solemn service. Knowing how the nation all mourn with her to-day must be a great solace to poor Mrs. Garfield."

"Don't you believe it!" exclaimed my companion. "That may be the general view, but it isn't in the mind of one fine gentleman. Who's the prime mover in this great meeting? Why, Colonel Van Norman. He takes the chair; and mind me! in his eyes at least the whole affair is nothing but a political squib, as the saying goes."

"I don't see it."

"Then you're mighty dull. Van Norman is going to make the speech of the evening. Don't you see? Why, I'll bet he's got about three columns ready written out for to-morrow's *Chestnut County Democrat* about it. You see, I thought the Major ought to know."

This information made me whistle.

"Oh, that's how the land lies, is it?" I said.

"That's it. This is, you might say, the Colonel's Joker; and if we can't deal something pretty good into our man's hand, the Democrats will go in with a five-thousand majority; mark my word on it."

"H'm," I muttered, racking my brain for some more sensible remark.

"Don't you let anyone guess that I let the cat out of the bag," he added. "Perhaps you and Poutch can talk it over and scheme up something." And before I could make any answer he had re-vaulted the fence, jumped upon his horse, and ridden away townwards.

I found Poutch down the cellar—not drinking; for the only use to which we put our cellar was as a storeroom for potatoes and other "truck." Strings of onions, peanuts upon the vine, and tobacco-leaves hung upon the walls that should have been allotted to wine-bins. I sat upon a sack of potatoes, Poutch upon a pile of yams and sand, and so we schemed out our plan of campaign. And what we hatched down in that cellar may have had some bearing (indirectly) upon American politics generally.

For an hour or so we talked and argued; and the conclusion we came to cannot be better expressed than in my friend's own words:

"The Major must make a speech that will knock Van Norman's spots off."

It was the Colonel's scheme, as we learnt afterwards, to make it appear that he had had little to do with getting up the meeting. Naturally he would be asked to take the chair, and this would give him the opportunity of returning thanks in the name of Mrs. Garfield, and of telling those present how it would be a great solace in her grief to know how they all mourned her loss and the nation's. For a week past he had been working upon this speech: it was to be the finest oration ever heard south of the Ohio. At the last moment he meant to send an invitation to the Major asking him to come upon the platform—of course not mentioning that any speech would be expected of him. From the nature of the position he would "score" heavily. His great speech would be heard by a vast concourse of the electors, and would be in the mouths of everyone throughout the country. No doubt it would add vastly to his majority at the polls. The Republican candidate, he reckoned, could take a back seat.

It was nearly two o'clock, and we were getting quite anxious for his return, when the Major came in. He had been a few miles into the country to a jean's mill, and had, no doubt, been talking Garfield, and doing a little electioneering in his own quiet way.

Not more than thirty-five years old, his face was clean and fresh-

looking like the countryman that he was, and he carried with him everywhere good-nature and joviality. Up to any kind of sport, in all the harmless fun that was going, he was a fine companion when you knew him; but to strangers his face showed only its stoical expression, and in that erect bearing there seemed a kind of reserve. In face and bearing he was more like poor Fred Burnaby than any one I ever saw; in fact, the photograph that I have of him, and which was taken in New Orleans during the Great Exposition, has more than once been taken for the genial colonel who fell a martyr to the political murders in the Soudan.

He now came in, and with his bright face and genial smile said laughingly:

"Golly"—this was a favourite figure of speech—"I had a bit of fun this morning and no——"

"You can keep it in your pocket," interrupted Poutch banteringly; "we don't want to hear about her. We've got business on now, and you must come up to the scratch, I can tell you."

"Golly," said the Major; "drop it on the grass."

We habitually talked to one another in this careless, bantering style. Now, however, Poutch dropped it, and came at once to business; he explained the situation at length, and to the point, very expressively, as was his wont.

For a wonder, the Major took it seriously.

"But," he said presently, "what am I to do? All's fair in love and politics. It's a pretty smart snick of the Colonel's. He's got more sense than I gave him credit for."

Poutch called the Major several kinds of an ass, as also was his wont.

"Golly, Poutch," he said, "you talk like a book."

"What are you to do?" returned the other vigorously. "You great gully! why, you are to make a speech that will lay all over Van Norman's. That's what you're to do!"

The Major scratched his head.

"You seem to think it's pretty easy. You're not over flattering to the Colonel; and he's a good speaker, too." He always spoke well of his rival.

"You talk like a fool." Poutch was a true, staunch friend, but rather irritable—as good friends too often are. "Easy! To a man like you, yes; not for every fool who comes along. You can give him ten to one where eloquence is wanted. I don't like paying compliments, but you're such a——"

"Thanks," interrupted the Major quietly; but it was evident

that Poutch's vigour had roused him. For a minute or two he thought deeply.

"Amongst all your books," asked Poutch, "haven't you something appropriate?"

"The very thing I was thinking about. Gollies, I have . . . I believe."

"Well, spit it out. What are they?"

"Well, with papers, pamphlets, law-books on the case, and one thing and another, I believe I've got all the grandest speeches that were made when President Lincoln was assassinated. Abe's case and Garfield's are pretty parallel. They were the two martyred Presidents."

There is not much in these words; but the Major spoke them impressively and reverently. Knowing him as we did, there was quite enough in the tone of this last sentence to prove that he would enter into the subject body and soul if only aroused.

"The very thing," said Poutch, entirely ignoring all sentiment. "Our friend here" (meaning me) "is about as big an ass as you are, but if he were to read all the finest of these speeches, and take a little here and a little there and piece them to the occasion—why, bless us, what he could write and you could deliver would make 'em sit up, I'll bet!"

You see, I had been fool enough even at that time to dabble a little with the pen; and Poutch, being a true friend, much overrated my ability. But, later on, when the Major had laid all his treasures before me, and I had read one after another half a dozen of the grandest speeches that were made on Abraham Lincoln's death—(when "the little children cried in the streets")—the spirit of the thing seemed to enter into me, and I took rapid notes, culling here and there the passages that seemed to me of transcendent eloquence, and to be equally as well suited to the case of the second martyr as the first. Poutch and the Major helped with their notes and made suggestions here and there, until at last I venture to say ("who shouldn't") that we had concocted the basis of an oration the like of which has never been surpassed. It is a bold assertion. Then we two went about our ordinary duties, leaving the Major to learn his part.

He had given more than one recitation at local entertainments, and we had a vivid impression that some of his finest speeches were perhaps wont to be not altogether so *impromptu* as he intended them to appear. But could we now fully rely upon him? He seemed certainly to enter into the thing with enthusiasm—for him; but his half-jesting, half-stoical face could never be read with absolute certainty.

Two hours later we returned to the house, and knocked very softly at the door of the room in which we had left him—fearing that we might disturb some deep meditation. There was no answer; so we went in. To our astonishment the room was empty: there was the great speech lying upside down upon the table with the books in confusion about it, all (seemingly) as we had left them.

Poutch at once went off into a fury.

"Just what I thought of the lazy beggar!" he exclaimed. "What on earth's the use of trying to help such a man?"

I was confessing that the Major really seemed to be throwing all his chances away, when the door opened and he came in. Poutch turned upon him promptly, called him all the several kinds of asses that he could think of at the moment, and finally delegated him to anywhere but Congress.

The Major took it all in good part and as Poutch's privilege. He looked up quietly and ejaculated "Gollies!"

"What's up now, then?" he asked.

"Up?" replied Poutch. "Up! I thought you promised to ——"

"And haven't I?" interrupted the Major, anticipating the question. "I soon learnt that thing off," he added, pointing to the written speech; "and a stunner it is, too. I've tried the ring of it."

"The ring of it?"

"Yes. What did you think I had been fooling at the last hour? . . . I'll tell you. You see, I didn't want to get up and deliver that oration like a school-girl would a prologue; so I've been practising it a time or two."

"Where?"

"Right out in the clearing, where nobody could hear. I soon fancied that the black stumps about me were a throng of people. And I got it off properly (with a few alterations) I can tell you."

The Major's face had lighted up; and we knew now that he would see us through. Poutch extended his hand:

"Put it there, Charlie," he said. "I'll take it all back. I believe you'll do after all."

As we had expected, at the last hour the invitation came for us all to attend the gathering, with the added "hope" that Mr. Charles Mager would "honour the platform."

"Give my compliments to Colonel Van Norman," said he, in his loftiest tone, addressing the messenger, "and tell him that we will attend the meeting in all sincerity and sympathy; but I can't come upon the platform—I reckon they can fill it with more influential folk." And with that the man rode away.

"Well, of all!——" Poutch began, but left the sentence unfinished for want of adequate language.

"I know what I'm talking about," said the Major firmly.

"A little bit gone here," retorted the other, tapping his forehead and shaking his head sadly.

"Don't you believe it! . . . You two have played your little part, and I'll go through with mine. I reckon I know which squirrel I'm after; so you leave it to me this journey, and let me do as I like. I shall be called for right enough, don't you fear."

So we left all subsequent arrangements to the Major, and trusted him implicitly.

As a natural consequence of this we arrived late, and the hall was more than packed to overflowing. All the white people of account were crowded there together. The long street was lined with "buggies," and saddle-horses were "hitched" all along the "side-walk," and many others were held by coloured servants.

As the Major entered, many of the men at the back of the hall rose to offer their seats; but he nodded to them, and refused all entreaties to come more to the front. For his affability and courtesy to those socially inferior to him—(in America there are a great many distinct "classes")—the Major was beloved throughout the district. He did not go about before the election shaking hands with the coloured population with the intention of afterwards totally ignoring them, as was the case with his opponent.

So we three stood, as many others did also, with our backs against the wall opposite to and farthest from the platform.

On the platform were the magnates of the place—Colonel Van Norman, pompous and smiling (so far as the sad occasion would allow), in the chair. He was supported by the Rev. Mr. McLaran, who had left a New England State to save his bespattered gown; Mr. Magee, the manager of the Chestnut County Coal and Iron Company, who owned half a range of mountains and ground down white labour to starvation point; General Shirley (no relation to the doctor), whose wife was not particularly his own; Mr. Fitzclarence Golightly, who had plenty of money, paid him (rumour said) so long as he stayed outside the jurisdiction of New York, where he was "wanted" to more fully establish the matrimonial infidelity of the wife of a millionaire drysalter. These, and some other leaders of a democratic society.

All those whom I have mentioned delivered themselves in turn of correct and well-studied little speeches. The rev. gentleman spoke of the dignity and solace of the Church, suiting the metaphor

began planning to that end) to add half a column more to his voluminous report of the proceedings. But whether this be so or not, he rose quickly.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said in his most courteous style, "h'm; I apologise for again rising to claim your attention, but, at the far end of the hall, I have, whilst speaking, noticed one who would no doubt like to address a few words to you. . . . H'm; my colleague, Mr. Charles Mager."

At once all eyes were turned to the back of the room where the Major stood between Poutch and me. "The Major! The Major!" the cry went up. One man went so far as to say, "The Major for a speech." This spirit had no doubt been almost imperceptibly instilled by the Colonel, and the man spoke as though this had been a political meeting.

"The Major! The Major!"

But the Major did not stir.

"Oh, I can't speak," he said, as they would have urged him on.

First one persuaded, then another; but he was obdurate and obstinate. Really, there was beginning to be almost a clamour in the "Service of Grief." But it was very evident that the Major was a general favourite.

"Come, Mr. Mager," said Colonel Van Norman persuasively, "you might say a few words—er——"

"Don't be a fool," whispered Poutch in his ear. "You'll overdo it presently, and the meeting will be closed without giving you another chance."

But the Major, in his keen perception, knew that this would not be. He knew that the Colonel would try to make him look as ridiculous and incapable as possible. Reluctantly (apparently) he began to move forwards, handed on, as it were, from one to another towards the platform. At last he got there, protesting, and the Colonel received him with a hand-shake—which was meant, no doubt, as an honour conferred. Perhaps he thought that it would look well in the eyes of his constituents.

To my dying hour never shall I forget that scene, nor the pitch of excitement to which Poutch and I were raised—I seem to feel it now; for we knew now that our planning was about to end in a grand success.

The Major faced his audience and looked down. Until then we had not noticed his untidy state. In the glare of light his coat looked seedy and threadbare, and his tie was all on one side.

"Ladies, gentlemen, and fellow-citizens," he began, "do I look

like a man prepared to stand upon this platform and address this honourable assemblage?" He paused, and again looked down himself.

One leg of his trousers was tucked into his top-boot, and the other one dangled. After all our care he was a disgrace to us; a positive howling disgrace, and looked ridiculous.

"I hadn't time to fix myself up," he said apologetically. "Two hours ago I was not informed of this meeting." Which was true to the letter of the law. "I'm not prepared to make any speech."

He paused.

"You have forced me into the position that I now occupy against my will, and what am I to say? Unprepared as I am, how can I expect to address you in any suitable language after the very able—I may say eloquent—oration of my friend Colonel Van Norman?"

He stood in a solemn, careless attitude. The Colonel felt himself called upon to cough theatrically.

The Major steadied himself by placing one hand upon the corner of the table, and looked up.

"But," he continued, "there are one or two points still untouched by the eloquent speakers who have addressed you; and perhaps I may humbly claim your attention for a few minutes."

He spoke on so for a few minutes, and gradually we could see that he was warming to his work. Presently he led into the oration that we had concocted together. Then he braced himself and leant more firmly upon the table. Presently he began a sentence with "Gollies" and then we knew that all was well. Gradually the audience began to lean forward. Then the men shifted a little in their seats. The speech was stirring them. It was appealing to their hearts, and to that grand human sympathy that links one soul with another and draws all nearer Heaven.

Presently the Major left the table and came forward. His eyes had darkened and his step grown firm. He forgot that he was speaking to his fellow-creatures with passions and vices like his own. He had risen, so to speak, above the platform upon which he strode up and down. He spoke now from his heart and from his soul; his hearers were idealised. Keeping to that speech that we had made up between us with the help of those grand orators who have joined the great majority, he vivified the scenes and gave to all a glamour and a realistic glory that we had overlooked.

I wish that I could give you that speech, and, above all, convey to you the sublime rendering of it—for it is all, almost word for

word, engraven upon my memory; but I dare not. Already I have been led into more details than I had intended. And if I am not careful there are some who may localise this record.

But I will tell you this. For upwards of three-quarters of an hour the Major spoke on. No one coughed. All were spell-bound. Before he had finished there was not a dry female eye. And the men scratched their heads, sniffed audibly, and wished to goodness that there had been a large hole somewhere that they might crawl into and have a good old-fashioned "blub."

The Major was carried back home to our shanty on a shutter with musical honours, the procession lighted by waving torches—pine-knots that had been brought by many of the mountaineers to guide them home through the rough mountain paths.

After all, there was only one column about the "Service of Grief" in that week's *Chestnut County Democrat.* And when the election came off, of the three candidates—Republican, Democrat, and Greenback—our man, the Major, simply sailed in with a majority of two thousand seven hundred and twenty-three.

THE ROMAN CARNIVAL.

"We were taken up next morning in seeing the impertinences of the Carnival, when all the world are as mad at Rome as at other places."—*Diary of John Evelyn.*

A MAN may be known by his friends, by his books, or by his amusements; similarly, much may be learnt about a nation by observing the form in which it takes its pleasures; and Romanin is right when he says that the festivals of a country are a *misura e criterio della civilità e del costume.* Accordingly, as times change and manners alter, we should expect to find considerable modifications in the amusements of a people; they no longer enjoy in the same way, or are satisfied with, the same pleasures that delighted their ancestors four hundred years ago. Progress has been at work here as well as elsewhere; much that was found exceedingly amusing then, we now see to be very disgusting; tastes have been elevated, or at least whitewashed with an air of respectability, and we have discovered that sport need not connote cruelty. The upper and lower classes are less inclined to take their pleasures together *en masse* nowadays; for progress has, so to speak, raised the standard of mankind, so that there is more difference than there used to be between the first and the last, and it is rendered more difficult for all to unite in a community of interests and amusements.

"*Autres temps, autres mœurs, le carnaval s'en va,*" says Alfred de Musset, and he is right: the real carnival is dead, and the modern representative of what was once so wildly brilliant adds only one more to the long line of ghosts that haunt the Eternal City—ghosts that are periodically dragged out of its weird holes and corners, and galvanised with an artificial existence to amuse the hunter after pleasure, and to gratify the curiosity of those who search for what it is difficult to see.

Carnival was a strange institution, or rather a surprising survival; more out of place every year, as Rome became more modernised—a veritable remnant of barbarism. Yet it must have satisfied an actual want, or it could never have existed so long. Is it a signal example of Pascal's theory of pleasure? And is the secret of carnival to be

found in the oppression of the Popes, which served to intensify for the Romans *le malheur naturel de notre condition*? Were this the whole truth, we should be able to measure the prosperity and happiness of a nation by the insignificance and rareness of their amusements; and conversely the period when carnival was most gay at Rome would coincide with that of the greatest misery and oppression. This, however, can hardly be predicated of the people under whom carnival was most brilliant and most encouraged, viz., Paolo II., Leone X., the great Mæcenas of the Middle Ages, Giulio II., the last pope who granted complete license in carnival, and Pio VI., of whom Silvagni says, "*Gran parte del regno di papa Braschi fu un perpetuo carnavale.*"

It may, however, be suggested that carnival was an ingenious device of the Popes for keeping the people quiet; that it was an integral part of the machinery of papal government, corresponding to the "panem et Circenses" of the Empire; the sop that was thrown to the people in return for loss of liberty and deprivation of political rights; the safety-valve that was opened periodically to relieve the pressure of papal oppression—*neque semper arcum tendit Apollo.* There is, doubtless, a certain amount of truth in this, though be it remembered that the Popes did not invent carnival. They found it as an old survival; and it was only in the order of things that a fast of forty days should be preceded by special gaiety. Still, there is an Italian proverb which says *il riso fa buon sangue*; and in spite of education, civilisation, and culture, man still possesses a considerable quantity of animal spirits, which are apt to break forth at inconvenient moments if no waste-pipe be provided. Our forefathers, and the Popes amongst them, showed that they understood human nature by recognising this, and providing for it. There was at least a bond between rich and poor, when the former provided the latter with amusements. To-day the poor man is independent even in this; he pays for his own diversions or he goes without; whereas in the Middle Ages the princes and such as were wealthy felt it incumbent upon them, or at least advisable, to do something to amuse the people; and all the pageantry, processions and display of those past centuries were concessions, from one point of view, to this claim that the poor had upon the rich, serving as outlets for popular enthusiasm: and this was the function of carnival—it was a purge for the emotions of the populace.

What, then, were the special characteristics of the Roman carnival? First, without a doubt, the feeling of universal *liberté et égalité*, which was welcomed with a kind of frenzy of exultation; and until the end of the eighteenth century the people revelled in this

intoxication of freedom. In 1550 a Turkish ambassador, who was present at carnival, said on his return to Turkey that at a certain season of the year the Christians went mad, returning to their right minds afterwards by virtue of a powder that was sprinkled on their heads. This is what Madame de Staël[1] especially emphasises; it was this feeling of freedom, and this mingling of classes, which formed the quintessence of carnival, combined with masking and races, without which no carnival was a success.

It is evidently a survival of the old Roman festivals, the Bacchanalia, Lupercalia, and Saturnalia, and bears a certain resemblance to each, uniting the frenzy of the first with the date and disorders of the second. But if we compare it with the account given by Macrobius of the Saturnalia, which took place in the middle of December, we shall find this to have been the feast to which it most closely corresponds. As tradition traced the Saturnalia back to the Golden Age, its special characteristic was a general footing of equality[2] for the time being—even between slaves and masters. Added to this was unlimited license, and the cessation of all business; the license becoming by degrees so scandalous that the Council of Laodicea in 362 forbade Christians to take any part in the festival. But the resemblance, curiously enough, does not cease here. There was a particular connection in the old Saturnalia with masks and candles, which recalls the regular custom of masking during carnival, and lighting *moccoletti*, or tapers, on the last evening of the feast, before the Cineres. This may be purely fanciful, as the origin of the *moccoletti* is still hidden in darkness; but it is at least interesting as a coincidence. Macrobius tells us, on the authority of Varro, how the Pelasgi instituted the double festival of Dis and Saturn, called the Saturnalia, sacrificing men's heads to the former deity, and offering human sacrifices to the latter; for there was an old oracle which said: *καὶ κεφαλὰς Ἀιδῃ καὶ τῷ πατρὶ πέμπετε φῶτα.*

"But they say that, after some time, Hercules, as he was returning through Italy with the cattle of Geryon, persuaded their descendants to substitute for these sacrifices others that would be better pleasing to the gods, and, instead of human heads, to offer to Dis masks cunningly fashioned after the likeness of men; and to perform their rites

[1] In *Corinne* she speaks of the *fièvre de joie*, and says that "Le peuple s'amuse seulement d'être mis en liberté."

[2] "Regni eius [Saturni] tempora felicissima feruntur, cum propter rerum copiam, tum quod nondum quisquam servitio vel libertate discriminabatur, quæres intelligi potest, quod Saturnalibus tota servis licentia permittitur."—*Macrobii Saturnalia*, i. 26.

at the altars of Saturn, not by human sacrifices, but by lighting of candles, seeing that φῶτα signifies not only men, but also lights; whence arose the custom during the Saturnalia of sending candles about as presents to friends." [1]

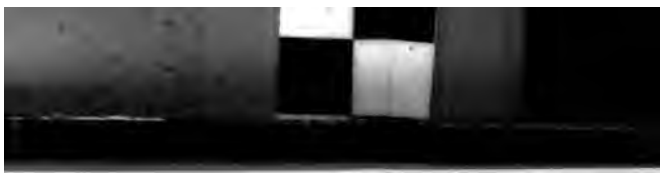
We can easily see how the Roman carnival has survived from the Roman Saturnalia; just as we can trace the Comedy of Masks to its source in the Atellan farces, the *Fabulæ Atellanæ*. Both far outlived their generation. There was something healthy in the very coarseness and rustic simplicity of each. Like the Comedy of Masks, the carnival was a natural product; there was nothing forced about it, nothing borrowed from without and grafted on to the national taste; and in a country where improvisation was so easy and epigram so spontaneous, where love of liberty and love of mystery were as characteristic of the people as the blue sky and deep shadows were of their *patria*, here were all the elements requisite for a successful carnival.

The carnival at Venice, which used to last six months every year, was in former times far more celebrated than that of Rome; but it received its death-blow under the Austrian dominion, when the Venetians went into voluntary mourning, and gave up all their wonted gaieties. It is significant that Paolo II., who was the first pope to grant unlimited license and make the Roman carnival a recognised institution in 1467, was himself a Venetian.

The feast begins at Epiphany, and lasts until Lent, carnival proper being the last eleven days, from the last Saturday but one until Shrove Tuesday, inclusive; Le Ceneri commencing at midnight, and putting an end to the festival for the year.

It is curious to note how all writers insist upon it as a specially popular festival; for though the people, of course, took their part as spectators, and jostled and jested with each other in a struggling mass in the Corso, still it was eminently a feast provided for them by the aristocracy. The people had little more to do with the active part of it than the rank and file of the Achæans and Trojans had to do with the Homeric battles; for much money had to be spent upon it. In 1499 Sebastiano Pinzoni writes: "The Roman aristocracy hold high festival, and it goes badly with such as have no money." In 1634 the jousts which Cardinal Antonio Barberini arranged, with dresses and one thing and another, cost more than 50,000 scudi. Especially in the races for Barbary horses up the Corso there was always great emulation amongst the noblest houses in Rome; and the nobles would hang up the banners, which were the prizes, in their

[1] *Saturnalia Macrobii*, i. 28.



private chapels. Thus, from the middle of the seventeenth to the middle of the eighteenth century, we find all the most aristocratic names in Rome on the list of winners. But towards the end of last century their interest was on the wane ; for Goethe says that in 1788 the horse-races were no longer confined to the aristocracy, but also the middle and lower classes took part in them : "The great men are parsimonious, they hold aloof from the proceedings"—a great contrast with 1761, when, according to Casanova, "all that was noblest and most brilliant in Rome mixed freely with the common people." From which it would seem that in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the rich spent freely, and made the real carnival for the poor ; but to-day the positions are reversed, and the poor spend all the money to make a carnival of quite a different kind for themselves, in which the element of speculation plays a prominent part, and the aristocracy, as a rule, ignore the whole proceeding ; though visitors contribute largely towards its expenses by hiring balconies and otherwise taking part in what is to them a novelty. As things go at present, it is not likely to improve ; a good carnival costs too much money, and the aristocracy hold their carnival in their private houses and palaces. The carnival at Nice, with its battle of flowers, is made by the rich visitors, and the American carnival at New Orleans is by no means a festival made by the people.

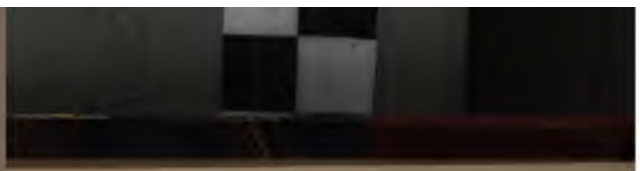
The Barbary races have always been the most necessary and characteristic part of every Roman carnival, since the time when carnival began in the form in which we know it, namely, in 1467, when Paolo II. introduced the races in the Via Lata, afterwards known from them as the Corso. Gregorius says that "he was the first to revive the pagan character of the carnival"; and in that year we hear of a Jews' race, besides races of old men, youths, and boys. During his papacy the starting point was Domitian's Arch, and the goal in front of Palazzo Venezia, in order that the Pope might see the finish from his windows. There were also races of horses with jockeys, donkeys and buffaloes, all of which greatly amused Paolo II., who, forgetful of his dignity, looked on and laughed from his balcony, and, like Caligula, scrambled money amongst the assembled populace. The racecourse was temporarily altered by Alessandro VI., who lived either at the Vatican or in Castel St. Angelo, in whose time the races were run from the Vecchia Cancelleria to Piazza St. Pietro, that he might have a good view of them. In early times there were also races at Monte Testaccio, which usually created great emulation amongst the champions of the various Rioni or districts of Rome, as the races still do at Siena.

Leone X. was the carnival pope *par excellence*, and would take up his position on the balcony of Castel St. Angelo, overlooking the bridge across the Tiber, to watch the races, games and masquerades which went on below him ; and there would be great laughing and joking between the Pope and his cardinals, which is said to do him good and help him to get rid of his melancholy humours. The buffalo races especially amused him, for, as the old chronicler Paolucci writes, "it is a great pleasure to see these ugly brutes run, as they go four steps back for every one that they go forwards." So their races must have been a lengthy performance ; but perhaps they were made to start in the opposite direction !

Montaigne saw the races in 1580, in which year carnival was particularly licentious, and the competitors, as was often the case, ran completely naked. He does not seem to have been greatly interested in the races, for of course he only got a momentary glance at the children, Jews, and old men, much less at the asses, buffaloes and horses, as he stood in the crowd, and they swept past in front of him.

It would seem that in those times the races were run in the Corso between two rows of carriages, with people standing wherever there was room for them. In 1586 we find stringent regulations against carriages moving about, or changing places, in the Corso, during the time of the races : the coachman is to be beaten, the owner to forfeit his carriage, and each person in it to be fined 50 scudi ; whilst anyone who prevents the free passage of the races, whether men or horses, thereby causing an accident, will be summarily hung, and, if he is himself killed in the accident, his body will be hung all the same on the spot where he caused the block. With the best precautions, the space left for the races must have been very narrow indeed, and the horses must have found it extremely difficult to pass each other. Horses, mares, and Barbary steeds were for a long time kept separate in the races, the only mixed race being that instituted in 1632, to commemorate the recapture of Urbino ; and it was not until about 1790 that they were allowed to mix indiscriminately.

Those furious races of riderless Barbary horses must have been a wild sight, as they are described for us in "Corinne" by Madame de Staël, who was in Italy in 1803–4 and witnessed them herself. We may picture to ourselves the scene in Piazza del Popolo before the race, the intense excitement of the great throng of people all talking at once, the little horses, with gay stuffs thrown over their backs, neighing, rearing, and prancing in their eagerness to start ; and then



all of a sudden the barrier falls and they are off. In an ecstasy of excitement their owners shout to the people to make way for them, and, far as their eyes can go, they follow their steeds with cries and gestures of encouragement. As for the horses thus left to themselves, their keenness to win baffles description ; they bite and kick each other as they tear along the narrow passage between the shouting lines of people, sparks fly from the pavement beneath their feet and their manes stream on the breeze. As soon as they dash past, the crowd break their ranks and follow them pell mell. Now they have reached the winning post by Palazzo Venezia, and how those men do shout whose horses have won ! But the winner of the first prize throws himself on his knees before his horse and thanks it, and commends it to St. Anthony, with an enthusiasm which would be too comic if it were not so entirely genuine.

The prizes for these races were called *palii*, and were usually pieces of brocade or some other rich stuff, which was thrown over the back of the horse that won and so displayed to the people. We also hear of a Procession of the Palii, so no doubt they often took the form of banners ; the nobles used to deposit them in their chapels ; and in the last days of the papal government the French soldiers substituted for the Procession of the Palii that of the Bue grasso.

The Pope's dragoons used to gallop through the Corso to clear it before the race ; and to warn the people that it had actually started, either mortars were fired or trumpets blown ; but accidents were perpetually occurring, and when in 1886 two people were killed just below the balcony where stood the Queen Margherita, the Barbary races were forbidden in the Corso for the future, though renewed last year in a very much modified form round the Piazza del Popolo.

The horses had no riders, but carried two balls of lead covered with prickles, loosely attached by leather thongs below the neck and on the back ; so of course the harder they galloped the more these prickly balls danced up and down and goaded them on. Dashing furiously along the Corso, they were past almost before people knew that they had started ; and in such a narrow street with such a crush of people on either side, and somebody always trying to cross at the last moment or stepping out of the throng to see if they were coming, it was small wonder that it was a dangerous game, though of course the danger was in part also the attraction. A sheet was stretched across the street to catch the horses at the back of Piazza Venezia, in the passage still called Via della Ripresa de' Barberi, in front of which was a cord covered with wet red paint ; this dropped

before the rush of the foremost horse, leaving a streak of paint on his chest, and thus all knew at once which was the winner.

The *fête* was, however, only transferred gradually from Monte Testaccio and the Circo Agonale, the scene of earlier license, to the Corso ; the games continued in the old place long after the races had left it, and each year the popes went on giving large prizes to the victors in the games at Testaccio. One of these, at the end of the fifteenth century, is a race between six carnival cars with two pigs placed inside each. These are taken to the top of Monte Testaccio, and then pushed off down the steep slope, and the car which gets to the bottom first wins. At the same time bull-fights were in high favour and were held in the Coliseum ; and Cesare Borgia distinguished himself by cutting off the head of a bull at a single blow. In the beginning of the sixteenth century all kinds of jousting were extremely fashionable and played an important part in carnival, such as the *gioco delle canne*—a Moorish joust introduced into Italy by the Spaniards ; tilting at the Saracen ; and the *quintana*, in which the competitors tilted at a pumpkin suspended in the air.

So far we have said nothing about the masks and masquerades which were one of the most important features of the old carnival, for the Italian nation is especially appealed to by the charm of mystery, and all those indefinite possibilities which lurk behind the secrecy of the mask. Not but that this license of masks was frequently abused ; Alessandro VI., who, with Madonna Lucrezia, was so fond of watching the maskers go past from the balcony of Castel St. Angelo, had to forbid masks in 1499 under pain of the gallows, to such an extent did the factions and ill-disposed at Rome take advantage of them to pay off old scores, and so many people were killed or seriously wounded every day in the streets.

Connected with the old Saturnalia, as we have seen, the masks were the especial characteristic of the *Fabulæ Atellanæ* and the less aristocratic *Mimæ*, and nobody who has seen the collection of such antiquities at Rome, Naples, and Pompeii will doubt the important part that masks played in the life of the early Empire. Thence we may trace them down in the antique farces, which gradually blended with the Sacred Representations of the Middle Ages, until they ultimately laicised them and removed them from the Church ; or, again, they would pop their strange countenances out from their hiding-places periodically at carnival time, until they emerged once more into the full light of day in the " Commedia dell' Arte," and in Pantaloon, Harlequin, Pulcinella, and Brighella, we see merely the gradual evolution of the old Roman masks. Polydore Virgil, who lived in the beginning of

the sixteenth century, reiterates the Italian love of masks and masquerade. "There is," says he, "but one place in the world that has never exhibited the beastly practice of masquerading, and that place is England." Yet, as Goethe rightly remarks, masks in the open air do not seem so strange under the Italian sun, and in a country where even sacred and funeral processions are composed of masked fraternities, such as the Compagnia della Misericordia.[1]

As early as 1550 begin the decrees against certain forms of masquerade, when considerable penalties, including public flogging, are denounced against all who mask as cardinals, bishops, or priests; and in 1726 it is even forbidden to wear red dominoes, red being the colour of the cardinals' robes. In 1555, and frequently afterwards, it is forbidden to enter the churches in masks, the special inducement to doing which was the custom of going to church directly carnival was finished, to receive the ashes; for people were unwilling to lose the last hour of carnival, and so went straight to church at midnight on Shrove Tuesday in their masquerade dresses. We also find decrees against going masked in the streets after ten o'clock at night, and maskers are not permitted to carry any weapons whatever. The great ladies apparently did not wear masks in Montaigne's time, to his great pleasure, for he had a balcony in a good position and much enjoyed the display of Roman beauty around him.

It would be difficult amongst so many to say what the favourite costumes were, but we read of men dressing up as women and women as men, whilst 200 years ago the British sailor's dress was much adopted, local costumes and those of foreign countries being always popular. Ferrara was famous for its masks, which were a special industry there; we find Cardinal d'Este, at Milan, giving large orders for masks from Ferrara in 1498-99, and Chigi at Rome does the same in 1518; and under the Princes of Este the comedies of Ferrara were far superior to those of Rome. Paganino, too, the painter of Modena, began his career as a maker of carnival and theatre masks. But for masquerades, banquets, and triumphal processions, Florence in the Middle Ages was more famous than Rome, and with the increased love of mythology, allegory, and history that sprang up in the sixteenth century some of these masquerade processions were very magnificent; though one cannot help regretting the extremely ephemeral character of all such displays, on which were expended so much art, taste, and money, at the very time when Italy knew how to expend these to the best advantage.

[1] In his *Dissertatio de Larvis Scenicis*, Ficoronius portrays an old Roman mask exactly resembling the modern Pulcinella:—"*Gibbosa apparet, capite abraso, naso pando, recurvo et crasso*" (p. 25).

Comedies, again, are closely connected with carnival, as this was the time always selected for their representation. The theatre at Rome at the beginning of the sixteenth century rivalled even that at Mantua, and comedies were of annual occurrence; not to mention the numerous small plays and *tableaux vivants* performed in private houses. The most famous, perhaps, was the "Suppositi" of Ariosto, which was acted in carnival 1519, with scenery designed and painted by Raphael of Urbino. Leone X., who was a veritable Mæcenas, presided and paid the expenses of the play, which was performed in the palace of his nephew, Cardinal Innocenzo Cibo. The old chronicle, reproduced by Ademollo, relates that the licentiousness of the play, and the jokes that were cracked about its title, scandalised the French spectators—credat Judæus—but greatly amused Leone X. as he watched it through the eye-glass that Raphael has immortalised in his portrait. We may imagine him, at the same time pope, prince, and patron, standing there at the doorway and bestowing his benediction on the 2,000 handsome men and beautiful ladies that filed past him, whilst the stage within was being lighted up with chandeliers forming letters that spelt "Leo X. Pontifex Maximus," each letter bearing no less than five torches, and the spectators were admiring the drop-scene—Leo's court jester, Fra Mariano, surrounded by devils, painted in wondrous perspective. Between the acts there was music and singing; and the whole terminated with the Moresca—an antique ballet, representing the fable of the Gorgon; and, last of all, a supper. The next evening, however, was acted a comedy of a certain Frate, which succeeded very indifferently, and all the worse, of course, by unavoidable comparison; so instead of the usual Moresca at the end, the Pope ordered the luckless author to amuse the spectators perforce in a way he had little anticipated. He was tossed in a blanket on the stage; after which he was let down violently on the floor, and then stuck upon a horse and so badly cuffed and maltreated that he had to take to his bed afterwards and be cupped freely: all which caused great and universal merriment to the noble company assembled.

Balls, both in private houses and in theatres, were latterly an important item in every carnival. The earliest that we have any account of was held in 1635 in the house of a lady of the *demi-monde*, and was attended by a scandal, as indeed these *festini* usually were. A French cavalier took possession of the seat of a Sicilian whilst he was dancing, and refused to restore it to him afterwards; a brawl ensued, in which the Frenchman was wounded, and died next day. The French ambassador consequently demanded the punishment of the Sicilian, who was imprisoned, scourged, and then exiled from the

States of the Church ; whilst the lady of the house was also beaten, no doubt in public, on the last day of carnival, as such balls in such houses were forbidden by papal edict. During the papacy of Clemente XIII. (Rezzonico), balls of all kinds were absolutely prohibited between 1759 and 1769, but began again immediately afterwards. In 1771 there were public balls, to one of which Casanova says that he escorted a party, having bought tickets from a member of the orchestra ; but he did not wish his friends to be recognised ; so, perhaps, neither were these public balls too correct. The natural reaction had followed upon the sternness of the last Pope, and dancing was now "il furore delle ragazze Romane." The first *veglione*, or masked ball, in a theatre was held probably in 1779, in the Teatro di Aliberti ; and these increased in popularity and license until, in 1798, they even troubled the consciences of the Grand Ediles.

The cardinals, of course, did not dance, and there were no balls in their palaces, so gambling took their place ; and when Pope Rezzonico forbade dancing, he still permitted all games of hazard. Indeed, at the end of last century, when Rome was full of European celebrities, whose pretensions were only rivalled by their luxury and magnificence, gambling flourished in every possible form, and whole patrimonies were lost and won by a throw of the dice. Though they did not dance, cardinals have been known to masquerade ; in 1508 several of them did so, headed by the cardinals of Aragon and San Pietro in Vinculis, who were dressed as mamelukes, and hunted bulls on Monte Testaccio.

Monks and Jews were alternately the scapegoats of the Roman populace during carnival. The race of naked Jews—*bestie bipedi*, as one chronicler terms them—was kept up from 1467 until 1668, when it was abolished by an edict of Clemente IX., to the great discontent of the people. It would seem, however, that this was not originally an act of oppression ; for the Jews, having no dealings with the Christians, would naturally not race with them. In 1513 there was a considerable number of competitors, and Penni says that they were all well dressed, so they did not always run without their clothes. Montaigne, however, found them running naked ; and later on it was the barbarous custom to cram them with food before they raced, that they might run more slowly and look more ridiculous. It was customary in early times to impose upon the Jews an annual tax of 1,130 florins for the expenses of the *fête* ; but later on insult was added to injury. In 1583 we read that the usual eight Jews ran in rain, wind, and cold, and were plastered with mud, which hailed upon them in spite of proclamations to the contrary, mingled with

stones and blows from the spectators. In 1633 something still more *recherché* was added, which proved a great attraction, viz., a race of deformed men. Much enthusiasm was aroused in 1709 by a car representing a Jewish funeral, with all its ceremonies complete, which at the protest of the Jews was suppressed ; but a private view was permitted at the special request of Prince Alexander Sobieski, in his garden ! Again, in 1711 there was a masquerade of 100 Jews riding on donkeys, headed by a Rabbi on horseback, with his face to the tail, which he grasped with one hand and held in the other the Book of the Law.

Monks, too, were considered fair game, especially at the beginning of the sixteenth century, when a certain Bernardo Daizzi relates a practical joke that he played upon one. He was riding in masquerade, when he saw a monk stand looking about him uneasily, with an air of uncertainty, and swooped down upon him promptly. Pretending to recognise him, he told him that the public executioner was on the look out for him, on account of some information that had been lodged against him ; but if the monk would come with him to the Cancelleria he would put it all right. The monk trembled with fear, so Bernardo encouraged him to mount *en croupe* behind him. No sooner had he done this than Bernardo set off to exhibit his victim in front of the most brilliant balconies, spurring his horse until it reared and kicked madly. A monk riding behind a masker was so novel a sight, that the spectators in the windows and balconies began to throw eggs at him, and the monk, and no doubt Bernardo also, was soon the centre of a perfect tempest of eggs and other missiles ; for eggs, oranges, and dirty water were the usual missiles during carnival. To judge by the number of times that they are forbidden in the edicts, dead cats were not unknown; and threats of penalties and chastisements seem to have been of little avail ; though most likely the bark of the papal edicts was always worse than their bite. On one occasion, indeed, in 1637, so many rich dresses had been spoilt of late years, and eyes put out by eggs, that, at the commencement of carnival, a great quantity of eggs were confiscated from those who sold them, and publicly broken.

In 1654 was introduced a new horror. The public punishment of criminals became a prominent feature of carnival. It was felt to be a serious check upon the gaiety of the festival, but excused as an awful example for such as were inclined to profit by the general license for criminal behaviour—rendered necessary now that precept had been found inadequate to cope with the disorders. Later on,

the chief and most celebrated criminals were specially reserved for carnival, on the first Saturday of which they were punished. Such as were guilty of disorderly conduct during carnival itself were usually flogged, and the necessary apparatus for this stood ready in several parts of the city. We are reminded of their existence to-day by the name Piazzetta della Corda; and they remained up permanently until destroyed by the people in 1798. Courtesans were also publicly chastised, if caught masked or dressed as men in the Corso—the public executioner not being above seeking popularity by making victims of the most prominent. Thus, in 1656, was publicly chastised Cecca-buffona, the favourite of Cardinal Antonio, nephew of Urban VIII.; and, just before this, we find an entry in the accounts of the executioner: "Un giulio e cinque baiocchi, for beating Joanna the Spaniard." But such censorship of morals was probably only exercised very spasmodically.

There is one more custom to be noticed in connection with carnival—the Festival of the Moccoletti. Upon the last evening, Shrove Tuesday, everyone in the Corso lights and holds a long, thin taper, the whole street is suddenly transformed into a glittering fairyland, and candles twinkle from all the windows and balconies and are carried by all the people in the street below. Then begins a mimic warfare, which is the most amusing part of modern carnival, as the Corso, when thus lighted up, is its prettiest sight; for the object of everybody is to keep his own moccoletto alight, and to blow out those of his neighbours. What was the origin of the custom we have not been able to discover. It would be pleasant to connect it with the old Roman custom of sending presents of wax candles during the Saturnalia; but it is more likely that it had a religious meaning, and signified the death of carnival. It seems to have reached its height in 1790, to judge by the edict which the governor Renuccini issued in that year, which begins as follows: "The custom introduced some years ago of making illuminations on the last evening of carnival, vulgarly known as Moccoletti, could at first be winked at, as it was restricted to a small number of people and a single street, and so did not exceed due limits; but now it has become unendurable." The edict goes on to describe the custom as having degenerated into a general riot: a rabble sweep through all the streets of the city, with torches and lights of every description, shouting and insulting everyone they meet who is not similarly armed with lights; thus, besides great disturbances, there is a risk of fires, brawls, and injuries. In consequence of which the custom is absolutely proscribed for the *future. Nobody is to* make any illuminations of any kind on the last

night of carnival, much less to roam through the city in this indecent and uproarious fashion, on pain of five years' imprisonment ; informers to be rewarded with ten scudi, to be paid out of the property of the offender.

Goethe describes the Moccoletti in 1788 as very uproarious ; and Madame de Staël has something to say about them also in "Corinne." The candles were always lighted at sunset, when the bells rang for Ave Maria, and the streets were kept free from horses and carriages, so that there should be nothing to turn the people's attention away from the serious business of relighting their own moccoletti and blowing out those of other people, with wild cries of "Sia ammazzato chi non porta moccolo." A lady's candle would be blown out with a shout of "Sia ammazzata la bella principessa," and boys would blow out their father's candle, and cry, "Sia ammazzato il signor padre.' So the fun went on, until at last the moccoletti died away ; the aristocracy went off to spend their last night at the theatre, and the populace went away to sup on such viands as were not allowed in Lent; and at midnight carnival was dead, and all went together to the churches to take the ashes, "and so to bed."

In jubilee years there was no carnival, and in 1703 also it was stopped by papal edict, in consequence of severe floods and earthquakes. There was one scene, however, that year that entirely out-carnivaled carnival, devised probably by somebody who was discontented at the edict. On February 3, late in the evening, a rumour spread through the city that the Blessed Virgin had appeared to the Pope, and announced that after 11 o'clock that night the whole city was to be swallowed up by an earthquake ; and that, in consequence of this, the Pope ordered all the inhabitants to abandon their houses. The news spread from house to house like wildfire, and the whole city was filled with confusion. Men, women, and children on that bitter night hastened to the largest squares in the city, many of them with hardly any clothes on, or wrapped only in a sheet, amidst shrieks, lamentations, prayers and curses. It was a veritable carnival. There was here no distinction of class ; princes and princesses, cardinals and their households mingled with the crowd, and fled to the Campo Vaccino. At last the Pope heard of it, and immediately sent criers throughout the city to proclaim the falsity of the whole rumour, and by degrees most people took courage and retired to their houses. But the scare had been complete, whoever was the promoter of it ; whether the bill insinuated which offered fir information, or whether it was

declared—at any rate he was never caught. Terrific storms followed a few days after, and the people, in their agony of fear and superstition, to get relief from the scourge, vowed to give up carnival altogether for five years, which they actually did, and to fast one day every year in February.

Enough! We will not speak of the carnival of to-day, with its *omnium gatherum* of people in the Corso, its battles of *coriandoli*, and bouquets of weeds, styled by courtesy flowers; its crowded *veglioni* at the theatres, and its general air of trying hard to pay its own expenses. It is too commonplace, and requires an annual effort to reproduce it. The real carnival is dead, with Pasquino and Marforio and the Temporal Power; *requiescat in pace.*[1]

P. MORGAN WATKINS.

[1] Much of the material for this article has been gathered from the notes and documents published by Prof. Ademollo under the titles *Il Carnevale di Roma al Tempo di Alessandro VI., Giulio II. e Leone X.*, and *Il Carnevale di Roma nei Secoli XVII. e XVIII.*

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM:
A JACOBITE HYMN AND REBEL SONG.

A DREAM OF THE LAUREATESHIP.

SOME hundred and fifty odd years ago a popular singer, ballad writer, and musical composer, set himself to work, during the pleasing throes of a fine poetic frenzy, to write a New Year's Ode, composed in a dream, the author imagining himself Poet Laureate.

And doubtless the luckless bard deemed that he had received but scurvy treatment from the powers that be, in that he was not actually the possessor of that much-coveted dignity. For had he not, nearly a quarter of a century before, in the very first volume which he had given to an ungrateful world, put in the place of honour an "Ode presented to Her Majesty on her Birthday," in which he fervently addressed his revered sovereign as

> Darling of Heaven and Glory of the Earth,
> Illustrious Anna?

And in the third edition of his poems, in 1729, had he not composed an equally loyal effusion, entitled an "Ode on their Majesties' Succession," which concluded with the devout petition:

> God send no end
> To line divine
> Of George and Caroline?

And again, in 1734, had he not written an entire musical entertainment "On the happy Nuptials of the Princess Royal of England with the Prince of Orange," which had actually been performed at the theatre in Goodman's Fields? And was he not, moreover, the putative son of George Savile, Marquis of Halifax, the distinguished noble whose privilege it had been to present to the said Prince of Orange the golden crown of England after the defeat and flight of James II.?

Could any disciple of the muses and eulogist of royalty have better claims than this day-dreaming bard to be crowned with wreath of laurel and hailed Court Poet?

So, presumably, thought poor Harry Carey as he sat down one evening of the closing days of 1736 to compose, as in a dream, his "Ode to the New Year." We are afraid Sir Wilfrid Lawson and his zealous followers would be somewhat scandalised if one of the aspirant laureates of to-day were to conclude a similar "Ode to the New Year" with such a verse as the following :

King George he was born
In the month of October ;
'Tis a sin for a subject
That month to be sober.

Many politicians, however, will re-echo his appeal to "Whigs and Tories" to make common cause together for their country's good ; and would readily endorse both the poet's prediction and his somewhat lame conclusion :

Then shall we see a glorious scene ;
And so God save the King and Queen.

No wonder the author of "Popular Music in the Olden Time," after quoting such poetic specimens as the above, confidently affirmed, "This is the very man to have written our National Anthem."

And that Carey had so done, Mr. Chappell persuaded not only himself but the general public, till the question was at length re-opened in the columns of the *Times* in the spring of 1878. At the close of this correspondence the distinguished conductor of the Sacred Harmonic Society, Mr. W. H. Cummings, published a series of articles in the *Musical Times* in which he dealt very fully and lucidly with the whole question, and succeeded in discrediting altogether the claims put forward at different times on behalf of the genial author and composer of "Sally in our Alley."

In the second of these articles Mr. Cummings stated : "From the year 1823 the question of the authorship of 'God Save the Queen' frequently cropped up in the public journals, and at length the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1836 devoted several articles to its consideration."

Curiously enough Mr. Cummings appears to have overlooked the fact that ten years earlier than the first date he mentioned, namely, in 1814, there had been published in the *Gentleman's Magazine* several articles and letters upon this subject which contained much of the information given in the *Musical Times*, and which included a lengthy communication from no less eminent an authority than that erudite author and eager bookworm Isaac D'Israeli, which I shall presently quote.

THE DOCTORS ALL DIFFER.

It is somewhat remarkable that of the four writers who seem to have taken the most pains to ascertain the actual facts in this inquiry, and who, in the order of date, were Dr. Gauntlett, Mr. W. Chappell, Dr. Rimbault, and Mr. W. H. Cummings, each one appears to have come to a different conclusion as to the authorship. Two German writers on the subject, however—Dr. G. Fink and Dr. Chrysander—appear to have agreed with Mr. W. Chappell in giving Carey the credit of both words and music. In his notable work, "Popular Music of the Olden Time," Mr. Chappell printed the results of the diligent and exhaustive inquiry which he had carried out, and writing afterwards to the *Times* of February 25, 1878, he declared, "In spite of all the research which has been made by numerous inquirers, including fully fifty years of collecting by myself, no one has ever been able to trace a copy of the words and music of 'God save the King' before the reign of George II."

In addition to the English and German experts above referred to, "S. E.," a correspondent to the *Times* of February 4, 1878, quotes the judgment of Castil Blaze, "a well-informed French writer on musical subjects," as having arrived at the same conclusion as Mr. W. Chappell, long before that author made his views known.

But any actual certainty on the subject seems as unattainable as upon that other *vexata quæstio* of perennial interest—the authorship of the "Letters of Junius."

The music has been variously attributed to Carey and Purcell, to Dr. Blow and Dr. Bull, to Anthony Young and Dr. Rogers, to Lulli and to Handel; while some give to Henry Carey and others to Ben Jonson the credit of the words. One writer, a correspondent to the *Times* of February 27, 1878, affirmed, on the authority of Sir John St. Clair of Ulster, "like everything that is excellent, the air and original verses of 'God save the King' are both *Scotch*!"

After the accustomed manner of critics, I fear I must preface my own conclusions by expressing, at one and the same time, my obligations to, and my dissent from, all previous investigators upon the main point at issue.

DR. RIMBAULT'S EVIDENCE: A CLUE AT LAST.

Having lately been hunting through some odd volumes of *Notes and Queries*, I chanced, in the part for April 29, 1876,[1] upon a contribution signed "Edward F. Rimbault," which put me, for the first time, on what I believe to be the right scent, though it did not suffice to

[1] 5th S., Vol. xxix.

keep Dr. Rimbault himself from taking up the gauntlet in favour of Dr. Bull.

Dr. Rimbault states: "Among my recent purchases is a curious volume of word-books issued by the Academy of Ancient Music between the years 1733 and 1791. In one of the books, for 1745, I found the following 'Latin Chorus,' which has escaped all notice by writers on the subject, and which appears to me to be the original of our National Anthem, and anterior to the English version:

LATIN CHORUS.

O Deus Optime,
Salvum nunc facito
Regem Nostrum;

Sit læta victoria,
Comes et gloria,
Salvum jam facito,
Tu Dominum.

Exurgat Dominus,
Rebelles dissipet
Et reprimat;

Dolos confundito,
Fraudes depellito;
In te sita sit spes.
O! Salva nos.

ENGLISHED.

O good God, preserve our king in safety,
Let joyful victory and glory be his constant companions,
O God, save our King.

O God arise; disperse the rebellious and suppress them,
Confound their devices and frustrate their schemes;
For in Thee we place our hopes.
O save us all."

Dr. Rimbault observes: "I think it is evident that the English words of 'God save the Queen' were not commonly known when this Latin version appeared, or they would surely have been appended instead of the version given." And the Doctor pertinently adds: "It is, I think, remarkable that the directors of the Academy of Ancient Music (which comprised some of the most notable musicians of the day), who are so particular in giving the names and dates of every composition in their programmes, should be silent as to the authorship of the 'Latin Chorus.' It was unknown to them; doubtless an old anthem tune, the name of the composer of which had not been recorded, and had passed away from memory."

Mr. Cummings, in his contribution to the *Musical Times* for June 1878, two years after Dr. Rimbault's letter to *Notes and Queries*, wrote as follows: "In the year 1744 Travers, the composer and organist, gave a vocal and instrumental concert; and I fortunately possess a copy of the 'Book of the Words,' probably unique, published for the occasion." He then quotes the title-page, in the latter half of which is the following:

ACT II.

Ode on the Birthday
Of Her Royal Highness
The Princess of Wales.
Composed by Mr. Travers.
To conclude with
A LATIN CHORUS.

The Chorus and translation there given are precisely the same as before quoted by Dr. Rimbault. Mr. Cummings observes, "The words of the 'Latin Chorus' are so evidently intended for the tune of our National Anthem that they seem to some extent to support the notion that the anthem might have been sung during the reign of James II." And there Mr. Cummings was content to leave the matter. But whence came this "Latin Chorus"?

VICTOR'S LETTER.

In a letter to the *Times* of February 15, 1878, the late Dutton Cook, the eminent dramatic critic and essayist, called attention to a letter, dated October 10, 1745, from Benjamin Victor, the treasurer of Drury Lane Theatre, "to David Garrick of Lichfield," in which the writer comically assures the famous actor that "the stage of both houses is the most pious as well as the most loyal place in the three kingdoms. Twenty men appear at the end of each play, and one, stepping forward from the rest, with uplifted hand and eyes, begins singing, to an old anthem tune, the following words:

O Lord our God arise,
Confound the enemies
Of George our King;
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King."

"Which," continues Victor, "are the very words and music of an *old anthem* that was sung at St. James's Chapel for King James II. when the Prince of Orange was landed to deliver us from Pope-

slavery"—the petition of which (as he adds with emphasis) "God Almighty was pleased NOT to grant."

Curiously enough, Dr. Grove, after quoting the same letter in his "Dictionary of Music" (i. 696), observes, "If Victor and others were correct in affirming that the anthem was sung in the Catholic chapel of James II., it would have been in *Latin*, of which *we have no traces whatever*." This assertion of the Doctor's is the more remarkable as he refers to Mr. Cummings' articles in the *Musical Times*, where, as before stated, the aforesaid "Latin Chorus" is reprinted verbatim.

I myself lately lighted upon this interesting and valuable communication from the Drury Lane treasurer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for October 1814 (pp. 323–324), where a correspondent, who signs himself "Dangle Junior," quotes it at length as from "Victor's Letters" (i. 119).

ISAAC D'ISRAELI'S LETTER.

I was still more interested in "Dangle Junior's" epistle because of a reference therein to "a statement by Mr. D'Israeli in your number for August." I turned eagerly to the number referred to, and there read the following letter from the pen of the late Lord Beaconsfield's notable progenitor:

"*August 3rd.*

"MR. URBAN,—The curious particulars you have extracted concerning the origin of our national air of 'God save the King' may receive some very important additions from the following minutes of a conversation with the late Dr. Burney. In my 'Calamities of Authors' I had attributed to Henry Carey the honour of having composed this political hymn. It afterwards appeared to me that, had he really been the author of this popular piece, as his son has so industriously attempted to maintain, the words at least would have been preserved in his poetical works. There, however, no such claim appears. A friend afterwards was so obliging as to pursue the inquiry with that veteran in musical science, the late Dr. Burney, who was then in his 78th year, but in the full possession of all his faculties and perfect recollection, and he had been the intimate friend of Handel and all the distinguished men of his time. My friend asked whether the opinion of Henry Carey being the author of this air and the words 'God save great George our King,' &c., was well-founded, to which Dr. Burney replied: 'The late Duke of Gloucester once asked me the same question, and I replied that I knew the words were not written *for any King George*.' At this he expressed some

surprise. I then told him that the earliest copy of the words we are acquainted with begins—

'God save great *James* our King.'

"The Doctor then proceeded as follows: 'I remember well when it was first introduced so as to become a popular air, which was in the year of the Rebellion, 1745. Dr. Arne then set it for the theatre, and it was received with so much delight that it was re-echoed in the streets, and for two or three years subsequent to that time, and has continued ever since to hold its place as a favourite with the public as well as with scientific professors. At that time I asked Dr. Arne if he knew who was the composer. He said that he had not the least knowledge, nor could he guess at all who was either the author or the composer, but that it was a received opinion that it was written and composed for the Catholic chapel of James II.; and as his religious faith was not that of the nation there might be a political reason for concealing the names of all who contributed to give interest to the Catholic worship; and this may, in some measure, account for the author being entirely unknown.'

"This, perhaps (adds D'Israeli), is the fullest information we can acquire on the contested original of our 'National Poem.' The hint thrown out by Dr. Arne, that it was composed for the Catholic chapel of James II., may lead to some future discovery. . . . There is nothing improbable in the conjecture that Henry Carey adapted the music and applied the song by the change of a single word—George for James (supposing it to be James II.)—and that after his death the air and words became popular; and if this be true, in some respects the claim of Carey is not quite unfounded for having given origin to this political hymn.—I. D'I."

THE EVIDENCE SIFTED.

In the supplement to the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1796 (p. 1,075) a correspondent, at the end of a long letter signed "W.," relating to other subjects, has this paragraph: "The first time I heard the anthem of 'God save the King' was about the year 1740, when it was sung by Harry Carey on some public occasion at a tavern in Cornhill."

Mr. Chappell quotes this letter in his "Popular Music," and also a letter from Mr. John Ashley, of Bath, to the Rev. W. L. Bowles, in 1828, wherein the writer states that in 1794 Mr. Townsend informed him that his father had dined with Henry Carey at a tavern in Cornhill in 1740, at a meeting to celebrate Admiral Vernon's capture of Portobello, and that Carey sang "God save great George our King" on that occasion. Where, then, did Carey get it from? That is the evident mystery.

Let us turn to the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1795 (lxv. 907), and there note that in the letter of "Verax" the writer proceeds to say: "I have often heard the late Dr. Campbell, of Queen's Square, affirm that he knew the tune to have been sung, *mutatis mutandis*, at the coronation of James II. The Doctor was a conscientious adherent to the Stuart interest, and I have heard him say more than once that he could cordially unite with the most staunch Whigs in singing their then favourite air, as it reminded him of his poor deluded sovereign. . . . You are welcome to give my name to any inquirer, and to assure such that I could refer him to more than one person alive who heard Dr. Campbell assert the same fact. I think he used to add that the younger Purcell was the composer.—Yours, &c., VERAX."

In the same Magazine for February 1796, a correspondent, "E. J.," writes: "During the rebellion of 1745 Dr. Burney, author of 'The General History of Music,' composed parts to the old melody, at the desire of Mrs. Cibber, for Drury Lane Theatre, where it was sung in a slow and solemn manner in three parts, by Mrs. Cibber, Mr. Beard, and Mr. Reinhold, and repeated in chorus, augmented in force usually by the whole audience. It was called for at this theatre for near two years after the suppression of the rebellion. About three years ago I waited on Dr. Cook, late organist at the Abbey, who told me that when he was a boy he remembered to have heard the tune sung to the words of 'God save great James our King.'—E. J."

This confirms Dr. Burney's statement to the Duke of Gloucester (as quoted by Isaac D'Israeli): "I knew the words were not written for any King George."

Since James II. died at St. Germain's on September 16, 1701, Dr. Cook cannot, in 1793, have been referring to that monarch as the "great James," in whose honour the hymn was sung when the worthy organist "was a boy." He must have referred to James his son, James Francis Edward, who, on the death of James II., was acknowledged by Louis XIV. and the French Court as King James III.

In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1814 (ii. 552) I was interested to read a note to the effect that "Dr. Byrom, the author of shorthand, soon after the year 1745, told George Lloyd, Esq., of Holme Hall, near Manchester, that the song of 'God save the King' was first written, 'God save great Charles our King.'" Afterwards, in *Chambers's Journal* for December 7, 1867 (p. 775), I read a possible explanation of Dr. Byrom's assertion in the following statement:

"An MS. was recently found in the State Paper Office by Mr. Hamilton. It is a song, supposed to be of the date 1645, beginning:

God save Charles the King,
Our Royal Roy,
Grant him long for to reign,
In peace and joy;
The Lord that in the Heaven reigns,
Convert his grace,
All such Achitophels from him to chase."

Again, a correspondent, "A. D. G.," affirmed in the *Times* of February 11, 1878, that "when the Prince of Wales visited the Merchant Taylors' Company a year or two ago, the Master of the Company mentioned the fact that 'God save the King' was sung in the Merchant Taylors' Hall at the public reception of a former Prince of Wales, afterwards Charles I." Mr. Chappell, in his "Popular Music" (ii. 699), notes that "the favourite national songs for all the Stuarts were, 'The King shall enjoy his own again,' and 'Vive le Roy.' Before I had seen a copy of the latter it puzzled me to find such passages as in Pepys' Diary, where, on May 4, 1660, he writes: 'The loud "Vive le Roys" were echoed from one ship's company to another.' I could not understand the sailors singing in Norman French."

The last piece of evidence I shall have to quote is contained in a letter of Mr. D. Forrest to the *Times* of February 25, 1878, in which he stated: "In an account of the Highland Society of London, drawn up at the desire of the Society by Sir John Sinclair of Ulster, and published in 1813, H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex being then president, I find the following: 'Some account of the celebrated air of "God save the Queen" and copy of the original verses to which it was sung . . .' The author of this account had an opportunity of copying the following verses from an inscription cut in glass on an old drinking cup still preserved at Fingask Castle, in the Carse of Gowrie, North Britain, the seat of P. Murray Threipland, Esq., whose family were distinguished by their attachment to the House of Stuart:

God save the King, I pray,
God bless the King, I pray,
God save the King.

Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King.

God bless the Prince of Wales,
The true-born Prince of Wales,
Sent us by Thee.

Grant us one favour more,
The King for to *restore,*
As Thou hast done before,
The Familie. A-men.

All the evidence as yet available which seems still applicable to the question in dispute (so far as I have been able, during several years past, to ascertain) is now before the reader. What is the conclusion we are to draw from it? An impatient person will probably feel disposed to exclaim, "No conclusion at all; but 'confusion worse confounded.'"

Judging from the external evidence alone I should probably have agreed with him; but, like a previous inquirer, Dr. Gauntlett, I have a peculiar advantage in this matter owing to the legal studies of my earlier years. From these I learned to regard *internal* evidence and "obviously undesigned coincidences" as the best and most conclusive evidence of all in a case of this kind.

Let us revert to the "Latin Chorus" discovered by Dr. Rimbault, and confirmed by Mr. Cummings from Travers' work. Let the reader note the opening lines of the first stanza:

Sit læta victoria,
Comes et gloria.

These phrases do not seem likely to have been ever applied to the cowardly James, who was not so much driven as scared away from his throne, and never even stayed his rival's coming; and who, like most cowards, was cruelly indifferent to the sufferings of others, as is testified by his brutal reply when implored to remit the savage sentence of a severe whipping inflicted upon the Rev. Samuel Johnson, chaplain to Lord William Russell, for an alleged seditious address to the army:

"Since Mr. Johnson has the spirit of martyrdom it is fit he should suffer."

Then note the opening line of the second stanza:

Exurgat Dominus,
Rebelles dissipet,
Et reprimat.

They are the obvious original of our present text:

O Lord our God arise,
Confound his enemies,
And make them fall.

Was this word *rebelles* such as a Jacobite reader of the period would apply to the invasion of James's kingdom by William of Orange? I think not. Again note the lines:

Dolos confundito,
Fraudes depellito.

What possible application have these words to William's open invasion? Monmouth's rebellion three years earlier might have been the more suitable occasion for the first stanza; but there would seem nothing in that piece of rank infatuation to suggest the second stanza, and especially the concluding couplet:

In te sit sita spes;
O salva nos.

These words would seem to indicate a widespread and national consternation which Monmouth's speedily crushed insurrection can hardly have occasioned. It would appear still more improbable that such ominous phrases would be employed by the laureate of the period at James II.'s coronation, as alleged by several, or that they would be used at all on such an occasion unless *previous association* had made them popular *with the Court.* Now, Dr. Burney and Victor both assert that the verses which became so popular in 1745 were sung to an *old anthem tune.* And Dr. Rimbault's pertinent observation as to the directors of the Academy of Ancient Music in 1745 evidently knowing nothing of the authorship of the "Latin Chorus" and translation, which they then reprinted, would seem, as he points out, to prove that "it was, doubtless, an old anthem tune, the name of the composer of which had not been recorded, and had passed away from memory." It must have, therefore, been long anterior to James II.'s coronation, for which, as we have already seen, it is not at all likely to have been originally composed in the ominous terms which it employs.

The obvious conclusion, to my mind, is that its original composition was in the reign of Charles I., during Cromwell's rebellion, to which event every line and phrase of it is wholly applicable. The ultimate success of Cromwell and defeat and execution of Charles would prevent its being generally known, or the authorship being disclosed; but the remembrance of it would be cherished by Royalists; and the coronation of James II., at a time of general disquietude, would seem naturally fitting *for its revival,* though not for its *original composition.* The general tradition spoken of by so many writers on this subject would thus seem to be verified; and the

younger Purcell may have adapted the music for the occasion, as Dr. Burney did afterwards.

Dr. Rimbault evidently brought to light the original source of most of our present National Anthem, the second stanza of which is almost a literal translation of the corresponding one in the "Latin Chorus." The first of the present stanzas is as obviously adapted from the first verse of the "Latin Chorus"; but there is one most peculiar phrase, "*Send* him victorious," altogether different from that in the "Latin Chorus," which is simply, "Let joyful victory and glory be his constant companions." Now, where can Carey have got this most remarkable phrase, which remains embedded in our version of to-day (though absolutely meaningless therein), like the old Chaldean and Syriac phrases in the Pentateuch?

Send her victorious.

"Send her!" Whence and whither? The phrase is meaningless and misleading in the present hymn. But if we revert to the Jacobite song which Sir John Sinclair found engraved on an old drinking-cup at Fingask Castle, we shall find at once the meaning of this perplexing term. "Send him victorious" there refers to King James III., the Pretender, who was then a refugee in France. And so does the stanza:

Grant us one favour more,
The King for to restore,
As Thou hast done before,
The Familie.

This, if base poetry, was true loyalty in a partisan of the Stuarts; and the phrase

God bless the Prince of Wales,
The true-born Prince of Wales,

suffices to prove the existence of the song among the Jacobites before the fatal defeat at Culloden had crushed their hopes.

Now Carey, as Dr. Chappell has proved, was a Tory of the most fulsome sort, but he was also a boon comrade, a popular singer, and a musician of some ability. What more likely than that he had heard both the "Latin Chorus" and the Jacobite drinking-song sung by others; and that, omitting such phrases from the latter as would have betrayed its alien origin, he eked it out with a translation of part of the "Latin Chorus," and then conferred with Handel's friend and amanuensis, Schmidt, about the setting of the "base"?[1] Such a theory

[1] As asserted by the chief witness for Carey's authorship, Dr. Harrington, of Bath.—S. B.

meets all the reliable evidence, and shows that if the anthem could speak it would, if interrogated as to its origin, doubtless reply with Topsy, "I 'spect I grow'd." The original speck from which its evolution first began was probably the mere adjuration "God save the King," in the second Book of Kings; and the rest has gradually grown up around it. Mr. Chappell records that at the coronation of Charles II. the anthem sung by "the quire" was "Sadoc the priest, and Nathan the prophet anointed Solomon King, and all the people rejoiced, and said 'God save the King.'"

With these facts before us, it is somewhat amazing to read, in the *Academy* for March 13, 1886 (p. 183), that Professor Max Müller, commenting upon the efforts of a brother professor to mend the National Anthem, while translating it into Sanskrit for Indian scholars, declared indignantly, "This seems almost *a kind of sacrilege*, for if in these days anything should be safe from being tampered with it is surely the *text* of 'God save the Queen.'"

One may well ask, What text? And which? The theological (probably the only *original text* there is in it) or the philological?

The song has evidently been a growth. The "old anthem tune," with its stirring, simple, and easily caught rhythm, has been both its origin and the secret of its success. But it evidently first took shape as a popular melody in the hands of the Jacobites; and what has been so long deemed a product of Hanoverian loyalty was in reality a *rebel song.*

STRINGER BATEMAN.

LIMITED LIABILITY.

IN order fully to appreciate the effect upon Commerce of the Law of Limited Liability it is necessary to remember how the matter previously stood. When Commerce emerged out of the simple stage, when each man was competent singly to conduct his own business affairs, and from its increasing volume and complexity grew beyond the capacity of one man's management, partnerships varying in number from being exceptions became the rule. The deed of co-partnery held good as between the various partners, but its terms were of no effect as between the firm and the public who had no means of knowing what they were. Within the bounds of the particular business each partner had unlimited authority, and they were jointly and severally liable to their last farthing for the entire debts of the firm. The later formation of Joint Stock Companies made no alteration in the state of the law. Each shareholder in a company, whilst having no practical acquaintance or control over its affairs, had precisely the same unlimited liability as the responsible and active partners of a firm.

To this general principle, or presumption of law, there were a few exceptions. Some few of the oldest Banks and Joint Stock Companies, which were incorporated by Royal Charter, fortunately embodied in their Articles of Association a clause specifically stating that the property of the company was alone liable for its debts. Some Insurance Companies also, from the nature of their business requiring that the terms of each transaction should be set forth in a separate policy of insurance, were happily able to insert a stipulation that the claim should be limited to the common fund of the association, and thus by special private contract secure the same result. Some other companies obtained the same privilege by the costly process of a private Act of Parliament; and several more, after a great deal of uncertainty and delay, were fortunate enough to obtain the invidious distinction of a special permit from the Board of Trade.

It hardly needs stating, after the varied experience of so many years, what serious risks this condition of the law involved to most

business men, and how powerfully it must have acted as a restraint upon legitimate commercial enterprise. It may, indeed, be right and just that the members of a business firm should have every inducement for care in the selection of new partners to whom has to be entrusted absolute authority, by being all held responsible to the full extent of their fortune for the debts of the firm. They have every opportunity of protecting themselves by constant inquiry and personal supervision. But could it be said to be either just or expedient that a person who possibly possessed but a single share of a few pounds value in a Joint Stock Company, with no means of knowing how the business was conducted, save the scanty information doled out in the annual balance-sheet and report, should be actually liable not merely to lose his small stake in the venture, but every copper he possessed as well? The risk of unlimited loss to himself and of destitution to all dependent upon him, whilst forming no security for the wise management of the undertaking, was an unreasonable price to demand from anyone in return for very limited profit on a very small sum. It says much for the manner in which Joint Stock Companies were at that time generally conducted that it took so many years of agitation before an outcry was raised sufficient to remedy so obvious an injustice. With such a condition of the law the surprising thing was, not that Joint Stock Companies were much fewer than now, but that with such frightful risks there were any promoted at all. They were generally projected for undertakings on a very large scale, when the capital required and the necessary supervision were quite beyond the capability of an ordinary partnership. The legal idea appeared to be that the enterprise of a private firm was amply sufficient to conduct nearly all safe commercial undertakings, and that only under very exceptional circumstances were Joint Stock concerns either necessary or desirable.

As further proof of personal hardship and general loss to the commercial community under the old law, take the common case of a man who by the prudence and industry of many years has built up a prosperous business. On account of age or illness he wishes to retire, and having no sons to succeed him, he is obliged most unwillingly to traffic with some rival in the profession to take over his business at a great sacrifice, or look out for men of large means as his successors, who, though they may know little or nothing of the practice of the trade, are able to return him his capital, having sufficient left to carry on the old concern. But for this condition of the law, he would have been glad to have left not his name only, but a portion of his fortune to the younger men who had helped him to build up the business,

and who are the natural successors of a man so situated; but, notwithstanding his entire confidence in their personal character and business capacity, he shrinks from venturing a portion of his capital when by that act he endangers the whole. By this means the most desirable union of men of capital with men of commercial enterprise and skill was restricted to the serious loss of both, and the still greater loss of the commercial community. To be safe, which is what an old or a sick man wants, he must entirely separate himself from the old business of his life to which he is naturally attached, removing all his capital and seriously crippling the resources of the new partners, who, by trading with insufficient capital, are often driven to the desperate shifts of financing, tempted by the promise of higher profits to engage in risky speculation. This introduction of new blood with small means into an old firm whose resources have been sucked away by retiring partners, is the secret of the decline and fall of many a long-established house whose reputation once stood so high, the revelation coming eventually upon the public as a sad surprise. There remains one other alternative to the case supposed, hardly worth considering. This man need never retire from business, but keep tugging at the oar; declining to throw off the galling yoke that sat so lightly on him in his youth, and choosing to die in harness; scorning the rest and leisure which all other men enjoy who desire to spend the eventide of life free from anxious care, "husbanding out life's taper to the close."

Capitalists and men of business ability were not the only losers by this condition of the law. Take the case of men of scientific and mechanical genius, to whom our manufacturing industries are so greatly indebted. A patentee or an inventor might readily obtain assistance from men of means, who were quite willing to risk a considerable sum in introducing the new idea, but they very naturally shrank from the risk of utter ruin in the expectation of a profit more or less problematical. It may be confidently asserted that many valuable inventions and mechanical improvements have by this cause been delayed for years, until the ideas have occurred to someone more fortunately situated in the matter of money. When a patentee was fortunate enough to secure the help of some capitalist willing to face the risk imposed by law, it was only by offering him an exorbitant share of the profits, leaving for the inventor but scanty remuneration for the anxious toil of years.

A still larger class than men of fortune, or of business ability, or of mechanical genius—the artisan and labouring portion of our population—were not without their share in the general loss. When business

was thus legally restricted and commercial enterprise unreasonably checked, this numerous class must have suffered by loss of employment and the probable rise in wages, besides being unable to obtain a reasonable return for their scanty savings by being permitted to place them in the business in which their lives had been spent.

Another consequence of the law which prevented both rich and poor from investing a portion of their savings in business without risking the whole, was, that very few avenues of investment remained. The prices of these uncommercial investments, such as Government Stocks, land, house property, ground rents, and mortgages were thus artificially raised, and the income therefrom proportionately reduced. The poor working man had small inducement to provide for his old age, and the rich merchant had to toil for several years more before a competency could be reached. This had the further effect of placing a premium on investments in Foreign securities, to the impoverishment of the stock of British capital; for, strange to say, all other countries were happily free from such restraints, equally vexatious and unjust.

It is well thus to recall a few of the evils of the old system before proceeding to examine the merits and defects of the new.

Previous to any alteration in the law, the Board of Trade had in a number of cases granted Charters of incorporation to Joint Stock Companies, with limited liability to conduct works of a public character which chanced to secure their approval, and which but for this privilege would not have been carried out for years; such as Canals, Docks, Mines, and Railways. Charters were also granted to Educational, Literary, and Charitable institutions not created for profit. The exercise of this discretion or indiscretion, as might have been expected, became very invidious, and gave great occasion for complaint, as besides the uncertainty and delay, the cost in fees was very considerable.

As early as 1852 a Royal Commission was appointed to make inquiry and report upon the Mercantile Laws, and, after two years' careful consideration, in 1854 they recommended, by a majority of five to three, that there should be no alteration in this matter. The risks of abuse they thought exceeded the chance of any possible benefit, which they declared to be doubtful and exaggerated.

The first step in the direction of a law of limited liability was the Merchant Shipping Act of 1854, whereby the owners of a ship, not being personally culpable, were to be held liable only to the extent of the ship's value, including the freight.

This conceded all that the best advocates of the principle of

limited liability contended for. Why should the owners of a ship be less liable than the shareholders in a factory? In both cases the direct management of the joint concern was equally beyond their supervision and control.

It is not now necessary to detail the various stages in the reform of this law, passed in 1855, 1856, 1857, and 1858, which were subsequently consolidated in the well-known Act of 1862. It was then enacted that partnerships of more than twenty persons required to be registered as Joint Stock Companies. Any number of persons not less than seven, might form for any purpose a company with limited liability: the Articles of Association, amount of capital, and proposed number of shares to be registered; a list of shareholders, the number of shares held, and the amount paid to be sent annually to the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies, who prepares a return which is each year presented to Parliament. Notwithstanding the abuses that accompanied the introduction of the new law, the principle of limited liability has been amply justified by the varied experience of more than thirty years. Only under the most exceptional circumstances is any Joint Stock Company now constituted, whether for Banking, Commercial, or Manufacturing purposes, except upon the limited principle. The following group of figures show, as far as mere numbers are concerned, the progress that has been made, and how soon the unlimited system almost entirely disappeared:

Years	Limited	Unlimited	Total	Annual Average
1844 55	--	4,049	4,049	337
1856-62	2,601	35	2,636	376
1863-68	4,541	147	4,688	781
1869-74	5,404	78	5,482	913
1875-80	6,394	56	6,450	1,075
1881-84	6,504	16	6,520	1,630
1856-84	25,444	332	25,776	888

Doubtless many of these companies never went beyond the stage of registration, having been early abandoned owing to the want of public support. It would have been well for many unfortunate investors if a good many more had shared the same fate. Out of nearly 30,000 Joint Stock Companies registered between 1844 and 1884, only 9,320 were "supposed to be still in operation" in April, 1885, being slightly over 31 per cent. Some of the worst cases of the abuse of limited liability were those of concerns, worthless and

insolvent long before the new laws came in force, whose unscrupulous partners embraced this opportunity of palming off a large portion of their obligations upon the gullible British public by hollow promises of impossible dividends. As soon as some honest company serving some useful end, succeeded by careful and judicious management, it was immediately followed by quite a number of dishonest imitations, the profits of which never went beyond the pockets of the promoters who presided at their birth, and the commercial undertakers, better known as official liquidators, who buried them out of sight. Whilst the blind and greedy speculators who make such things possible are deserving of small sympathy, there remains no doubt that, if we had an efficient Public Prosecutor, these fraudulent partners and equally criminal bubble company promoters might be forced to disgorge their ill-gotten gains, and their predatory career be cut short by penal servitude. Far too often they succeed in escaping with their plunder, and soon return with increased resources, and under an *alias* are able to pursue "the same old game." Few persons after losing a considerable sum care to publish their folly by appearing in court, besides losing what little money they have left in the public-spirited but very unprofitable pursuit of private prosecutor.

Without deserving to be described as fraudulent, many companies were promoted of a highly speculative character, to conduct new and doubtful experiments, which no single capitalist or firm would care to undertake. According to the highly-coloured prospectus, the profits were so tempting, and the risk to each shareholder seemed so small. The British public had to learn by bitter experience, what very little wisdom might have taught them before, that, although the limitation of liability was a valuable protection to investors from utter ruin, it could not possibly dispense with businesslike caution and inquiry into the character of an investment, nor furnish any security whatever against reckless trading and culpable mismanagement by incompetent and dishonest men.

If the principle of limited liability were the mischievous thing it was at one time confidently declared to be, it would be difficult to account for its continuous growth and progress during a chequered experience of more than thirty years, as well as its compatibility with so many other indications of commercial prosperity, as the following figures sufficiently show.

There is a curious illustration of how very *nominal* the capital sometimes was in a foot-note to the Registrar's return for the year 1869, when some sanguine or crazy individuals actually registered a

company with a *nominal* capital of £100,000,000; but the *paid-up* capital never exceeded the very modest amount of £200.

Dates.	Companies registered. Annual average	Nominal capital. Annual average. *Millions*	Bank rate. Annual average. %	Exports and imports. Annual average. *Millions*	London clearing house. Annual average. *Millions*	Income schedule D. Annual average. *Millions*	Savings banks' deposits. Annual average. *Millions*
		£	£ s. d.	£	£	£	£
1856–62	377	27	4 7 7	347	—	—	39
1863–68	770	131	4 13 10	497	—	156	45
1869–74	900	108	3 12 7	619	5,042	204	58
1875–80	1,028	85	2 16 1	643	6,394	261	73
1881–84	1,562	193	3 10 9	708	6,077	273	86

It is to be regretted that we have no *official* record of bankruptcy details previous to 1870, as it would doubtless throw much light on the first experience of limited companies. The absence of any committee of inquiry into the causes of the panic of 1866 deprives us of much valuable information, which, being the result of severe cross-examination by experts, may always be relied upon. In 1859 there were only 22 petitions for winding-up companies in the Court of Chancery; but during and after the panic of 1866, the number of applications rose to 241 for that year, and 253 for the year following. There is one item specially interesting, the formation of Banks and Financial Companies, which then occupied a position of bad pre-eminence. In a valuable paper by Professor Leone Levi,[1] we find "that between 1844 and 1855, when only unlimited companies were permitted, not a single bank or finance company was registered; but from 1855 to 1868, when his investigation ceased, there were promoted no less than 291 Banks and Financial Associations all with limited liability. Of these 82, or 28 per cent., were soon after abandoned; during that period 160, or 55 per cent., were in process of winding-up, leaving only 49, or 17 per cent., in existence in 1863." Of these 242 defunct companies a number were Banks which had a very short-lived and unprofitable existence, but the great majority of them were Financial Associations, whose business was of a character which nothing short of a miracle could possibly have saved from disastrous failure. Many of these companies locked up the large portion of their funds in loans at long dates to the projectors and contractors of foreign railways and large public works abroad, which, under the most favourable auspices, could make no return for years. A severe test awaited them, although owing to their instability,

[1] *Statistical Society Journal*, March 1870.

very slight pressure would have been sufficient to cause their collapse. As money became scarce and the rate rose, the contractors for these foreign and other large undertakings were unable to obtain fresh loans or even the renewal of their long-dated acceptances, and accordingly suspended payment; their chief assets being in many cases plant and materials located abroad, or shares in a half-finished foreign railway, about the most unsaleable security conceivable. From these insolvent contractors suspicion soon spread to the Financial Associations which supplied them with funds. There was no reason whatever why these companies might not quite legitimately discount long-dated acceptances based upon contracts likely to be remunerative at an early date to the full extent of their capital, or on money borrowed on debentures, or deposits received for a term of years; but for any association to do this with money taken at call and short notice, was the height of midsummer madness. The "birds of prey" on the Stock Exchange by *bearing* transactions sent the shares down by the run; the timid shareholders, as despairing now as they were previously sanguine, rushed into the market to sell; the frightened depositors demanded their money, and the creditors becoming clamorous, the end was near, when the hollowness of their pretensions was soon exposed. In February the brooding storm began to burst with the stoppage as usual of a large Discount company. One failure rapidly succeeded another, until that memorable "Black Friday," when Overend Gurney's failed for 19 millions, the bank rate rose to 10 per cent., and the Bank Charter Act was for the third time suspended.

The popular explanation of the panic of 1866 is that it was caused by the Acts permitting limited liability. Like most other very simple solutions of a complicated problem, it contains only a very moderate amount of truth. The real cause is much older than either 1854 or 1862. The form has varied, but the deep-seated source of the various commercial crises that have afflicted the trade of this country has been very similar in each. The reckless trading of insolvent firms, vainly trying to recover their lost position; and hasty and immature speculation far beyond the immediate requirements of the case; attempting to do at a rush what ought to have been the result of patient steady growth and the well-considered work of years. It should also be remembered that in many cases the most of the mischief actually occurred—Overend Gurney's, for instance—some time before they were converted into limited companies, whose shareholders had to bear both the loss and the discredit. The previous repression in the formation of companies,

owing to the unreasonable risk involved, was a principal cause of the reaction in their favour on the legal restriction being removed, when, as might have been anticipated, it was carried to ridiculous lengths. Many of the Banks, as well as other limited companies formed during this time of greed and credulity, are as sound, useful, and admirably managed institutions as any now in existence. "Wisdom is justified of her children."

The check which followed the panic of 1866 in the formation of Joint Stock Companies, almost all limited, was very marked. Superstition for a time gave place to scepticism.

1865	1,034	Companies	£205	Millions	Nominal Capital
1866	762	,,	77	,,	,,
1867	479	,,	31	,,	,,
1868	461	,,	36	,,	,,

Doubtless these later companies were formed upon a firmer basis and after a more thorough investigation, and were subsequently conducted with greater care. This is one of the compensations with which we must be content, for the serious evils which a time of pressure invariably brings. The public mind in the matter of investment is easily influenced, but, unfortunately, the effect is as easily effaced and as soon forgotten. The same lesson has to be repeated at varying intervals. Luckily the subsequent experience on this occasion was of a much milder type. Some years ago there was a scare about the exhaustion of the coal supply, which sent coals up to famine prices. Many companies were accordingly formed, whose shareholders made sure they were on the straight road to fortune, to work new mines, some old cuttings that had been abandoned, and inferior seams of coal for which there had previously been no sale. Nearly all these collapsed when the price of coals dropped to their normal level, as, notwithstanding the frantic efforts of a coal-ring, the scare died away.

Something similar occurred a few years later on the marvellous discoveries made in electricity, when the formation of Electric light companies became a kind of wild mania, not unlike the Railway craze in 1845. Very few of these companies are now in existence, and fewer still have verified the expectations of their sanguine promoters. The present distress in shipping is largely the result of over-building some years ago on behalf of companies who now carry competition with each other so far that profits have reached the vanishing point. The fashion of these hazardous and speculative investments is ever changing. Now, it is Land, Agricultural, and

Investment Companies in our Colonies; again, it is Cattle Ranches and Land Agencies to cultivate and people the prairies of the Western American States; once more, it is Tramways in town and suburb, and Steam-trams in the country. In all of these there is a certain amount of sound and profitable business, of which the promoter makes skilful use, serving as a lure to the credulous and unwary.

From the following table, made up from the official returns, it will be seen that whilst the number of registered companies has continuously grown since 1870, the total number of bankruptcies and compositions has varied with other causes not difficult to trace, and the assets bear a curiously uniform proportion to the liabilities:

Dates.	Companies registered.	Number of bankruptcies, &c.	Amount of liabilities. Millions	Amount of assets. Millions	Proportion per £1.
			£	£	*s. d.*
1870–72	2,532	18,117	46	14	6 1
1873–75	3,647	23,297	65	19	5 11
1876–78	2,942	30,232	70	21	6 0
1879–81	3,917	33,157	64	20	6 3
1882–84	4,939	21,788	54	16	6 0
1870–84	17,977	126,591	299	90	6 1

In 1867, when the Companies' Act was further amended, a splendid opportunity was worse than wasted for effectively correcting nearly all the abuses to which limited companies are specially liable, without in the slightest impairing any of their valuable results. It was then enacted that by one of the Articles of Association, or by special resolution, the directors and managers of a limited company *may* be declared to be *unlimited* in their liability. It is not surprising that during the twenty-six years since this amended law was passed it has been a dead letter, no single company having taken advantage of this particular clause. Were this regulation made *compulsory* instead of being *voluntary*, it would become of incalculable benefit to all concerned. It may well be asked, Why should the directors and managers of a company, who are rarely more than twelve in number, who have every opportunity of protecting themselves by intimate acquaintance with the character of the business and personal supervision of all its details, be free from a liability justly incurred by the partners, up to twenty in number, who occupy precisely the same position in a private firm? Why, also, should there be no distinction in all fairness between the liability of a shareholder who only knows what he is told, all of which may be quite

untrue, and that of the directors and manager, who, if they do not know everything as it really is, have themselves alone to blame? Besides the increased caution and fresh security this system would introduce into business, there are other advantages not to be despised. Those sham directors whose claim to a seat at the board is a title before their names or mysterious initials after, who are generally profoundly ignorant about business, would then find their services to be at a decided discount. Directors of the "guinea-pig" order who earn a discreditable living by going round the City putting their names down for attendances, rendering no services, but punctually taking their fees, lingering only where a luncheon of chicken and champagne is provided at the long-suffering shareholders' expense, would then become a disgraceful relic of the past. The vulgar and sordid ambition of becoming M.P., not to serve some high political purpose, but simply to obtain appointments as directors of public companies, would in time become extinct, and both politics and business would be cleaner and reap the benefit. Under such a purged system directors would be fewer in number, and would be fairly entitled to a higher scale of remuneration on account of the greater risk incurred, more time necessary, and superior business skill required.

In 1878, when the City of Glasgow Bank failed for 12½ millions, the consequences were so terrible to its shareholders that there was a very natural rush out of all similar property, and a corresponding reduction in its market value. This was sufficiently serious to those in charge of these Banks, but still worse was the discovery that the new shareholders were persons of quite another stamp, to whom *unlimited* liability had no terrors, for the simple reason that they had little else to lose. To the man of fortune Bank dividends, however high, were a poor recompense for the risk of being ruined. It was felt that a Bank's stability was more secure with a share list containing the names of men of substance, even were their liability limited, than the profuse promises of men of straw. An Act was accordingly passed in the following year to enable Banks not registered under any of the Companies' Acts to become *limited* in their liability to sums varying in amount over and above their subscribed capital, to be held in reserve and available only in case of winding-up. All Banks of issue continued *unlimited* so far as their note circulation was concerned. After a little hesitation on the part of some Banks, the result is that all the Joint Stock Banks of England, Scotland, and Ireland are now registered as *limited* under the new Act, or claim to be so already in virtue of their Charters.

The following figures of a few of the London and Provincial Banks give a fair idea of what is called reserve capital :

Banks.	Paid-up capital.	Callable.	Reserve.
	£	£	£
Bank of Liverpool . . .	1,000,000	2,200,000	4,800,000
Capital & Counties . . .	932,500	932,500	2,797,500
City Bank	1,000,000	1,000,000	2,000,000
London & County . . .	2,000,000	2,000,000	4,000,000
London Joint Stock . . .	1,800,000	4,200,000	6,000,000
London & Midland . . .	818,200	818,200	2,290,960
London & Westminster . .	2,800,000	11,200,000	—
Lloyds Bank	1,666,000	937,125	7,809,375
Manchester & Liverpool . .	1,000,000	1,000,000	4,000,000
Manchester & County . . .	758,984	478,266	3,701,750
Paris & Alliance	1,000,000	1,000,000	3,000,000
Williams, Manchester & Salford .	1,000,000	1,500,000	3,750,000
12 London and Provincial Banks	15,775,684	27,266,091	44,149,585

If the present law were only amended, making the liability of all directors and managers of companies *unlimited*, nearly all the other restrictions, which are rarely of any use, as they can be so easily evaded, might then be abolished. For instance, why should not any smaller number than seven, if they wish, form a Joint Stock Company ; and why should not a private firm, if they desire it, have more than nineteen partners? If one, two, or three persons want to form a company, who can hinder them from saying "we are seven," making up that perfect number with any impecunious friends or neighbours, or clerks or porters, to each of whom, after executing a blank transfer, one share has been generously presented? Again, why should one business with twenty partners be compelled to register, and another with nineteen escape the wholesome light of publicity?

This, indeed, is the only thing that legislation may wisely insist upon, the public registration of every class of business—with the possible exception of those who trade singly under their *own* name—whether that of private firms or Joint Stock Companies, with heavy penalties attached to the uttering of false or misleading information. For the State to attempt more than this, to try and protect the public against hazardous investments and unwise undertakings, would be not only vain, but mischievous. The committee of the Stock Exchange, who investigate the claims of new investments to a settling-day and a place on the official list, ought to be able to discriminate between the good and the bad; and yet, how often have they egregiously failed? How few of the swindles that have preyed upon the confiding public

have failed to easily secure a footing within its hospitable gates? Where these experts have so signally failed, is any Government official or board of politicians likely to succeed? How can they possibly be competent judges as to what is and what is not a hazardous speculation? Experience would be certain to prove that investments they had rejected were perfectly sound; and that the public, to their cost, had considered those they had passed as thereby guaranteed. How many of the various improvements and developments that have occurred in our commerce and manufactures would have been secured had they first of all to satisfy a board of official politicians? Who shall decide beforehand what is or what is not an unsound and reckless speculation, in order "to sift the tares from the wheat"?

In the fierce competition of modern trade, commercial men must not only be free, but they must be encouraged to attempt fresh experiments and new developments, without any legal or official obstacles being thrown in their way. In business as in theology, the heresy scouted in one generation becomes the popular dogma of the next; and to the one following, an abandoned superstition. Those who have devoted their lives and their fortunes to the conduct of our commerce and manufactures must be treated as full-grown men, and not like children.

Valuable assistance has often been rendered to the public in the wise selection of sound investments by the City editors of the daily press, and the specially qualified writers of the better-class financial journals. But this aid might easily be made much more effective. There is not much use moralising over mischief after it has occurred; a pound of prevention is worth a ton of cure. Whether the press are silenced by the bribe of repeated highly-paid advertisements, or from fear of the very loose law of libel, and the uncertain temper of juries, the fact remains that Companies are launched and Foreign Loans floated which the slightest examination must satisfy any competent man are deserving only of severe censure and prompt exposure. The mere publication of a prospectus ought legally to justify any competent City editor in freely criticising without malice the character of any public investment and its promoters and directors, demanding on behalf of its readers adequate information and substantial guarantees upon which a sound judgment may be formed. The character and conduct of politicians are criticised with merciless rigour, some of which might well be spared for the projectors and directors of public companies.

There need be no fear that Joint Stock Companies, whether with limited or unlimited liability, will ever displace all other forms of partnership. A plurality of partners has obvious risks and disabili-

ties from which a man trading under his own name is entirely free. There is the possibility of disagreement, of indecision and vacillation, and consequent delay; the chances of errors of judgment, of deceit and fraud are all multiplied; whilst, on the other hand, the profits have to be divided. Again, a firm composed of men who personally manage the business to which their time, energy, and fortune have all their lives been devoted, whilst generally more cautious, owing to the larger responsibility, than the directors of a company, is often more zealous and enterprising as well. Besides, the public prefer dealing directly with principals rather than with officials, however courteous and competent, who may have to refer for instructions to others. Although boards of directors generally possess a breadth of view and a variety of experience superior to that of partners in a firm, whose minds are apt to run in a professional groove—where promptness and decision are necessary they are more likely to hesitate and delay, and often miss the tide of affairs that waits for nobody.

In a time of depression the weak holders of a Company's shares, by rushing into the market, are apt not only to depreciate their value, but also to lower the credit of the company, and seriously injure its business; whilst the credit of private firms is not subject to such a fitful barometer as the Stock Exchange price list, and the partners are spared the ordeal of an annual meeting, and the cross-examination of nervous and fussy shareholders. On the other hand, the firm holders of a company's shares, as well as those who have recently purchased them at a low price, having only a portion of their savings invested, and generally possessing some other sources of livelihood, can better afford to tide over the time of temporary depression or difficulty, keeping the staff occupied and the business together as a going concern, waiting patiently for the good times that seem so long in coming, than the partners in a firm whose entire fortune is invested in a single business, and whose income wholly vanishes along with their share of the profits.

Joint Stock Companies have certain commercial advantages, but they are handicapped in many ways, so as scarcely to justify the fear that they will ever entirely supersede the untrammelled energy of individual character, and the vigour and enterprise of more private partnerships. There is ample room for every method of conducting business, each having, in some respects, its relative superiority; the decision must be left to the growing wisdom of practical experience, under conditions of unfettered freedom, and aided by the searching light of wholesome publicity.

B. D. MACKENZIE.

HER MAJESTY'S SERVANTS.

THE origin of the title which the Queen has recently bestowed upon the players of the Royal Carl Rosa Opera Company can be traced to the earliest period of the history of the English drama.

As the Tudor era approached, the religious plays, the mysteries, miracles, and moralities, which for so long had been the delight of clergy and people, began to decline in popular favour, and as they were supplanted by secular romances and histories—themselves soon to be superseded by true tragedy and comedy—professional actors sprang up and took the places hitherto occupied on the stage by the priests and their scholars.

The first patron of these players—and the princely favour thus shown gave impetus to the advance of the drama—was Richard III., then Duke of Gloucester. He numbered amongst those employed in his household a company of players, who, when not required for the amusement of their master, were permitted to travel from town to town and act under the title of the "Duke of Gloucester's Servants." It seems an irony of fate that he who was the first to cherish the English stage at its very birth should, chiefly by its means, have gone down to posterity as a hunchbacked monster and murderer. The contradictory and unsatisfactory statements of the chroniclers and historians would have taken little hold of the popular mind, but the play so fixed him in the imagination as horrible both in person and character, that, notwithstanding the masterly effort of Horace Walpole to throw doubt upon its veracity, Shakespeare's picture is still by many accepted without a thought as historically true.

As time went on the sovereigns and nobility lent their support to acting. Henry VIII. frequently had plays performed at court, sometimes by the children of the Chapel Royal, and sometimes by the boys of the public schools. At the accession of Edward VI. a company of players, the Marquis of Dorset's Servants, were punished for performing what was considered to be a travesty of the Requiem for the late king, by being forbidden to act except in the presence of their master.

To be servants of the sovereign and of members of the nobility

was of great advantage, and even necessary, to the actors of Tudor times. In 1556 "players and pipers" were prohibited by a decree of Crown and Council from "strolling" through the country, but the fact of being attached to the households of the great would exempt companies of actors from its provisions.

In 1572, by the statute 14 Eliz. c. 5, it was enacted that players were to be treated as rogues and vagabonds unless they were the servants of a baron of the realm, or some personage of higher rank, or had received the license of two justices of the peace at least, "whereof one must be of the quorum." By entering the service of the nobility players thus escaped the severe and exceedingly unpleasant punishment awarded to rogues and vagabonds—"to be grievously whipped and burned through the gristle of the right ear with a hot iron of the compass of an inch"—a punishment actually inflicted unless some respectable person would enter into recognisances to employ the prisoner for one whole year.

But exemption from the law was not the only advantage which the livery of a nobleman gave to the actors who wore it. The "servants" of the sovereign and nobility were welcomed by the mayor or bailiff of each town they visited, and paid for their first performance on each visit out of the Corporate funds. From the accounts of the Chamberlain of Stratford-on-Avon [1] it appears that such payments were not infrequently made. In 1569, when John Shakespeare, Shakespeare's father, was High Bailiff, the Queen's players received nine shillings, and the Earl of Worcester's Servants the modest sum of twelvepence. In 1573 Lord Leicester's players were paid five shillings and eightpence. Three years later payments of seventeen shillings and five-and-eightpence are made to the players of the Earl of Warwick and of the Earl of Worcester. In 1577 Lord Leicester's Servants receive fifteen shillings, and those of Lord Worcester three-and-fourpence. In 1579 and 1580 similar payments were made to the players of the Countess of Essex, of the Earl of Derby, and of Lord Strange. The accounts from the year 1581 to 1597 show similar payments to have been made in every year excepting in the years 1585, 1590, 1591, 1594, and 1595. The last entry concerning actors occurs in 1622, and is somewhat curious:

> Payd to the Kynges players for not playing in the hall . . . vj.s.

In 1574 Queen Elizabeth gave the first direct royal license to a company of players. By a writ of Privy Seal addressed to the Keeper of the Great Seal she commanded that a patent should be issued

[1] Quoted by Knight and by Halliwell.

licensing and authorising James Burbage and four other persons, servants to the Earl of Leicester, "to use, exercise, and occupy the art and faculty of playing comedies, tragedies, interludes, stage-plays, and such other like as they have already used and studied, or hereafter shall use and study, as well for the recreation of our loving subjects, as for our own solace and pleasure when we shall think good to see them."

This company possessed themselves of the theatre at Blackfriars, and when in 1589 Shakespeare and his fellow-actors—for he had ere now joined his fortunes with those of the original patentees—present a certificate of good behaviour to the Privy Council, they describe themselves as "Her Majesty's Poor Players." The title-page of Cook's "Tu Quoque" states that the comedy had been "divers times acted by the Queen's Majesty's Servants." This title is also given to the Blackfriars company in a contemporary record of the revels at Court in 1588, from which it appears that, the Queen being at Greenwich, "there were showed, presented, and enacted before her Highness, betwixt Christmas and Shrovetide, seven plays, besides feats of activity and other shows, by the children of Paul's, her Majesty's own servants and the gentlemen of Gray's Inn." It was about the year 1590 that the popular and technically erroneous title of "Her Majesty's Servants" generally given to this company was corrected into that of the "Servants to the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlain to Her Majesty," by which style Shakespeare and the other actor owners of the Blackfriars Theatre describe themselves in a petition to the Privy Council in 1596. On March 31 sums of money were paid to the "Servants of the Lord Chamberlain" for three plays acted before Her Majesty. Shakespeare's company acted before the Queen on St. Stephen's Day and on Candlemas Day, 1603, and, as it proved, it was their last appearance before her, for on the following March 24 Her Majesty was dead. From the books of the Treasurer of the Chamber it appears that "to John Hemynges and the rest of his company, Servants to the Lord Chamberlain, upon the Council's warrant dated at Whitehall the xxth of April 1603, for their pains and expenses in presenting before the late Queen's Majesty two plays . . . for each of which they were allowed by way of her Majesty's reward ten pounds, amounting in all to xx^{li}."

One of the first acts of James I. on his arrival in London was to order the issue of a patent to Lawrence Fletcher, William Shakespeare, and others, by virtue of which a company of actors became for the first time legally entitled to style themselves "His Majesty's Servants." The document is as follows :

Pro Laurentio Fletcher & Wilhelmo Shakespeare et aliis. A.D. 1603. Pat. 1. Jac. p. 2, m. 4. James, by the grace of God, &c., to all justices, mayors, sheriffs, constables, headboroughs, and other our officers and loving subjects, greeting. Know you that we of our special grace, certain knowledge, and mere motion, have licensed and authorised, and by these presents do license and authorise, these our servants, Lawrence Fletcher, William Shakespeare, Richard Burbage, Augustine Philippes, John Hemings, Henry Condel, William Sly, Robert Armyn, Richard Cowley, and the rest of their associates, freely to use and exercise the art and faculty of playing comedies, tragedies, histories, interludes, morals, pastorals, stage-plays, and such-like, as they have already studied, or hereafter shall study, or hereafter shall use or study, as well for the recreation of our loving subjects as for our solace and pleasure when we shall think good to see them, during our pleasure: and the said comedies, tragedies, histories, interludes, morals, pastorals, stage-plays, and such-like, to show and exercise publicly to their best commodity, when the infection of the plague shall decrease, as well within their now usual house, called the Globe, within our county of Surrey as within any town-halls, or moot halls, or other convenient places within the liberties and freedom of any other city, university town or borough whatsoever within our said realms and dominions. Willing and commanding you and every of you, as you tender our pleasure, not only to permit and suffer them herein, without any your lets, hindrances, or molestations during our said pleasure, but also to be aiding and assisting to them if any wrong be to them offered, and to allow them such former courtesies as hath been given to men of their place and quality, and also what further favour you shall show to these our servants for our sake, we shall take kindly at your hands. In witness whereof, &c.

Witness ourself at Westminster, the nineteenth day of May.

Per Breve de privato sigillo.

Notwithstanding the attacks made by the Puritans upon the stage, which were daily growing in strength and virulence, the lot of players was prosperous and happy until the year 1647, when their opponents triumphed and the drama was suppressed by Parliament. In the earlier years of Charles I. the number of theatres had increased in the metropolis, and the King had licensed a new company, who bore the title of "the Lady Elizabeth's Servants." In 1631, however, notwithstanding the favour shown to the stage by the Court, the Council was compelled to suppress all the theatres in London except two, and amongst the others old Blackfriars fell. Two companies only were permitted to play—the King's and that of Alleyn, the "Servant of the Lord High Admiral." After the suppression plays were acted in private houses, and once when a company ventured to act at the Cockpit the Puritan soldiers broke into the theatre and dragged the unfortunate actors through the streets in their theatrical dresses to the Gate House. The King's Servants and many other players fought for the Royal cause, and to no class of society was the approach of Monk's army more welcome on the eve of the Restoration. One of the general's first acts while encamped in Hyde

Park was to license the players to resume their avocation. Drury Lane Theatre was speedily built, and in 1663 Charles II. granted two patents, the one to his own Servants, of whom Killigrew was the manager, the other to those of the Duke of York. The companies were sworn at the Lord Chamberlain's office to serve the King and the Duke respectively; and of the Servants of His Majesty ten were enrolled as gentlemen of the Household, being styled "Gentlemen of the Great Chamber," and provided with liveries of scarlet cloth and silver lace—a costume very similar to that at present worn by the boys of the Chapel Royal.

The Sovereign at this period took an active part in the affairs of his theatrical servants. The patents issued to Killigrew and Davenant authorised them to employ actresses for the female parts. The King disapproved of the characters of the "young ladies" being acted as hitherto by boys and young men, and, notwithstanding some popular opposition, speedily effected the desirable reform which had already made some progress towards accomplishment. Pepys relates that on January 3, 1661, he first saw women on the stage, but the "boys" were not completely banished until a little later period. Charles also took a personal interest in the parts assigned to players. By his command Hart, the descendant of Shakespeare, laid down the part of Cassio to take that of Othello, then being played by Burt. When "Catiline" was prepared for the stage by Burt, the King gave £500 towards the expenses of the costumes.

Queen Anne was another of the English sovereigns who interested themselves in matters of theatrical detail. From the period when the drama in London had found itself in the theatre proper and had left its recent home in the inn yards, it had been the custom for some of the audience to be seated on the stage. These favoured persons in Shakespeare's time paid sixpence for a stool in addition to the ordinary entrance money. From the Restoration the practice had daily become more annoying. Crowds of fashionable people flocked to the wings and even on to the stage itself, not only interrupting the actors by their presence, but also by their noisy conversation. In 1704 Queen Anne issued a decree which prohibited "the appearance of any of the public on the stage whatever might be their quality." The royal ordinance would not, however, seem to have had any lasting effect, for at the opening of Covent Garden Theatre, in 1732, it was announced that in order to prevent crowding, admission to the stage would be raised to half a guinea, and at an earlier date, 1721, the custom led to a riot in the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields. A band of tipsy beaux, led by an earl,

were the promoters of the disorder. The peer crossed the stage to speak to a friend at the opposite wing while Macbeth was being played. Rich, the manager, remonstrated with him at this indecorous proceeding, upon which his lordship struck him in the face, and the blow was instantly returned. Swords were drawn, and Rich was only saved from the murderous attack by Quin, Ryan, and Walker rushing armed into the fray. The beaux were driven at the sword-point out of the stage door, but they re-entered by the front of the theatre and proceeded to do much damage. While they were crying "Fire the house!" Quin and the watch overpowered them and took the offending party before the magistrate. The affair was subsequently settled, but the alarm had been great, and the theatre remained closed for a week. King George was so angry at this outrage that for the future he ordered a guard to attend at each of the patent theatres in London. This was the origin of sentries being on duty at the patent theatres in the metropolis.

George I. was a lover of the stage, and, as his predecessors had done, caused his "Servants" to play before him at Court. In 1718 His Majesty ordered the great hall of Hampton Court to be converted for the time into a theatre. There, under the direction of Steele, "whose political services had been poorly recompensed by granting him some theatrical privileges," seven performances were given. Amongst the plays were "Hamlet," "Sir Courtly Nice," "The Constant Couple," "Love for Money," "Volpone," and "Rule a Wife and Have a Wife." Amongst the players were Colley Cibber, Pinkethman, Johnson, Thurmond, Booth, Mills, Mrs. Porter, and Mrs. Younger.

In former times the fee paid by the sovereign to his Servants for a play acted at Whitehall had been £20. For these plays at Hampton Court King George, besides paying the actors their ordinary day's wage and travelling expenses, gave £350 and added £200 for the managers. The players were required to act at any time upon receiving a day's notice.

George II. was a patron of the drama, but did much to retain what was left and restore what was lost of its most disfiguring coarseness. He was nevertheless very popular with the players, and when Prince Charles Edward's forces crossed the border "His Majesty's Servants" volunteered to raise a regiment and to fight in their master's cause, as their predecessors in the patent had done in the Great Rebellion.

Again, in the following reign, the loyalty of the actors was manifested, for when the hosts of Buonaparte were menacing the country

with invasion, so many of the players joined the volunteers that the theatres had often to be closed in their absence owing to their military duties.

George III. and his queen were equally fond of the theatre, and His Majesty took personal interest in the playing of his "Servants." He constantly commanded the performance of plays which he desired to see acted, and it was at Drury Lane, on May 11, 1800, where His Majesty and the Court had gone to witness Cibber's "She Would and She Would Not," which had thus been bespoken, that Hatfield fired a pistol at the King as he advanced to the front of the royal box.

Dr. Doran thus relates an amusing instance of a royal command:—

George III. was not always lucky in his Thursday night commands, and people laughed when after the solemn funeral of his uncle, the Duke of Cumberland, he ordered "Much Ado about Nothing" to be played in his presence.

The last actor who wore the royal livery was Baddeley, to whose bequest the actors of Drury Lane are indebted for their annual "Twelfth Night Cake." In all the glories of his scarlet and gold waistcoat he was depicted in the portrait which in years gone by was to be seen in "Paddy" Green's collection at "Evans's."

G. B. LANCASTER WOODBURNE

PROSPECTING IN BRITISH GUIANA.

ALONG the north-eastern border of South America, and having rather undefined lines with Venezuela and Brazil, with the Corentyne River between it and Dutch Guiana, and a sea frontage of somewhere about three hundred miles, lies the little-known colony of British Guiana, or, as it appears to be more generally called, of Demerara, although this latter is only the name of its chief county and river.

As yet, only the land along the coast has been taken under cultivation—at least, generally speaking—but much has been said of prospects in the interior for the cultivation of general tropical products.

As to its suitability for agriculture of all sorts not a doubt can be entertained; its fertility and mineral wealth have been proved beyond question; but I do not think that it is at present, at any rate, a desirable place for young men to settle in with the object of starting tropical agriculture of any sort. One reason, and only one, need be given, and that conclusive—there is no labour; and I suppose it is generally conceded that the white man cannot do hard manual work in such a climate. Given continuous and certain labour I have no doubt there is money to be made in the interior of British Guiana; but at present all the available men are taken up, either by the sugar estates, or by the gold miners, a few being employed on the wood-grants. The great drawback to general tropical agriculture, where there is even a fair supply of labour, is that, as a rule, most of your hands have some sort of produce of their own growing, so that the very time you require them most is, naturally enough, the time they take to look after their own crops. This I can speak of from personal experience, not in British Guiana certainly, although I have known cases there, and not in out-of-the-way places either. Then there is the question of health; well, the place has got a bad name, but much worse than it deserves. Gold prospecting in wet weather is

certainly not the healthiest of occupations, nor the most pleasant; but that does not make the place unhealthy, it is the style of life inseparable from such a business.

There is no reason why the interior should not be as healthy as anywhere else, after the bush is cleared away and a house built; in fact, given a clearing and a house, it stands to reason that it must be much more healthy than the low-lying lands now cultivated as sugar estates.

The chief industry of the colony, bar sugar, is at the gold-fields, and this has had a marvellous development within the last few years. Statistics are dry work; suffice it then to say that ten years ago the output was practically *nil*, last year the gold exported came to 130,027 ounces, valued at over $2,330,000.

Perhaps I ought here to give a necessarily very brief and rough account of the most important items to be taken into consideration, viz., the expenses of an expedition, the expedition itself, and the probabilities of success.

A prospecting party, fully equipped for a three months' trip, would not probably cost less than $1,000. It is, of course, quite possible to do it under this, although not much; but the extra expense is amply repaid by the keeping of oneself and party in better health, by a few extra comforts and even luxuries—that is, luxuries for the bush. Much sickness and misery has been caused by the paring down of expenses too much; a "penny wise and pound foolish" system often ending in the total failure of the expedition, by the men breaking down. This cannot now happen, as, by the Government regulations, the men are bound to get a certain quantity of rations per diem. This is on an ample and liberal scale, but by extra expense and luxuries I refer more to what is absolutely required by the boss, if he be a white man. The work is hard and arduous—exposed when on the river to the burning sun and drenching rains during the day, and at night sleeping in the forest, your hammock slung between two trees, with only a tarpaulin spread tent-wise over you to keep off the rain.

But I am anticipating; and now for the expedition itself. Perhaps a short account of my last prospecting trip will give a fair idea of what most are like, only on this expedition we had exceptionally bad weather, making the work at times almost impossible, at any rate very unsatisfactory.

On a Saturday morning, A——, myself, and seven hands (negroes), started off on our boat journey from Ahyma, the furthest place reached by steamer, which was some ninety miles up the river. We took

ten days getting to the Great Falls, a journey that ought, if done straight, to have taken only five or six ; but we did some prospecting *en route*, and were kept back trying to employ bucks (Indians). We succeeded in procuring three, who all left us at the falls, just when we required them most. Here, however, we managed to secure two more, an original called Kanimapoo, and a boy, who were supposed to act as guides and hunters for the party. The boy soon bolted, and as to Kanimapoo, I regret to say he collapsed on the morning after a Piewarri feast, so we had to leave him behind with a bad head, and, I suppose, pleasant anticipations of many more, which I fancy were realised from the object we saw on our next meeting. At the Great Falls our troubles commenced; hitherto all had been plain sailing—the weather certainly had been bad, but at night we generally struck some decent camping-place, or an Indian or Boviander house, and there had been no falls—only one set of rapids which we pulled through in three hours.

But here there was no possibility of taking the bateau up through the falls in the usual way—by unloading, when necessary, and pulling her up empty. Here the river tumbles down a steep declivity in one mass of white foam, so the only thing for it was to unload and get the boat over through the wood, where there is a steep and difficult track ; but to do this required help, and some time was lost in hunting up Indians. Fortunately by now we had Kanima, who, in this case, at any rate, was useful in getting some bucks. With great difficulty we got the bateau over, and with a hole in her about eight inches in diameter—at one place having to improvise a sort of windlass. It was here she came to grief. Just as we got her within a yard of the top, the rope gave way, and down she went, with the before-mentioned result. However, after three days' hard work, we at last got boat and baggage in the upper river—the provisions, such as barrels of flour, &c., having to be opened and carried over piecemeal, the track being so bad—and the boat repaired, materials for doing repairs always being carried. During this time it had rained incessantly, which on ordinary occasions is bad enough, but when provisions have to be opened and carried you can imagine the result. If I remember rightly, the difference between the upper and lower reaches of the river is sixty feet, and the portage something like a quarter of a mile.

Getting away on the upper river we now come to the actual work of prospecting. Perhaps hearing of some likely locality from the Indian, or judging from the lay of the land, the usual procedure is to fix on some convenient spot and form what is called a water-side camp

First, a rough kind of shed is run up, called a *benab* ; this is thatched with palm-leaves, if convenient, or, none being handy, the boat tarpaulins are spread over the roof. Then all provisions are taken out of the boat and stored in the benab, care being taken that none are on the ground. Now each man takes his bag and fills it with provisions, only the most necessary being taken, such as flour, rice, salt fish, and sugar—one or two extras being put in for the boss, such as tinned meat and tea ; and it is always advisable to carry some lint, and a bottle of chlorodyne and hartshorn. A man's load is supposed to weigh fifty pounds, inclusive of his own clothes ; shovels, picks, &c., are divided among the party, each man having a cutlass in his hand. Generally there is a good deal of undergrowth, through which a path has to be cut, the large trees growing to an immense height, and forming overhead a complete roof of green, through which the direct rays of the sun seldom pass, thus making the light dim and the atmosphere humid. A break sometimes occurs where some giant of the forest has fallen, bringing with him a tangled mass of wood and bush-rope, and leaving a clear space of blue sky, just enough to make the surrounding gloom more noticeable. Nor, apparently, is there much life in these pathless woods, save now and then the clear, ringing notes of the bell-bird, and the never-ending, indescribable humming peculiar to these tropical forests. To the superficial, not much, perhaps, is to be seen or heard, except when the red howler monkey (commonly, but, I am told, erroneously, called baboon) chooses to lend his voice to break the monotony, or when a flock of parrots or macaws flies overhead. But it is to the botanist, and more especially to the entomologist, that the Guianas are a veritable paradise.

Of large game not much is seen by a prospecting party. Certainly on this trip we got very little, our hunter before-mentioned having at an early date succumbed to the seductions of a Piewarri feast. Even on our recovering him he turned out a good bit of a fraud, so far as hunting was concerned, and, in fact, in everything else. He had a grand scheme for visiting some far-away Indians, who, he said, knew where lots of gold was to be found, and who used to trade with the Dutch settlers in the olden days. Only the chief knew where this old find was, and Kanima's little arrangement was to carry plenty of rum and make the old chief drunk, when he would be sure to show the spot. This worthy diplomat did not deign to explain how the intoxicated chief was to find the place when in this happy condition ; for one thing Kanima insisted on was, it would only be when he (the chief) was very drunk—he used a stronger expression—that

he would be likely to show the place at all. It was not good enough, so we declined with thanks, much to our worthy guide's disgust. Of course, we had not the necessary inducement with us—that would have meant a return to town and a fresh start with a supply of fire-water for, I am afraid, Kanima's benefit.

Our party was about starting when I made this long digression.

Leaving one hand at the water-side camp, each man shoulders his load, or, to speak more correctly, puts it on top of his head, the Indians generally carrying theirs on the back, suspended by a broad bandage made of bark, and passing over the forehead.

Having an Indian guide, naturally he goes in front, or if cutting a new line the boss goes, or at any rate ought to go, first, compass in hand. It is strange how easily one gets off the straight, without continually referring to the compass. Put it up for only a few minutes, and to a certainty you will find yourself going in the wrong direction. The first man just clears enough way to get through, the next gives a chop as he passes, and so on till the last man, when a tolerably clear path is made. Where the undergrowth is not thick, and even where it is, trees are marked at short intervals. This path may or may not be used again, but if not, in a few weeks it will have entirely disappeared, except to the trained eyes of the children of the forest.

Thus we slowly tramp on till breakfast time, or a likely creek is come across. The top sands are washed in the *battelle*, when, if colour is shown, and even if not, should the place look likely, the men are set to dig prospect holes. This may take a long or short time, according to circumstances; sometimes, as was often the case with us, we could never get a satisfactory hole at all, on account of the quantity of water which kept continually pouring in—certainly no hole can be considered as satisfactory unless the bed rock is reached.

Breakfast is generally called about eleven o'clock, and when a convenient spot is arrived at. The men are only too glad to get rid of their loads, light a fire, and start cooking, which operation is generally taken in turn, but as a rule one man always cooks for the boss.

Breakfast and dinner, so far as variety goes, are very much alike, the men getting rice, salt fish, and flour, which latter they boil in the same pot with the rice, and in little round indigestible-looking balls, dignified by the name of dumplings. The boss fares little better when in the woods, the only extras being tinned meats and tea. Tea I always made an invariable rule of drinking, however weak or bad it might be, for the simple reason that it necessitated the water being boiled. Nothing quenches thirst so quickly, or is so refreshing, as weak cold tea, and nothing is so injurious in the bush as drinking

unlimited quantities of unboiled creek water. Could you make your men understand this, much sickness might be prevented, especially that scourge of the bush—dysentery; but when prospecting, boiled water is out of the question, and it certainly requires great self-control when hot, tired, and thirsty, to prevent oneself from having a good long swill at the beautifully clear water of a white-water creek.

Breakfast over, another tramp in search of creeks, or perhaps digging holes all day, which, in fine weather, is naturally very interesting work, for at any time a find might be made; but in wet weather, as we had it this trip, for nearly two months out of the three, it is very much the reverse—the more so as it was simply impossible to get proper holes on account of the water. Day after day this continued, the same everlasting tramp, sometimes over fairly level land, at others over steep hills, varied now and again by nearly getting bogged in an eeta swamp. And every day it rained more or less, as it only can rain in the tropics. Soon my waterproof got torn and useless, and the only remaining pair of boots I had were burnt in an ineffectual attempt to dry them, so, for the latter part of our time, I had to go about with my feet wrapped in pieces of the waterproof, the remains of the boots being tied on over, any fashion, with bark. Then the nights in that weather: soon the spot we chose for our camping-ground would get ploughed up into thick, sticky mud, inches deep. The damp hammock and blanket—for it is impossible to keep them quite dry; the dripping trees; the sodden ground, out of which rises a damp steamy kind of mist; all this can only be felt to be appreciated. Fortunately all hands kept in excellent trim. What we would have done with any sick on this particular expedition it is impossible to say, as we were far from all beaten tracks, and in quite new country.

But there is a bright side to the picture, and to me so bright that it quite puts in the shade all the many drawbacks. Putting aside the peculiar fascination the search for the precious metal seems to exercise over some people, here we have many of the incidents of travel one reads about with such delight, and, to be very practical, it is to a certain extent like "killing two birds with one stone," for, if one has a predilection for this kind of life, your business may become, in the truest sense of the word, and what does not often happen in this work-a-day world, a pleasure.

On the river, what can be jollier than being paddled along by eight or ten niggers to a song, or rather shanty, peculiarly adapted to the short beat of their paddles? They will everlastingly sing, if only there is someone to lead. So be sure on picking your men to get

one good singer if possible. Not only will they work better, but be kept in better humour, which is a matter to be taken into consideration when away from all civilisation.

Then the camp at night: we are not in the forest now, nor is it raining, but on a sandbank, and in view of a beautiful stretch of river. Just opposite, the moon is rising above the dense black forest, casting a silvery shimmering reflection on the slowly moving stream. Behind us the strange unknown voices of the forest have begun—these sounds indescribable—the peculiar whirr of the razor-grinder, and the never-ending chirp of innumerable crickets, while now and again is heard the strange, melancholy cry of the didi. Pipes going, and comfortably settled down in your hammock for the night, either for a read or a song, or, if well told, an "Anancy" story. To hear one of those strange, child-like fairy tales realistically told by a negro in the heart of a Guiana forest is to hear something worth listening to—is to be brought back to the days of short frocks and picture-books again. Well, it is not pleasant sometimes to think of what has happened since—since then and the time a man finds himself at the diggings. Like the weird voices of the night they are indescribable; put in a book, even by the cleverest pen, they would lose their flavour, would be as water unto wine. But to hear how Anancy (the spider) circumvented Brer Tiger; how, in the strange jumble of the story, they have quite confidential chats; how the other animals are cleverly brought in; the whole gist of the stories being to show off Anancy's cuteness, and it is upon Brer Tiger he generally practises his peculiar gifts. Now and then realism is given by a listener questioning some detail, perhaps the distance Brer Tiger has carried the stolen cow, or if it was not that time Anancy worked with Brer Rabbit, for, after Anancy, Brer Rabbit comes next in sharpness. At times they go partners in some big rascality, invariably falling out afterwards, and then comes the tug of war; but the wily Nancy always gets the best of it. To hear all this told by the camp-fire, in the very habitat of most of these animals, is a strange and delightful experience. We had on this trip an inimitable story-teller. His conversations between the different animals seemed to me as real, and as interesting, as the stories of the olden days used to be—stories in four-lined rhymes, and in gaudily coloured picture-books.

Here, at night by the camp-fire, you hear strange mythical legends of Fancoop and Duppy, and stories, perhaps just as mythical, of experiences in the bush by Quashie himself. Many contrivances have been invented for man's ease, but necessity compelled the man of the woods to invent the king of all—the hammock. Great variety,

of course, exists in size and shapes ; the two extremes being, on the one hand, the luxurious cotton-string hammock, on the other, a primitive arrangement used by the men, made out of common bagging, and designated by the opprobrious name of "jackass"—this eccentric appellation being naturally the source of many standing jokes. The only tent used is simply a tarpaulin slung over a long stick, and tied out at each side so as to form a triangular-shaped roof, and, of course, being open all round. The men do not have tents, so when rain comes at night all crowd into the boss's shelter, which is not a pleasant arrangement unless one is partial to *bouquet d'Afrique.*

A so-called buck town generally consists of only two or three houses, it may be only one. These are nothing more than open sheds roofed with thatch, in which the happy red man spends most of his time comfortably in his hammock, unless actually pressed for want of food to go a hunting. The women, I am told, do most of the field work, and certainly all the carrying at portages, which, I suppose, these lords of creation consider it *infra dig.* to do.

A very lively horror of the dead they have, sometimes actually digging a hole under the hammock in the house, and letting the body down without having to touch it. Any way, when a death occurs they nearly always desert the house, and, of course, would do so after burying a person in it.

When a lady presents her husband with a pledge of his, her, or their affection—I don't know which it should be—he immediately takes to his bed, or rather his hammock, when his friends from far and near come to visit him—but whether to condole or congratulate I could never find out, perhaps both, according to circumstances. A description of their migratory propensities, given me by a venerable parson when I first went to the colony, will illustrate this their love of wandering. It is short and to the point. Asking him about the Indians, he remarked, "Yes, they are a migratory lot. You cannot depend on them. They will go for an afternoon walk and perhaps you won't see them for the next two or three years." Pages might be written about their habits, their hunting, and the animals they hunt, but already I have wandered far from the object of this paper, which was intended to be the description of a prospecting trip. But after all, what can the dry details of such a journey interest the general reader—that we went aback at such a place for a certain time, with, in this case, I am sorry to say, the invariable result being *nil.*

After our worthy guide's collapse we had to go on by ourselves, and, so far as I could gather afterwards, went entirely in the wrong

direction, having taken the western instead of the eastern branch of the river further up. Any way, we found ourselves in a low, swampy tract of country quite useless for prospecting. The country, too, was quite flooded ; at one time actually finding ourselves in the forest on trying to take a short cut through an *itaboo*, or natural canal, between the bends of the river. After, if I remember rightly, nearly two weeks' hard paddling we came to some fine falls, well worth the trouble of getting to them, if only we had been on a pleasure excursion and not prospecting for a company. Here we had a remarkable rise in the river in one night. I remember well fixing on a spot to store the provisions and build a benab, about five feet above the then level of the river. But A——, who knew these parts better than I did, insisted on carrying everything on top of a high bank. And well was it he did so ; for next morning the very spot I had picked out was under water. What a night that was ! the rain literally coming down in bucket-fulls, and, by way of variety, we were favoured with quite a grand thunderstorm, which in the woods had a strange and startling effect, especially when accompanied with a due quantum of lightning. Next day aback to find the country no good, so, on the following morning, reloaded the boat and started down the river. And a lively time we had of it—doing in two days what it had taken us, I suppose, six of actual paddling when going up. The stream here was narrow, tortuous, and swift, so what between dodging overhanging trees, and trying to avoid *tacoobas* trees in the river, the man at the steering oar had to keep his wits about him, and only once was he knocked overboard.

The bateau is a partially crescent-shaped boat, with a round bottom, and when empty floats lightly on the water about the middle ; even when loaded, part of her, towards bow and stern, being out of water. This particular shape is meant for shooting the falls, a peculiarly exciting and ticklish operation which has actually to be undergone before it can be fully appreciated.

She is steered by a large paddle tied to the side near the stern, and on going down a rapid, or shooting a fall, another man helps at the bow with a paddle, only a little smaller than the steering one. You are generally safe with an Indian captain and bowman ; but of late the run on them has been so great that many niggers have set up as such, with the result of several accidents and much loss of life. To shoot the lower Essequibo Falls with a good crew singing an inspiriting shanty is a thing to be remembered.

I once did it with a negro captain and bowman, and twice we nearly came to grief, the captain being pitched overboard, the boat

drifted down stern first. Fortunately we had passed the actual fall, and the place was not a bad one ; but she filled, and it was a narrow squeak. However, I must say this for him, that it was only by his presence of mind we were saved on the other occasion, when the bowman made some mistake ; it was not coolness and pluck he wanted, at any rate.

When on this subject, let me try to describe a "woodskin," the red man's favourite, or at any rate general mode of conveyance in the upper reaches. As the name implies, it is simply the skin or bark of a tree, taken off, and partially raised at each end, the ends being open. Of all the cogly, wet, uncomfortable contrivances this takes the palm, and to make matters worse, so soon as it gets, even partially, filled with water, down it goes like a piece of lead. A Canadian bark canoe is bad enough in all conscience, but, if I remember rightly, it does not go to the bottom when capsized ; while this primitive construction of the southern red man sometimes gently subsides, leaving you to find your way alone, as best you can, to land. Yet whole families will be seen in these ticklish craft—baggage, children, and dogs—the water just lapping at the bow as it is paddled gently along.

Not much need be said about the aboriginese dress, for there is little of it; but, be it understood that at the settlements and mission stations their get-up is like that of other people.

Mr. Imthum has described the British Guiana negroes as great, good-natured children in the main.

Although not *apropos* of the subject, I cannot help quoting a proverb of theirs. It is this, "Fowl is better than man ; when he drink water he raise up him head and say t'ank God !" The people who made that cannot be altogether bad.

I have seen human nature in the fo'castle of a big sailing ship, in the backwoods at a lumber camp, on a Canadian cattle-farm, and, taking it all round, the West Indian blackman will bear favourable comparison with any. Perhaps I ought to say something about animals and sport, but no—better get good old Charles Waterton and read him.

A few words on the capital, Georgetown, and I have done. Here one sees a strange meeting of people and races ; here the graceful maiden from the banks of the Hooghly, covered with bangles, and bedizened with ornaments of purest gold, jostles against the yellow-faced children of the empire of the rising sun. Prettily dressed negro girls, in their many-coloured turbans, mix in strange confusion with the stolid-faced children of the forest. Yonder, a fine-looking Hindoo priest in robes of purest white stalks solemnly along ; while at times some blue-eyed, fair-haired giant, from the land of the Vikings, may

be seen, wandering aimlessly about, and wondering what it all means —this strange parti-coloured crowd with its babel of tongues. It is a market day.

The town itself is one of the finest in the West Indies, but has the disadvantage of lying low, being actually below the level of the sea at high water. The drainage, however, is excellent, canals running through some of the principal streets, and on their waters grow the far-famed Victoria Regia lily; a row of trees being planted on each side gives the whole a most picturesque appearance.

Georgetown possesses a fine library and museum. The botanic gardens are large, beautifully kept, and will bear favourable comparison with others anywhere. A band plays, either once or twice a week, in each garden, for I forgot to say there is a smaller one in the town.

I will not say anything about the buildings, except that the Georgetonians, if so they call themselves, may be proud of some of them, at any rate.

And now a few words will serve to dispose of the last item, viz., the probabilities of success at the gold-fields. Many come, but few are chosen; a few, a very few, have made fortunes—some, perhaps many, are doing fairly well, but what the percentage of these is, out of all the gold seekers, it is impossible for me to say; but one assertion can be confidently made—the larger percentage fail; and it is universally allowed that more money is put in than is taken out—that is, taking it all round. But if—and remember this is a very big if—a man can keep his health, and can and will peg away at it for months, it may be for years, he would stand a fair chance of success. One thing, however, I should like to particularly emphasise, and that is, the risk any one not accustomed to a tropical climate would run in going up in the bush prospecting before getting, at any rate partially, acclimatised. Fever in a comfortable bed, and within hail of a doctor, is not a pleasant experience; but fever in the bush, with no comforts, no attendance, and no doctor, a damp hammock, and sleeping in the open air, generally means "going out." Of course I only refer to prospecting and out-of-the-way places generally, while with care there ought not to be much risk at all. That British Guiana as a gold country has a large future before it there can now be little doubt. Hitherto the industry has been wholly confined to Placer or Alluvial mining; but quartz has been found in all directions, and at the present moment reef mining is being commenced up the Demerara River by a company locally got up, and, if I am rightly informed, before long companies will be floated at home to work

quartz in that and other districts. Nuggets of various sizes have, at different times, been found—perhaps the most notable of these was that found by the Luckie Syndicate; this was a piece of quartz weighing 40 pounds, and containing 274 ounces of gold and 4 ounces of silver. Not many like that, certainly; still a fair show could be made and doubtless will continue; at any rate, there is every prospect of it.

J. E. PLAYFAIR.

MUSIC IN EMERGENCY.

THAT music hath power is a well-digested truth which finds ready acceptance, save, perhaps, with quite a small percentage of unimpressionable folk who are guileless of the slightest sensations from music—good, bad, or indifferent. This power is a property of the art which has always commanded the minds of its devotees, amateur and professional, musicians sacred and profane. Strangely, too, the music need not necessarily be of a high order or extensive in quantity to effect the ends claimed for it by, say, a Shakespeare. When Josquin de Pres, chapelmaster to Louis XII. of France, wanted his earnings increased he did not straightway compose a gigantic symphony, a trilogy, or even a sickly sentimental ballad with an unctuous refrain—the latter a sure means to a good royalty—but he took the liberty of refreshing his master's memory with a finished but unambitious *motet*. Josquin was an ecclesiastic as well as a musician, and his excellent prince had long promised him a benefice. This pledge however was forgotten, and Josquin, inconvenienced by the shortness of the king's memory, ventured publicly to remind him of his word. Being under command to compose a *motet* for the royal chapel, he selected part of the 119th Psalm for his subject: "Oh! think upon thy servant as concerning thy word"—which words he set so exquisitely and plaintively that his master took the hint and bestowed upon him the preferment. Josquin had a keen mind. With much felicity he took advantage of the occasion and composed a hymn of gratitude to the words from the same Psalm: "O Lord, thou hast dealt graciously with thy servant"—which it is to be hoped His Majesty appreciated. An inappreciative wag would say that Josquin might more appropriately have selected the passage, "O Lord, thou hast searched me out and known me!"

It was in connection with this instance of royal procrastination that Josquin had occasion to administer a musical rebuke to a friend at Court who had played him false. Josquin, tired of waiting for the royal recognition, applied to a friend to use his interest in the matter. The friend proved as tardy as the king. Constantly protesting his

zeal, and biding only, as he said, a favourable opportunity, he was repeatedly making the assurance, "I shall take care of the business —*let me alone.*" Wearied with this vain and fruitless pledge Josquin took the oft-repeated words of his friend, "*laissez-moi faire,*" which, by a slight facetious alteration (*lais-se fai-re moi*) became the syllables of the scale, *la, sol, fa, re, mi.* Setting them to music he produced a most admirable composition.

These are among the harmless uses to which the power of music may be put. Many others might be instanced. Thus it has been adopted as an inducement to sleep. Most musicians entertain great admiration for Bach's music, regarding it as among the most precious bequests to the world's *répertoire.* Characteristic in its colouring, its forms and effects, it abounds in beauty indescribable. It has also a distinctiveness which distinguishes it from every other tone-master's work. Bach in short is an immortal name, and the compositions of the immortalised Thuringian are destined to live for all time. Who would suppose, then, that such a master's muse would be resorted to as an opiate? Yet so it was! Whatever we may hold in theory, in practice even the best music has frequently been found to have this result. "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay" keeps some minds alert and pleased, while Beethoven's "Fifth" symphony acts as a sedative in C minor, and actual dozing and nodding are often the accompaniments, with some folk, to Schumann's *Davidsbündlertänze* and other pianoforte pieces. There is no accounting for tastes even in matters musical. Count Kaiserling, a contemporary of Bach's and for a while ambassador at the court of Saxony, was a great admirer of Bach's music, so much so that he had a hireling musician specially instructed in its intricacies and characteristics. His name was Goldberg. Poor fellow, he seems to have had a hard post, for his music-loving master was troubled with sleepless nights, and was accustomed to while away his insomnious periods with music. To this end the Count once said to Bach that he would like to have some pieces for Goldberg which should be of a soothing nature. If cheerful, all the better, since if they did not induce sleep they would be amusing in wakefulness. Bach thought he could best fulfil this wish by a chain of "Variations," which the Count always styled *his* Variations. He was never weary of hearing them, and when the sleepless nights came he used to say "Dear Goldberg, do play me one of my Variations." Bach was never so well rewarded for any work as for this. The Count made him a present of a golden goblet enclosing a hundred louis d'or. He was evidently grateful for music that satisfied him whether asleep or awake. The difficulty in the matter, however, seems to

devolve upon the composer. While such music must be adapted to send one person to sleep it must not be of such a character as to prevent the performer from keeping awake.

To many other uses both noble and base has music been put—from the trumpet in the battle-field down to the barrel organ, which it was said served as an excuse for a burglar to watch a house while his confederates were engaged in the operation of robbing it. Its power was once made to operate successfully upon so unimpressionable a quantity as an angry creditor. Palmi was a musical artist notorious for being always in love and always in debt. One day an old and sorely-tried creditor—a tailor—caught him at home. Upon being informed of his errand, and of how the gentleman accompanying him would take charge of Palmi's person in the event of the debt not being settled, Palmi listened to the upbraidings and threats, then suddenly sat down to his piano and sang two or three touching melodies to his own finished accompaniment. The result was magical. The rugged heart of the creditor waxed warm, so that he not only forgave Palmi the debt, but actually lent him ten guineas to stay the fury of another tradesman who threatened him with imprisonment.

Less creditable and less artistic, if more ingenious, was the attempt made by the Bremen musical instrument maker to cheat insolvency and defeat his creditors by means of crotchets and quavers. These creditors watched him so sedulously that he could not get a pin's worth out of the house, until he one day thought of a ruse. He assembled about a hundred and fifty musicians, his friends, in the shop, and set them playing the overture to *La Gazza Ladra* upon the various instruments there. As it was night, at each movement of the orchestra he contrived to drop his valuables from the back window, and the fall was so managed that from the noise of the performers no suspicion was aroused. At last, to finish the affair so happily begun, at the end of the performance each musician departed with his instrument. The manufacturer went out last and locked the shop door, leaving nothing inside but a bust of Ramus. There is, granted, an unusually suspicious look about this story, but its comical side entitles it to preservation.

We have heard of food and drink and even lodgings being received by needy musicians as equivalents for lessons or performances—indeed, the advertisements in the public prints show only too clearly how cheap Art is; but the occasions are rare probably when a knight of the sartorial art volunteers a whole suit of expensively made clothes for the pleasure only of hearing his customer sing. Yet the

story of such an experience comes *ben trovato*. Too often the phrase "bought for a song" represents nothing more than a pleasant figure of speech, of which the fulfilment is never dreamed of in these hard times. When it is the statement of a literal fact, it ought certainly to be recorded. The object of the tailor's enthusiasm was Farinelli. Having to attend a gala at Court he ordered a very costly suit of clothes, and when Sartor brought them home the famous singer—one of the most pathetic and brilliant of his age, and notable as having first rendered many of Handel's famous airs—asked for the bill. "I have no bill," said the needle and thread hero, "nor shall I ever make one. I have a favour to ask. It is a great one, but since I have had the honour to work for one who is so famous a singer, all the payment I would wish would be a song." In vain did Farinelli press the tailor to take the money, and after long arguing he took him into his music room and sang to him not one but several airs. The tailor was in ecstasies, and after thanking Farinelli in the most grateful terms was preparing to leave when the singer said, "No, I have given way to you, you must now return the compliment"; and taking out his purse he insisted upon the tailor receiving a sum of money amounting to nearly double the worth of the clothes. Lucky for the tailor! Probably the Pooles of our own day would furnish no objection to supplying many suits on the same terms, although if in return for every suit of clothes they were obliged to listen to several songs from the customer, in nine cases out of ten the double payment would be fairly earned!

Other ingenious devices have had the power of music as a pivot upon which their successful issue has turned. It has proved times and oft a never-failing medium through which to make love. Of all the extraordinary expedients for communication between a lover and his lady with which novelists, dramatists, and librettists have familiarised us, none is more eccentric than the one which was adopted by the lover of Susanna Kennedy, Countess of Eglistowne. Long before the pianoforte became the favourite instrument of torture for a young lady and her friends the dulcet pipe was in fashion. One day the fair Susanna—a young lady, by the way, who was six feet high—received a beautiful flute as a present. Upon attempting to play it she found that something obstructed the sound, and on further examination she discovered that the ventage was closed by a small roll of paper, which on inspection she found to be the MS. of some pretty verses expressing envy of the happy pipe which was to be so often pressed by her lips. We can but commend the lover's *ingenuity*, although whether it was the lady's great height which

made him so timid, or that, being so short, the lips he thought so much of were quite beyond his reach in another sense, is not clear.

The instances where the power of music has been exercised in periods of emergency do not, however, end with the expedients of lovers. Music—which unhappily is too often associated with eating and guzzling—was upon a certain occasion forced upon a Scot as a post-prandial. Thinking naught of discomfort, a Highland piper sat himself down by the side of a wood, and, having opened his wallet, prepared to eat his meal. Ere long he was discomposed by the approach of three wolves, looking hungry. In the first impulse of fear he threw his bread and meat to them, until all the contents of his wallet were exhausted. Still they looked ravenous and serious; so the piper took up his pipes, and gave a mighty stave of tune. The effect was immediate and marvellous; the bewildered brutes scampered off, not looking behind them. "The de'il faw me," said the now dinnerless piper; "gin I had kent ye lo'ed music sae weel, ye suld ha' ha'en it before dinner." His reputation for readiness of resource stands against "Sandy" in this instance, since a moment's reflection should have reminded him of the philosophy of the author of "Music hath charms"—a quotation which some profane modern has so parodied as to bring the savage *beast* within reach of the charms of music, and has quoted the legend of Orpheus in proof of the truth of it. Howsoever, that music has an extraordinary influence over animal life is indisputable, and as regards Congreve's "savage breast," the fact stated is no doubt true—given the correct kind of music and the proper degree of savagery. A brigandage incident lends colour to this view.

The famous tenor and father of Malibran was once in Mexico giving operatic performances. War broke out, and Garcia was soon on his way home. Before he reached Vera Cruz a band of brigands met him, and took not only his money and valuables, but also his clothes. In ransacking his things the jolly brigands soon found out that their captive was a singer, so they demanded a song. Garcia positively refused. Then the attitude of the robbers became menacing, and Garcia thought it well to acquiesce. He did so, and was led to a prominent position for the better enjoyment of the song. The great vocalist opened his throat, but could not progress, whereupon the *soi disant* patrons hissed and cursed. This was terrible to bear—insult and derision. Garcia made another effort, and burst into a flight of song which entranced his hearers—so much so that they restored him part of his clothes and valuables, and escorted him as near as they could safely venture to the coast. Something of a similar

experience was once the lot of Cherubini, who had to figure in the *rôle* of a fiddler in spite of himself. In the stormy days of 1792 it was a perilous experiment to walk the streets of Paris. During an occasion of more than ordinary excitement the composer of *Les Deux Journées*, *Médée*, &c., fell into the hands of a band of *sans-culottes* who were roving about seeking musicians to conduct their chants. To them it was a special gratification to compel the talent that had formerly delighted royalty to minister now to their own gratification. On Cherubini firmly refusing to lead them a low murmur ran through the crowd, and the fatal words "The Royalist, Royalist," went up. At this critical moment one of Cherubini's friends—also a kidnapped musician—seeing his imminent danger, thrust a violin into his unwilling hands, and bade him head the mob. The whole day these two musicians accompanied the hoarse and overpowering yells of the revolutionary horde, and when at last a halt was made in a public square, where a banquet took place, Cherubini and his friend had to mount empty barrels and play till the feasting was over.

Such are a few of the stories told—and they might be continued—of the power of music in cases of emergency. Very rarely has recourse to the art been made in vain. It served the purpose even when used as a substitute for Rossini's defective memory. The composer of *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* was blessed with a not very retentive memory—especially for names of persons introduced to him—a forgetfulness which was frequently the cause of much merriment whenever Rossini was among company. One day he met Bishop, the English composer. Rossini knew the face well enough, and at once greeted him. "Ah! my dear Mr. ——" but he could progress no further. To convince him that he had not forgotten him Rossini commenced whistling Bishop's glee, "When the wind blows," a compliment which "the English Mozart" recognised, and would as readily have heard as his less musical surname.

One notable instance should be mentioned of the art being resorted to unsuccessfully, but the severity of Mars had more to do with the issue than any want of sincerity on the side of Apollo. Adolphe Adam had been drawn as a conscript, but preferring to serve his country musically rather than martially, he went to the master of the Conservatoire and begged him to write a certificate for him to be excused. Cherubini knew the law of his adopted country, and was cautious. "I certify that Adolphe Adam is exactly fitted for the classes of the Conservatoire," wrote the great theorist. Adam was disappointed with the attestation, and would certainly have gone

ı-soldiering save for a defect in his eyesight, which disqualified him for military service. To this physical defect the world owes many beautiful compositions which are rarely heard out of France.

Much more might be said of the power of music; but—*adieu.* Long discourses are tedious, and if I do not conclude "soprano, basso, even the contra-alto," will be wishing me "five fathoms under the Rialto."

FREDERICK J. CROWEST

SAINT PAUL DU VAR RE-DISCOVERED.

I HAVE seen in ancient missals and old illuminated MSS. minute landscapes, exquisite in detail, still aflame with gold and azure, but showing on close inspection some mediæval white city perched on a rocky height, in the foreground green meadows and winding stream, and a knight riding alone, to right and left woods and mountains.

Half an hour's drive outside the old sea fortress town of Antibes, between Cannes and Nice, striking inland you arrive at Coque, at the base of a delta formed by the Malran, the Coque, and the Var, which come tumbling from the Maritime Alps into the sea near Antibes. Follow the climbing circuitous road and round a sharp angle of rock, suddenly the white city of St. Paul-lez-Vence or du Var on its rocky height, taking the sun from early morn to sunset, with its steep walks and battlements, bursts on the view. You look down into the green meadows with their illuminated winding stream; the soft red peach bloom is out, vine terraces, fig trees, orange trees, and well-cultivated patches here and there have taken the place of some of the wooded slopes, but otherwise I fancy the scenery has been very little disturbed since ancient times. The grey pentagon Tour de Ville-Neuve-Loubet, the fortress of the Duke of Provence, still stands saluting the old Roman tower, which rises some eight miles off. The two form a noble triad together with the lofty belfry which makes St. Paul a beacon visible from the Cap d'Antibes and far out to sea.

"The royal town," "the free town," "the eagle's nest," as this mediæval stronghold was called, still stands up white and proud against the dark fantastic slopes of the Maritime Alps, crowned in the distance with their eternal snows and cradled in the immeasurable blue.

Wondering at the extreme beauty of the approach to the battlemented town, we wound circuitously round the spring vales, ascending

higher and higher, till in front of us along the steep white road stood the gate and portcullis through which St. Paul-lez-Vence is still entered.

A deserted town—a town of the olden days—the people mostly out over the olive slopes, or tending the melon, the tobacco, the peach, and the fig, and the vegetable gardens. The coachman hails what he calls "a good soul"; she seems to know little about the town, but runs with alacrity for the keys of the church, parts of which, it seems, date back to the eleventh century, and the most interesting feature of which is certainly the square tower, which boasts of a curious iron-work cupola of the fourteenth century. The altars, the gilt wood-work, the pictures, the font, the strange ciborium for the sacramental vessels, gilt and painted, all these I duly stared at, and came away making notes of many things to ask about on occasion.

M. le Curé was away looking after some orphanage; the "good soul" would conduct me to an old house with a curious staircase: there were many old houses—remains of scutcheons and marks of noblesse above the doors. The streets were narrow, as in all fortified towns, where houses got huddled close within the walls for protection. There was a sense of unreality about the place—the encaustic tiles, the sculptured corners, the deserted thoroughfares made me fancy I was in some got-up place on show, like old Paris, or old Manchester, or old London. No sooner had I entered the house, with the staircase of fine stone with hard stucco balustrades, varied with rampant lions, all on too big a scale for the house, than we were joined by the "good soul's" daughter, a sprightly damsel of about seventeen, quite conscious of her charms. Mother no doubt worked in the fields, but Jeannette had been otherwise taught. She wore good stays and worked a sewing-machine, and high above the ramparts, looking down upon golden orangeries, we presently found the place where Jeannette sat and made dresses for the ladies of St. Paul-lez-Vence. What a lovely panorama! What a sunny hanging garden of flowering creepers!

"You are well here; you love St. Paul, so picturesque, so beautiful?"

"Ah, Monsieur," said Jeannette, "you see for strangers it is very well, but for us it is very quiet; and the strangers only pass through, nothing happens," and Jeannette's eyes strayed over the steep walls upon which the balcony where we stood was built; beyond in the far distance was the sea, and by the sea were Nice and Cannes, and the shops and all the gay people with their dresses and jewellery, and life and motion and laughter and excitement, and I saw that

Jeannette's heart was [illegible] and not in the old, sleepy, fourteenth-century town, to me so [illegible].

"And you go to Nice sometimes?" Jeannette's eyes brightened at once.

"Oh, yes, Monsieur, sometimes." Then regretfully, "Not very often. You see I am a dressmaker. I sew all day, whilst mother is away in the fields. But I must get the fashions and see the shops too sometimes, so as to understand what to make. I would go to Nice often, if I had my way," she added, with a little toss of her head.

"And live there instead?"

Jeannette laughed and coloured. Yes, certainly Jeannette of St. Paul-lez-Vence knew her merits. Was there some one at Nice, too, who had discovered them? Who knows?

"Au revoir, mademoiselle," I said laughing. "A Nice, n'est-ce pas?"

As I walked to the grass-grown old ramparts, laid out here and there with little gardens, I inquired for M. le Maire. I was intensely interested to know more about St. Paul, which seems left out in the cold by the guide-books, and ignored by the personal conductors of tours, yet which seemed to me by far the most interesting place I had come across on the Riviera.

The respectable citizen whom I accosted looked at his watch. "At this moment," he said, sententiously but decisively, "Monsieur le Maire is playing his game of cards." This diurnal function, it seemed, was too sacred to be intruded upon. St. Paul-lez-Vence might collapse suddenly, the whole social order of the town would be convulsed, so I inferred, if M. le Maire were interrupted after his *déjeûner*, over his game of cards. So as neither the Curé nor the Maire were get-at-able, I was strolling out of the town after a vague but delightful walk round, when suddenly my citizen overtook me. "You seem interested about the town, sir; there is a Monsieur Layet, a notaire, who lives at La Colle, about a mile out yonder. He is an antiquary, and has written about our town. You will pass through La Colle, and he might give you his book. He could tell you every thing. We don't occupy ourselves here much with the antiquities of St. Paul; we are most humble people who live by cultivating the fields and vineyards, and we have little leisure for study, and, indeed, we occupy ourselves not much with the outside world, which takes small notice of us. But Monsieur Layet, the notaire, will tell you all about it," and he raised his hat most courteously. Indeed, ever since I had entered St. Paul I was impressed with the old-world

courtesy and *empressement* of every one I met. They readily placed themselves at my disposal, and were prepared to take any trouble, within bounds, short of disturbing M. le Curé in his parochial duties or M. le Maire at his cards.

I was now intent on discovering Monsieur Layet, the notaire: a question of half an hour's drive down the winding road brought me to La Colle. I trotted through the sleepy little place with its out-of-date shops, modest town hall, old église, dingy restaurant. "Monsieur lives a little way out of town at the bottom of yonder lane, there by the vegetable garden and the orange trees!" Presently I knocked and rang at an old quadrangular house, flanked by a mouldy disused chapel—a barn-like looking edifice, now a family wine-cellar.

The house seemed deserted. "Monsieur Layet," said an elderly bonne who at last emerged, "is at the café in town."

"Pest take cafés, cards, and curés!" I muttered. "Is, then, everyone too much occupied in the middle of the day to attend to me; shall I never hear anything about St. Paul-lez-Vence?"

At this moment an elderly man approached us; his name, he said, was Layet. I explained that I wished to purchase a book on St. Paul which I understood he had written.

"Ah! it is my brother of whom you speak: he is at the café."

"I know, I know."

"But I will send for him, if Monsieur will wait," and off went a peasant lad, who returned presently, followed by one of the most stately and impressive old gentlemen I have ever seen, of the old school no doubt, a little negligent and debonair in his attire too, but of most stately mien and presence. He lifted his hat and made a low but dignified bow. His white locks fell about his genial, somewhat florid face, with its restless bright eyes, mobile mouth, and finely-shaped aquiline nose. His greeting was effusive and kindly, and he was all enthusiasm when he understood that I was interested in St. Paul. "Ah!" he said, "people run to Nice, to Cannes. They sometimes drive round here, they see and notice nothing, a cup of coffee or glass of beer at a caborét, 'Dull sort of place!' and off they go to dine at Monte Carlo, whilst here lies one of the most picturesque and striking relics of the Middle Ages. Ah!" said the old man, kindling with his theme, "a very jewel of old Provence!"

"You are, sir, a native of this place and have written a book about it?"

"My family indeed belong to St. Paul; we have been notaires

here for, I may say, centuries ; you will find in our archives deeds and registers of two hundred years and more ago drawn up and signed by the Layets of St. Paul."

"Pray tell me about the town and its history."

Monsieur Layet's hale and ruddy face brightened up, and he began with a rush. In spite of his age, which must have been close on eighty, his utterance was so rapid and eloquent that at times I could hardly follow him.

"We are a lost oasis!" he exclaimed ; "you know how that chemist's drugs have superseded countless old medicinal herbs gathered in the fields and good for cures? Well, just so, your sea-side Riviera watering-places have superseded such matchless health resorts as our St. Paul-les-Vence. Why, sir, in the old days before people rushed to the sea to get poisoned with the malarious marshes of the coast and choked with wet winds from the sea, our little city yonder was the favourite resort of all the Provence noblesse. The veterans of our armies came here to recruit. Francis I. and Pope Paul III. were amongst our illustrious visitors ; both lodged at the Castle of Ville-Neuve-Loubet. In our archives we have the most interesting documents, going back to the tenth century. The place itself boasts of having been evangelised by St. Paul himself on his way to Spain. But to go no further back than the Middle Ages, the great names of the de Flottes, the de Barceloni, the Serracres, still linger in the neighbourhood. The neighbouring *Vence* which, with La Colle and St. Paul, formed a commune of Provence, was the seat of a bishopric ; and Monsieur Godeau, Bishop of Vence, in recognition of the fidelity of the town and as a reward for the services rendered to him and his predecessors in trying times, got our St. Paul royally (under Louis XIV.) constituted a collegiate town in 1666 with a dean, seven canons, and two acolytes, in red and black.

"As late as 1793, St. Paul had still its dean and canons. It is now a simple parish church, despoiled of much of its wealth. At the revolution the rich silks and velvets, made out of great ladies' petti-coats and devoted to draping its altars, and most of its gold, silver, and jewels were taken ; but at that time a few priceless relics escaped : you must go back and see them if you have missed them. Monsieur le Curé will show them to you gladly. When the spoliators arrived in '93 they found cast aside in a cupboard some black-looking crosses, small statuettes, and other processional ornaments ; taking them for old iron or copper they passed them by. Now in reality they were mostly solid silver old repoussé work, at this time of day almost unique

specimens of church plate, dating back to 1400 and 1500, and some later ornaments, the gift of the Count Panisse Passis. The wooden ciborium now within the rails of the high altar is wonderful; its panels are elaborately painted with Gospel scenes ; it dates back to the Middle Ages. There exists, according to the antiquarians, only one similar relic of so ancient a date, the ciborium in the church of Laurentius at Rome. The six painted panels are in excellent preservation. You ask about the Altar pictures? There is a St. Catherine by François le Moine, a St. Matthew, 1610–15, by Daret, a very rare artist, and another brought from Rome, and the rest of less importance given by the Hondi and Canaussi families. Did you notice the cannons in the belfry? They date back to 1300 ; very primitive is the firing arrangement, not very formidable, and used, I should fancy, for signalling.

"The old fortifications were pulled down by Francis I. The present stately ramparts only date from 1535–47 ; they are the work of the great Provençal military engineer, François de Mandon, but the dungeon keep over the north gate is old, very old—may be twelfth century or earlier. Of course the town has long ceased to be of much strategic use, but it was dismantled only fifteen years ago."

So the old man rambled on, delightfully pouring out floods of information about the old charters he wanted to edit, the registers in the almost unexplored archives of St. Paul. I was quite carried away by his enthusiasm, and resolved to go back and tackle the Curé, the Mayor, not forgetting the "good soul" and Jeannette, the little dressmaker.

"Will you allow me to purchase your interesting book?"

"Ah ! my book, if I can find a copy, you are welcome to it. I will give it you," and so he did. It is called "Excursion entre Nice et Antibes," dealing with Ville-Neuve-Loubet, La Colle, St. Paul du Var, Roquefort, by Henri Layet. It ought to be in every Nice, Cannes, Mentone, San Remo and Bordighiera bookshop, and in every Riviera tourist's travelling kit ; at present it exists, like St. Paul du Var, but like St. Paul seems to be almost unknown. As the grand old notary grasped me by the hand he still kept expatiating on the singular merits of his beloved St. Paul. "Behold, sir," he exclaimed, "here you can get all the sunshine to be had in Provence, dry, warm, yet fanned in summer by the grateful tempered breezes from the Mediterranean within sight. In winter you are sheltered all round by the Maritime Alps, which make as it were a second but more august battlement to its own rock-like walls. The time must come, sir, when people will no longer be blind to the charms of a

place which has fascinated ten centuries of the Provençal rank and fashion. It is matchless, sir, as a health resort, as a prospect, as a garden encompassed by . . ." Here I was obliged to get into the carriage. I perceived that Monsieur Layet's eloquence was inexhaustible on his favourite topic. I could indeed have listened to him as long as he was in the mood to talk, but the driver was impatient, and the horse had been out six hours. I waved my adieu to the grand old man, and his amiable brother, who still stood saluting us with many parting words. So at last we rattled down the road to Coque just as the rays from the west lit up with a ruddy glow the distant snow ranges of the Maritime Alps, and a cool sunset wind came from over the sea.

H. R. HAWEIS.

THE KING AND THE COUNTESS.

(BASED UPON FROISSART.)

PART I.

STILL sweeps the fair Tweed round the towers of Wark,
And now o'er the pile thrills the song of the lark :
No longer loud trumpets tell morning is come,
And stilled is the throb of the long-rolling drum.

Yet oft in the old time Wark echoed to strife :
Once its lord was away, and its captain his wife.
A captive in France was the warrior Earl,
While his castle was ruled by a high-hearted girl.

A most worthy helpmeet for such a brave knight
Was the lady who shrank not from danger and fight.
When abroad was the Earl who should sway the strong brand,
Then the great sword was grasped in a soft, tender hand.

Fair Countess of Salisbury, gracious thy lot,
Who could'st guard thine own hold 'gainst the siege of the Scot :
For when David from Durham returned in his pride,
He thought to win Wark from the warrior bride.

King Edward is coming ; his army draws near ;
King David is fleeing in wrath and in fear.
Feared and famed the great monarch who wore England's crown,
No king in all Europe could match his renown.

The fair Countess goes forth to meet him at the gate,
And paid lowly homage in chivalrous state.
The foeman has fled, and Wark's halls are all bright
With banquet and revel, with pleasaunce and light.

Oh, what dame with its lady in charm might compare?
So noble and gentle, so brave and so fair.
A touch of strong love stirred the heart of the King,
Till the monarch forgot noble Salisbury's ring.

But the lady stood firm as a loyal, true wife,
Too high for dishonour to stain her pure life.
Good and grace in her fair face they played equal part,
For the charm of fine manner must come from the heart.

PART II.

The guests gone all, there in the hall Countess and King alone ;
Then the enamoured monarch spoke in warm love's tender tone.
Then came her wifely trial, all woefully to hear
The words of royal passion breathed into her flushing ear.

Downcast the modest eyes of the embarrassed dame,
Drooping beneath the royal glance with lawless love aflame.
Her strait was sore, and yet of fear her manner made no show
And when she answered Edward, her voice was firm, if low.

PART III.

"Great Prince," said the Countess, "I kneel at thy feet—
Such homage to thee from thy subject is meet ;
But, noble, and gallant, and King, as thou art,
I claim it of thee that in honour we part.

"My lord hath well served thee as statesman and knight,
Was wise in thy council, and dour in thy fight;
My duty is yours—but my honour's mine own ;
Oh, still let my lord remain true to the throne ! "

PART IV.

O mighty King, bethink you well, and think upon my lord
Now pent in prison, far away from his own bed and board.
My wifely virtue should be dear to an anointed king,
My husband rest secure beneath the shadow of thy wing.

"Such thought, indeed, hath never come at all into my head,
For any man on earth that lives to wrong my husband's bed.
As King, 'twere yours to punish a faithless, traitor wife,
Not in yourself to be the cause of ruin, shame, and strife.

"Rather than be a wanton, I had sooner ne'er been born—
Nor should you give me over to all good women's scorn.
To wrong my trusting husband, I trow, my heart would break;
I must preserve my honour, were it but for his sake.

'It were ignoble of my King to change our good to worse,
To shame us both, and so to turn our marriage to a curse.
Such deed of baseness never came into my loyal thought;
I trust in God that ne'er by me shall such foul shame be wrought!

With her fine wit and honest sense, so movingly she spoke,
That in the great King's royal breast the knightly heart awoke.
He looked upon her sadly, and then cast down his eyes,
As feeling well, with instinct sure, the dame too high a prize.

He spoke no word of parting, but slowly turned away,
And led his armèd host from Wark by morrow's break of day.
In silence he took leave of her, and mounted his tall steed,
With his great army marching along the winding Tweed.

The warrior King rode slowly to find his northern foe,
And thoughtfully his helmet bent above the saddle-bow.
"By God!" he cried, "I swear it, by both my crown and life,
No noble in all Christendom hath such a noble wife!"

H. SCHÜTZ WILSON.

PAGES ON PLAYS.

THE great events of the past weeks have been the production of Mr. Pinero's new play, "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," and the appearance among us of the renowned Italian actress, Signora Eleanora Duse. I propose to reserve detailed examination of Mr. Pinero's play to another time. It will be with us, it is to be hoped and believed, for long enough. London playgoers have the intelligence to appreciate a good play when for once in a way they get it, and Mr. Pinero's play is without any question the most remarkable English play of our generation. But while "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" will hold the stage for long enough, and will remain to delight us as a printed book, the Italian actress came but to make a brief stay, and calls therefore for the more immediate consideration. Like her great countryman, the hook-nosed fellow of Rome, she came, she saw, she overcame. She came handicapped, as it were, by a previous reputation which almost always makes English audiences inclined, if not to be perverse, at least to be severely critical. But the severest criticism soon recognised the fact that in Signora Duse it was face to face with unwonted gifts.

It may be at once admitted to the critic whose opinions completely coincide with mine that Signora Duse "belongs to the class of great actresses, that she ranks with the few, the very few, to whom in the days that pass the term can logically be applied—with Sarah Bernhardt, of course, and also, so far as the comparison can be scientifically made, with Ada Rehan. Comparison with Sarah Bernhardt was inevitable, obvious; the Italian actress deliberately invited it by making her first appearance before a London audience in a version of one of Sarah Bernhardt's greatest triumphs, 'La Dame aux Camélias.' Comparison with Ada Rehan is of a more inferential kind. Those who have studied most closely the genius, and the method of interpreting that genius, of the American actress have been led to believe that her range has hitherto been more limited than her powers deserve; that she could be if occasion were *afforded* as passionate or as tragic as Sarah Bernhardt on the one

hand or Eleanora Duse on the other. But if there are moments in Signora Duse's acting in 'Camille' which rival the vehemence and the glamour of Sarah Bernhardt's passion, there are moments also in which she suggests something of that exquisite spirit of comedy which makes Miss Rehan's acting so attractive.

"It is perhaps to be regretted—if anything can be regretted in connection with an evening which first introduced such an actress as Eleanora Duse to London—that she chose to make her appearance in a translation from a French play, and from a French play which, with all its merits, has so little in common with the existing condition of the drama, with the tendencies of the drama. It is true that by doing so Signora Duse did indeed allow her audience to compare her with various other interpreters of the part that London has seen—with Sarah Bernhardt, with Helena Modjeska, with Jane Hading. But we should have liked to see Signora Duse for the first time in some work by one of her own countrymen, and by one of her own contemporaries. My own choice would have been the 'Tristi Amori' of Giacosa, a play of essentially modern note, a piece whose intimate agony breathes something of the spirit of the Norwegian drama, with something of the irony—only a more tender, less mordant irony—of Henri Becque. For our own poor part we would rather see Eleanora Duse as Emma Scarli than as Marguerite Gauthier or Nora Helmer, or the heroines of Sardou's comedies or Sardou's tragedies. But since Signora Duse decided otherwise we can but record our regret, and express with all thankfulness our gratitude for what she has been pleased to give us. For she has given us the certainty that there is one more actress of first-rate quality in the world, one more actress whose creations deserve to be considered with the seriousness that earlier generations accorded to Mademoiselle Mars or Mademoiselle Rachel, or to Signora Duse's great countrywoman and predecessor, Signora Ristori. Everything about the actress charms: the subtle gestures, that interpret thought almost as eloquently as speech, gestures that would make the beholder content if the actress were a mime, and nothing but a mime, were it not for the magic of the voice that utters the soft Italian speech with such infinite variety of meaning, interpreting every phase of passion, every shade of sorrow with a fulness and a fineness that it would be hard to overpraise. Her pale, powerful face, that disdains the traditional adornment of the stage, its crimsons and whites and blacks, is so endowed with expression that by it alone, were she silent and motionless, she could, we may well believe, convey all the purposes of the drama which for the time she seems to live. Seldom

is an actress more rarely equipped for the stage, seldom do action and voice and facial expression interpret with such harmonious union the creation of the artist's mind.

"Signora Duse's second appearance was a severer test of her genius than her first; she emerged from it with even greater triumph. The enthusiasm of a first night, the sense of courtesy to a distinguished stranger, the magnetism exercised by the personal charm of the actress, the attraction of the foreign speech, the eagerness to salute new talent, all these may have counted for something in animating the enthusiasm of the first. Those first night impressions were confirmed, and more than confirmed. If 'La Dame aux Camélias' showed that Signora Duse was a great actress in a certain kind of emotional comedy, her performance of Fedora showed that she was also a great actress in a kind of melodrama that aims at being tragic, and that her genius elevates to the dignity of tragedy by the strength and splendour of her passion. She makes Fedora seem a real woman, seem a possible woman. In the scene of agony in the first act, where the woman vows vengeance for her lover; in the scene of exquisite endearment where Fedora, convinced alike of the innocence of Loris and of her own love for him, saves him from the ambush she herself has set; in the scene of silent horror where she watches Loris read the letter; in the scene of her self-betrayal, and in the scene of her suicide, the absolute actuality, the well-subordinated strength and ordered realism, gave to all these high-pitched passions, these highly-wrought emotions, an intensity, a poignancy, a vitality that carried with them a conviction such as is indeed rarely carried across the footlights. Stage illusion is carried to its highest pitch by the employment of a naturalism novel in stage methods. That new movement in the drama, of which so much is thought, talked, written nowadays, finds its ideal interpreter in Signora Duse; that movement which aims, both in plays and in playing, at a closer approximation to life, a truer representation of the phenomena of thought and of existence. She does not seem to act her characters, she seems to become them, absorbing their deeds and words and passions into her own personality, recreating them and herself in a subtle process of metamorphosis, and so giving us, not a puppet pulled by impertinent wires, not a mask behind whose rigidity the voice of nature is muffled, but a living woman—the living woman. There were those who feared that Signora Duse's talent would be guided by the traditions, the conventions that have been for so long the inheritance of the stage. They are reassured. *Signora Duse* is the incarnation of the modern spirit in acting. But *the great* question for those who study most closely the method of the

actress was, whether she would be equally successful in the lighter lines of comedy ; whether the woman who could well nigh make her spectators weep could also make them laugh ; whether the arch, impertinent, delicious Mirandolina of Goldoni's jesting, trivial comedy would take the same place in their affections, and the same rank in their judgments, with the sterner figures that the actress had already so triumphantly interpreted to them.

"The question has been answered fully, satisfactorily. There was a brief performance of 'Cavalleria Rusticana,' in which Signora Duse played a comparatively small part of tears and imprecations, of betrayed and betrayer, with intense earnestness, with a kind of savage grief and savage ferocity which was very powerful and very painful. But it was not power and pain and passion that that night's audience looked for and longed for. They implored mirth to admit them of her crew ; they did not want so much the jealous, vengeful Sicilian as the flirting, frolicsome Florentine ; not a sad Santuzza, but the merry Mirandolina for whom they craved. It was therefore with the keenest interest that they watched the curtain rise upon the room in the inn of Goldoni's imagination.

"It is impossible not to cherish something of a grudge against Goldoni for the blows he dealt to the Commedia dell' Arte, to the whimsical, enchanting Comedy of Masks. Even though he represented in his day that movement towards realism, towards naturalism which repeats itself to-day, the thing he did his best to destroy was so dainty, so delightful in its very artificiality, that the lovers of Spavento and Giangurgolo, of Peppe-Nappa and Meo-Patacca, of Scaramuccia and Brighella are always tempted to gird at Goldoni. But even the hottest zealot for the Masks must think kindly of him after seeing Signora Duse in his 'La Locandiera.' In its exquisite brightness, its sunlit humour, Signora Duse's presentation of Mirandolina is an enchanting creation. From the first moment of her appearance the spectator agreed cordially with the declaration of one of her absurd adorers, 'E bella, parla bene, veste con pulizia, e di un ottimo gusto' ; with the declaration of the other absurd adorer that "Non è come le altre donne ; ha qualche cosa di più.' Signora Duse's Mirandolina is indeed something very rare, very attractive, throbbing with the joy of life, instinct with humour, animated by a very vivid spirit of comedy. The pale face which portrayed passion so well can quicken with the maddest merriment. The dark eyes that mirrored despair and death in Camille and Fedora, dance with mirth and mischief as Mirandolina skips across the stage, leading her ludicrous string of lovers after *her light heels.*"

In the "Doll's Home," however, the spell of her success was in a measure broken. "Nora Helmer is not the most difficult character that Ibsen has created," says the same critic, "but she is certainly one of the most difficult. She is not such a study in pathology as Hilda Wangel, she has not the neurotic complexity of Hedda Gabler, but she is very different psychologically and physically from Camille or Fedora, or the frolicsome landlady of Goldoni's comedy. One of Ibsen's hottest admirers has declared that to appreciate Nora Helmer rightly it is necessary to understand the double, the triple layers of character which exist in the soul of the Scandinavian woman, and cause those who watch her the most astounding surprises. It would need, we are told, an historical treatise, an ethnographical treatise, a philosophical treatise to make the world that is not Northern understand that strange medley of keen and passionate curiosity and great and instinctive reserve, that ready assimilation of new ideas, and the eager desire to experiment in them, which are the characteristics of the women of the North. To portray the febrile, highly-strung, nervous temperament of Nora, with her shifting moods, her dawning doubts and desires, her sudden resolves, demands gifts of acting of the highest kind not merely, but also gifts of acting of a very special kind. Signora Duse has gifts of acting of the highest kind we recognised when the curtain fell upon her first performance. But the result of her Nora has been to show that her gifts are unequal; that there are things which she cannot do. Her performance last night was powerful, picturesque, tragic, but it did not for one moment convince us that we were face to face with the real Nora Helmer. 'After all, we all love Nora Helmer,' says Jules Lemaître in one of his moments of effusion. That is as it may be. Some of us do not love Nora Helmer very dearly; but at least we know her very well, and we know that she is not the woman Signora Duse gave us last night. The woman she gave us was an interesting, was an attractive woman, but she was essentially a Southern woman, a woman of a different temperament, of simpler passions than Nora Helmer. To begin with, in the first act Signora Duse gave no real picture of the childishness which made Nora's charm first in her father's, then in her husband's eyes. In the second act, again, the actress gave no fitting presentation of the hysterical passion which is rending Nora, the passion of apprehension, which drives her into the wild Tarantella and makes her dance it like a mad thing. So completely did Signora Duse misread the part and the play here that she merely gives a couple of steps and then stops—does not dance *at all, and* thus shirks the difficulty and spoils the significance of the

scene. There is no room left in this scene for independent interpretation. Ibsen's stage directions are full and precise, leaving no doubt that the woman is to dance, to dance wildly and to dance for some time. Does not Helmer cry out to her to stop, because she is dancing as 'if it were a matter of life and death'? That is the point of it—she is dancing as if it were a matter of life and death. It is a matter of life and death to her; all Nora's tortured nature reveals itself in the whirls and circles of that dance. And instead of that significant, that symbolic dance, Signora Duse gives a couple of languid steps and lets the scene slip away like sand between her fingers. In the third act, the terrible act of awakening and of emancipation, the act of supreme egotism and shameful revolt, she failed to dominate the scene. She cowered and she scolded, and she cowered gracefully and scolded impressively, but she did not seem so to overtop the nature of the man by her sudden resolve as to make the conclusion of the play seem feasible. Unless Nora is very convincing indeed the spectator is inclined to say, as Jacques de Bievre says of a foolish husband in Gyp's newest novel, 'Moi, si j'avais une femme comme la sienne, je lui donnerais le fouet.' The final impression left by Signora Duse's Nora is, that it fails because the actress is thinking too much of herself and her method, and not enough of the part she has to play; that she is too pleased with the woman she is to take sufficient interest in the woman she is supposed to be. So, in the highest sense, her Nora must be pronounced a failure. It is a fine piece of acting, for any other woman it would be wonderful; but for her it is not a triumph, and for her not to triumph is indeed to suffer defeat. Her great deed was not great enough. It showed splendid courage, splendid ambition, to have attempted the part at all; and yet with all our admiration for her genius, or, rather, because of our admiration for her genius, we have it in our heart to wish that she had curbed her courage and stifled her ambition." But one comparative failure does not lessen the fact that Eleanora Duse is a great actress, a very great actress indeed.

JUSTIN HUNTLY McCARTHY.

THE MARIGOLD.

From GILLES DURANT.

THE violet sweet I dearly love,
The pink, the pansy bold,
The blush rose, but all flowers above
I love the Marigold.

Fair flower, that in a time of old
Didst give thy heart away
To him, who from his sphere of gold
Does give to mortals day!

Alas! for love he gave thee not,
Full vainly thou didst sue—
Unhappy shall I name thy lot,
Or call thy love too true?

The god who changed thee to a flower
Hath left thy heart the same:
Still dost thou show his beauty's power
In hue of orange flame.

Still dost thou lift thy drooping head
To catch his eye's bright ray,
And when his light no more is shed
Thy beauty fades away.

Poor Marigold! I love thee well,
And most because like me
Thou hast a woeful tale to tell
Of grief and constancy.

The violet sweet I dearly love,
The pink, the pansy bold,
The blush rose, but all flowers above
I love the Marigold.

ISA J. POSTGATE.

TABLE TALK.

English Folk-Rhymes.[1]

NGLISH Folk-wit is principally satirical. Such portion of it as survives records principally the low estimate which the ɔitants of a district were in the habit of forming and expressing erning their neighbours. This curious characteristic of the rustic l is fully illustrated in the huge collection of Folk-Rhymes h Mr. Northall has issued. Rustic observation concerned itself ly, if not principally, with the weather ; and rhymes crystallising ɜsults of experience concerning natural phenomena are numerous. cially true is this in hilly districts, where, if a certain peak is ed with clouds, the inhabitants of the adjacent village may ipate a downfall. In the West, however, memories are per- ıted of former rancours. Feuds so fierce and durable, as in and divided class from class and made the rich border lands ɔonstant battle-ground, have long ceased in England. The days, ɜver, when the division of a stream that can be jumped—the ; all but imaginary, bounds of two hamlets—begot animosities carcely distant. London rowdyism takes, indeed, the shape of rels between contiguous districts, and we have lately heard of nan, at least, done to death because he belonged to an adjacent h. Antipathies of this class have formed a strong social force, the records of their influence are abundant in folk-rhymes. times the transmission of dislikes had a quasi-historical shape, as ɜ famous rhymes concerning "Taffy," who was both a Welsh- ınd a thief, and the verses stating that fact illustrate the nature ny a border raid and conquest. More commonplace comment ıtained in memoirs such as—

> (Peterborough) for pride, Stamford for poor,
> Deeping for a rogue, and Bourn for a w——e.

Eastern counties wag is the severest. Concerning parishes ɜen Norwich and Yarmouth we there have—

> Halvergate hares, Reedham rats,
> Southwood swine, and Cantley cats ;
> Acle asses, Moulton mules,
> Beighton bears, and Freethorpe fools.

[1] By G. F. Northall. Kegan Paul & Co.

That alliteration has as much to do as rhyme with attribu
foregoing will show. Rhyme, too, is a potent influence, as i
in my closing extract, which assigns a sufficiently bad char
the residents at Epsom and Ewell :—

> Sutton for mutton,
> Carshalton for thieves;
> Epsom for jades,
> And Ewell for thieves.

The entire subject has unending interest to the student
antiquary.

Urquhart's "Rabelais."

AMONG the books which by common consent hav
accepted as unimprovable, and all but unexposed to ri
the translation of "Rabelais" by Urquhart, Motteux, and Ozel
than once have I drawn attention to the efforts that have bee
by English prudery to "burke" existing editions. Such
fortunately belong to the past, and their reception was such
repetition of them is hardly to be dreaded. "Rabelais" doe
yet form part of the curriculum of any English-speaking Un
Familiarity with him is none the less an indispensable po
literary equipment, and societies for the promotion of the s
his works and, I might almost say, for the propagation of his
have taken their rise in the Universities. In the transla
Urquhart and his successors most English studies have be
secuted. The difficulties in the way of reading Rabelai
some extent spectral rather than real. The words that a
telligible to an Englishman are often no less puzzling to a Fren
They are not seldom bogus words, or, at least, words of Rabel
coining. To a scholar there is little difficulty in seeing their
tion and arriving at their meaning. With the assistance of C
whose dictionary was specially intended to help to a pe
Rabelais, most chapters in the original may be read. Tho
ever, who have once taken to the study of the English tra
find it vigorous enough and close enough to enable them to
their ease and dispense with the need for further labour.
compared innumerable passages with the original, and
translation matchless. Motteux and Ozell may be tempted
then into a little superfluous expansiveness, and may, in the
Stuart writers, be a trifle less decorous even than was the Fren
Urquhart sticks close enough to the original for anything,
work is a veritable masterpiece.

A New Translation.

A NEW translation of Rabelais has, however, been attempted and is now before me. It is privately printed, and issued to subscribers only, and so does not challenge criticism. Such, accordingly, I do not attempt. I content myself with pointing out the difference between the old translation and the new, and explaining the conditions under which the translation has been attempted. The one disadvantage urged by the new translator, Mr. W. F. Smith, Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, against the work of his predecessor is its unevenness. The highest point was reached in the first two books. In those which follow, an inclination to "amplify unnecessarily" is displayed, and is most evident in those parts of the book "which modern readers would scarcely wish to see enlarged." Proof how difficult is the task attempted is furnished at the outset, since some five chapters of the whole are left in the original French. Against this plan those only will feel disposed to protest whose knowledge of the original is so slight as to leave them unable to ascertain the meaning of what, to them, are practically omissions. A similar plan was adopted in an English translation of the "Decameron," in which, in order to satisfy English prudery, portions of two tales were left in Italian, a translation into French being appended. That the chapters in Rabelais do not help forward the romances is not in itself an apology for their non-translation. Against a somewhat visionary fear Mr. F. Smith protects himself. The leaving of the chapters in French draws attention to them as the coarsest in the book, and facilitates the task of the prurient, just as the relegation to the close of the volume of the indecencies of Plautus saved the school-boy, as Byron pointed out, all trouble of research. For the rest, Mr. Smith's translation, begun as a "pleasing pastime" for the purpose of "getting a thorough knowledge of the book," was continued in conformity with the wishes of friends, and now appears in the shape of two large and important volumes.

The Relative Merits of the Versions.

CURIOSITY concerning the new translation is modified by the fact that, though made independently, it was written "with Urquhart lying open, and compared paragraph with paragraph." Under such conditions the change is not likely to be vital. What it is I will proceed by two parallel passages to indicate to my readers, who, unless my own exertions have been unsuccessful, are all interested in Rabelais. I will give one passage from the famous praise of debt, of Panurge

Book III. ch. iv. First comes the earlier translation: "I lose myself in this high contemplation. Then will among the race of mankind peace, love, benevolence, fidelity, tranquillity, rest, banquets, feastings, joy, gladness, gold, silver, small money, chains, rings, with other ware, and chaffer of that nature, be found to trot from hand to hand. No suits at law, no wars, no strife, debate, nor wrangling; none will be there an usurer, none will be there a pinch-penny, a scrape-good wretch, or churlish hard-hearted refuser. Good God! will not this be the golden age in the reign of Saturn? the true idea of the Olympic regions, wherein all other virtues ceasing, chastity alone ruleth, governeth, domineereth, and triumpheth! All will be fair and goodly people there, all just and virtuous." Now follows Mr. Smith: "I lose myself in this contemplation. Among men there will be peace, love, affection, fidelity, repose, banquets, feastings, joy, gladness, gold, silver, small money, chains, rings, merchandise, which will pass freely from hand to hand. No law suit, no war, no strife; none there will be a usurer, none will be a skin-flint, none a pinch-penny, none a churl. Faith! will it not be the age of gold, the reign of Saturn, the true idea of the Olympic regions, wherein all other virtues ceasing, chastity alone reigns, governs, dominates, triumphs? All will be good, all will be fair, all will be just."

Suburban London.

NOT perhaps in situation nor in beauty of civic edifices does London stand foremost among capital cities. In the first respect it can compare neither with Constantinople, nor Naples, nor Edinburgh, nor Stockholm. Great advance has of late been made in street architecture, but there is no such charm in our streets as renders a walk in Nuremberg or Lübeck a perpetual delight. In one respect at least London may stand comparison with any capital city in the world, namely, in the pastoral beauty of her surroundings. She is not placed, like Lyons, at the confluence of two great rivers; nestled, like Geneva, upon a mighty lake; or fortified, like Pau, or invested, like Berne, with mountain ranges. Whichever side we walk, however, we come upon spots of quiet pastoral greenery, of which the Londoner should make much, for their possession will not much longer be vouchsafed him. One hears much concerning vanishing London, and is weekly told how some spot of antiquarian, historical, or literary interest disappears before the demands of commerce. Much more concerned am I with augmenting or appearing London. I watch annually vast tracts of lovely country swallowed up by the jerry-*builder*. Rich pastures, secular oaks, and glowing hedgerows

disappear, giving place to tenements, the squalor and ugliness of which defy description. My own Northern heights are surrounded, and one long line of shops and houses extends over Highgate to Finchley, and almost to Barnet. Take the Enfield route, and it is worse. Green Lanes, with its pleasant promise, consists of a tramway path between shops and villa residences. The Alexandra Park is being hemmed in. Wood Green and Bound's Green have nothing to tell of country until Palmer's Green and Winchmore Hill are reached; and lovely Southgate, with its unequalled avenues of trees, will in very few years become a residential suburb. One has indeed to go far up the Thames, to Windsor or Taplow, or to dive into the valleys past Ascot, to find the kind of beauty that, a few years ago, was within an hour's walk of St. Paul's.

London City Suburbs.

THESE ideas have been put into my head by the appearance of Mr. Percy Fitzgerald's delightful volume, "London City Suburbs as they are To-day."[1] Somewhat confusing is the title, the use of the word City seeming to limit the design of the volume. One can scarcely look upon Willesden Lane as a city suburb. Beyond these, however, are we carried to Acton, to Kingsbury, to Harrow, and to Ealing. Suburban London is, however, graphically described by pen and pencil, and we see what spots of rural beauty are still within comparatively easy reach, or are absolutely shut in by the outer fringe of houses. Wild enough bits can still be found in some of the illustrations to Hampstead Heath and Streatham Common. The deer in Richmond Park or at Greenwich stand erect and curious while their portraits are taken. Wegg Avenue, Acton, looks as if it led up to a Minster Close, and Bromley, as seen from Beckenham, is like a patch of Warwickshire. These spots, and hundreds of others, are depicted with admirable fidelity by Mr. Luker, Jr., and described with enthusiasm by Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, whose tall and commanding figure is familiar to many who linger in country lanes, or go out, like Chaucer, to see the daisies. Large as is the space covered by the traveller's observation, I am glad to think that other tracts equally large remain, and are not yet general property. I have seen the water-lily afloat, and the dragon-fly darting over it, and the squirrel climbing the tree in a place whence, on a clear day, with a wind well set in from the North, you might see St. Paul's.

[1] Leadenhall Press.

Tree-Worship and the Myth of Attis.

Mr. Grant Allen is one of the most vigilant and competent of writers as well as one of the most indefatigable. From his pen flows an enduring succession of work in prose and verse, [illegible] and what not. Though the rate at which these are thrown off suggests the easy writing which not [illegible] "[illegible] hard reading," no charge of this kind is to be sustained. Mr. Allen's books are carefully finished, and are in all respects [illegible] and up to date. One of his latest productions [illegible] new translation into English of the Attis of Caius Valerius [illegible] Dissertations on the Myth of Attis, on the origin of Tree-Worship, and on the Galliambic metre.[1] With the last discourse I am neither disposed nor competent to deal. In the dissertation on Tree-Worship, however, Mr. Allen makes one of the most important of contributions to Folk-lore in its most interesting development—going over in part the same ground as Mr. Sabine Baring-Gould in passages to which I recently called attention. Of Attis Mr. Grant Allen holds that one is essentially a tree-god, and that his rites are most intimately and inexplicably bound up with the worship of a pine-tree.[2] Holding with Mr. Herbert Spencer's theory of the origin of polytheism from ghost-worship and ancestor-worship, from that point in singularly luminous fashion, he shows that the tree-spirit and the corn-spirit like most other deities, originate in the ghost of the deified ancestor. To follow the arguments by which the writer establishes his proposition would lead me too far, and would have perhaps but slight interest for ordinary readers. To those, however, who can see the marvellous light that is cast upon sociological subjects I commend warmly the delightful little volume.

[1] David Nutt.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

THE

GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

AUGUST 1893.

MY SISTER KATE.

BY MARY S. HANCOCK.

CHAPTER I.

"INTERESTING people have tempers." It was my sister Kate who made that remark in a calm and even tone of voice which nettled me. I had been nettled all that morning, and I knew it. So did she, which made her utterances more pointed. She was leaning back in a very comfortable easy chair, the most comfortable one in my possession, and she was darning at the time.

I cannot say darning is a very graceful act at any time, but with Kate it is aggressively ungraceful, it is almost defiantly so. And she knows this also.

She was darning my socks, for these, I grieve to say, have a perpetual knack of running into holes in an undignified manner. It is clearly not my fault; I think the wool of modern times is decidedly inferior to that of our forefathers. I say so to Kate, who receives the information with a toss of the head, and a little "Umph!"

I watch Kate with interest when she darns. It is nice to know she is useful. I am at an interesting age myself. My sister occasionally believes in me; the other young women of the township do so at all times; and I may candidly state at once that I believe in myself. Holding the important curacy of St. Anne the Martyr, I feel myself a person of importance, and that my advent into the place is calculated to raise the town in the opinion of the whole county. I am neither tall nor short, neither stout nor thin, but a happy mid-way between extremes, which is a convenient arrangement on the part of Nature. The people whose opinions I value say I am good-looking.

but, being very modest, I decline to believe that in its entirety, and Kate, who abhors flattery, says composedly that I am not.

"It is better to speak the truth," she says bluntly.

I am not sure that she always does so herself. Kate has many faults.

She lives with me by the judicious desires of my parents. My Vicar, who is unmarried, lives in the old vicarage across the road. He lives alone, is very self-contained, abrupt, and imperative. I am not sure that I like him.

Kate said once that she had never given him a second look, she had come here to look after me. I feel duly grateful, but think I could have managed very comfortably without her.

Kate is small and, some say, pretty, but I am no judge of my sister's looks. This parish is large, well populated, and semi-rural it contains many young women—they are under my care. I have no time to look at Kate.

She believes in me with certain reservations. She is not an ardent admirer of young men, as a class. She is seven-and-twenty, slight and fair; I am dark, and twenty-three. That, I find, is the most interesting age at which a curate can place himself. It is an age that commends itself to all minds. All one's faults are condoned, all one's excellencies are over-estimated. It is so in the case of Jenkins of St. Edmund's, as I can say from personal knowledge.

Kate has darned my stockings, sewn on my buttons, and looked after my comfort, but she has "choked off" my admirers in a most distinct manner; and I cannot say I approve of this part of her conduct. We had an altercation about it just now, which led to the singular remark I have recorded before. Kate's remarks have a peculiar flavour about them, and can be, at times, more vigorous than pleasant.

Some of these oracular utterances have worked disastrously for me; they have arrested the flow of slippers, smoking-caps, and pen-wipers, and have materially affected the jampots, cakes, and "creature comforts" that filled my cupboard shelves. My landlady is not infatuated with Kate. On the contrary, she takes good care to tell me "as it were vastly diffurunt in th' late cooerat's daay."

Well, here my sister is, and here she must stay, I suppose, for the present.

I have distinguished myself. I have fallen in love. It is not the first time, or the second, that I have performed that feat; but this time I have done it, with a vengeance.

I am three-and-twenty, the proud possessor of one hundred and

wenty pounds per annum, and no prospects to speak of. Yet I have persuaded one young woman to take me "on tick," as it were, and to believe in me. This is a feather in my cap.

It came about in this way. My voice is a deep sonorous bass; it echoes through the building when I read prayers, and when I preach it rings through the rafters in the most mellow of melodious accents. I sing too—not lively little ditties that melt one to tears, but stirring, powerful lays, like "Ruddier than the cherry," and the recitative, in which "I rage, I burn," in such overwhelming tones.

Clara is musical; she sings and plays too—pretty little "pieces," which please the ears of my parishioners, and are very acceptable at our local assemblies. They afford a fine cover for conversation, chiefly tit-bits of a scandalous character, which are confidentially whispered into sympathetic ears during the performance.

The dear girl plays away conscientiously, as if conscious that she is doing her duty; and so I dare say she is. Kate, who says disagreeable things, remarks that duty is a much-abused word, and that different people judge of it from different standpoints. I don't accept *her* as an authority. She has no soul for music—"like that," she adds, with a finely curved sneer; but then, Kate's soul is rarely stirred by local events, and so, it may be, she is not moved in the same way as others by the strains of harmony.

Clara de Grey Stranton is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. de Grey Stranton, the parental authority being solely vested in Mrs. de Grey Stranton, as her husband rests in peace in the churchyard—if his bones have not been disturbed at the recent restoration. It does not matter if they have, or have not. In his life-time he is said to have played second-fiddle to Mrs. de Grey Stranton, and his death has made no change in her domestic arrangements.

Clara is named after a certain Abbess who inhabited these parts about a thousand years ago. It is considered quite a delicate way of showing piety and respect, by naming all the little girls who arrive after this lady, of whom we know little or nothing; while the boys —worst luck—continue to be Johns, and Georges, and Josephs—until the penny novelette alters public opinion. They will in future be Vincents, Geralds, St. Clairs, and Athelstans. The penny novelette is a public benefactor. The reigning family has done its share of good in influencing the nomenclature of the people. But Edward is old-fashioned, and Albert is of no use; and for the rest, they ring the changes too much upon the same names in those exalted circles. The leading aristocrat of our district is no good. She is plain, unvarnished Lady Jane—a *prosaic matter-of-factness* about that

which commends itself to no one—and her daughter rejoices in being Ellen Greytown—Ellen, mark you, not Helen, or Elinor, or Helena—Ellen. It is almost a defiance brandished by the noble house of Greytown in the eyes of the *hoi polloi*.

Clara de Grey Stranton may not ride in a carriage, or boast a footman, or flourish a coronet; but her name is music, and rolls on the ear like a sweet strain.

Kate put her hands over *her* ears when I discoursed in this style. "For goodness' sake," said she energetically, "think of your sermons, think of your work, think of your next exam., and don't torment me with your eloquence! I am not in love with Miss Stranton." Then I became disturbed in my mind, and gave Kate a lecture which naturally upset her, and provoked a storm. And after this she was good enough to say apologetically, "All interesting people have tempers." I did not consider this an apology; instead of soothing, it irritated me still more.

I went to finish the evening at the house of Mrs. de Grey Stranton, being admitted by the sooty hands of Jemima, and ushered by her with unnecessary giggles into the presence of my beloved.

Why *do* some people always giggle? It is a most annoying piece of mistaken mirthfulness, and I don't admire it. Whenever this miserable Jemima giggles I grow wrathful, and frown. And thus I appear in the bosom of my Clara's family with so forbidding an expression on my countenance, that the young De Grey Strantons turn tail and fly incontinently without wasting too many words on me.

There are two young De Grey Strantons—two only. One is Vincent Maltravers de Grey Stranton, and the other is Octavius Stanley Cornwallis, &c. These names being somewhat long for daily wear and tear, their unfeeling schoolfellows have shortened them into Trotters and Tommy. Trotters represents Vincent, &c., and Tommy stands for Octavius and the rest.

Mrs. de Grey Stranton, it is needless to add, uses no abbreviations; she ignores them.

My godfathers and godmothers, as represented by my mother, in judicious taste and state of feeling, bestowed on me the simple old Saxon appellation of Edwin. It suits me, and, thank goodness, it suits Mrs. de Grey Stranton. If it did not, I feel sure she would re-christen me on the spot.

"Edwin Graham," says my beloved, "is sweetly pretty; don't *you* think so, Kate?"

But Kate—Kate looks furious. "Of course it is nice, because my mother chose it," she says abruptly; "but, for myself, I think Edwin is an uncommonly soft kind of thing to call a boy."

Whereupon I vow undying enmity to Kate, or should do so if I were not a parson.

I think a good deal of this fact. If it were not so, would I go in for such expensive suits of clothes? That is quite sufficient evidence in my eyes; if others don't agree with me the fault is theirs, not mine. I am at least resolved to be an ornament to my profession, and Clara—dear girl—says I am certainly *that.*

How well she understands me! The two other girls to whom I plighted my troth—I like that phrase—they also professed to understand me, but one of them was audacious enough to hint at a "want of backbone" one day. I haven't the faintest notion what she meant, but Kate got angry and interfered, and succeeded in breaking off my engagement. She nearly broke my heart.

The other "young lady's" parents objected to my youthfulness and paucity of prospects, so she cried off too. But Clara, who understands me, has no scruples about preferment and all the other bogie-men, so we are supremely happy. The evening when the unlucky Jemima ushered me in upon the domestic group with a giggle remains imprinted on my mind.

When the boys flew away, Clara and I sat alone, and I did my best to make my hat go round at a rapid rate in my chilly hands. Clara took pity on me.

"Oh, Mr. Graham," she began, "let me relieve you of this;" and her hands seized my headgear with gentle force. "I often think I wish I could relieve you from all care."

It is the sort of speech that always touches my heart, so I began to thaw.

"Mother and I admire your sermons *so* much. We tell the boys to copy you; oh, if they *only* would!" She clasped her hands, and the tears rose in her eyes.

I had admired her from afar for a long time, and now I broke down. "Clara," I whispered, "Clara, I love you." I whispered the words in exactly the right tone of voice, with the correct thrill and expressiveness, and the most enthralling intonation. I understood the exact amount needful to be used, and at the right moment Clara gave in. Her head was reposing on my shoulder, her hands clasped in mine, when Mrs. de Grey Stranton entered the room, and melted into tears and blessings at the sight, giving the inestimable Clara to me almost before I had opened my mouth to ask for the

treasure. I have never told this to Kate, mind you. When I came home that night and announced my engagement, my angelic sister laid down the stocking upon which she was at work, and let her thimble roll to the other end of the table as she exclaimed with wholly unnecessary energy

"You're a fool for your pains, my boy!"

I am proud to say I said never a word in contradiction; only I began to spend more time with the De Grey Strantons, in order, as I said pathetically, "that we might learn to know one another better." Some wise man has written, "For people to live happily together, the real secret is that they should not live too much together." Being, in spite of my sister's opinion, fully aware of this, I took good care to follow this sage counsel, and to retire from the society of my bride-elect's family whenever the members of it began to make themselves unnecessarily prominent.

These pleasant recreations filled up most of my time, much to my own enjoyment and that of Clara de Grey Stranton; and I forgot—I positively and earnestly forgot that my sister Kate had many long and unoccupied hours at her own disposal, when she was not engaged in mending my garments, and that mischief awaits the unemployed. So it came to pass that another little episode was going on, of which I—her legal protector, guardian, defender, and all the rest of it—was entirely ignorant, and purposely kept in the dark besides.

It is another bone to pick with Miss Kate, and some day I would gladly settle up old scores; but whenever this occurs to me another and far more awful idea puts it to flight, and postpones the time of reckoning.

I will tell you all about it.

Chapter II.

Kate, my sister, is slight and small. She is considered very pretty too, by her friends: I do not say beautiful, or handsome, or imposing. I simply say pretty; but it is a prettiness that does not fade. I may say this is a characteristic of our family—we wear well. She is twenty-seven, which, while being a sensible age of progression for a man, is considered down-hill for a woman. Kate that reminds me, is no longer a girl—she is a woman. We expect a good deal from our women.

The Vicarage stands in its own grounds with high walls and a tall gate; the gate swings to and fro all day long, assisted

the movements of the children from the houses opposite, who like swinging when they can get the chance.

There is nothing captivating about the house, the grounds, or the *ménage*. The house is bare, with a fine sprinkling of soots from the neighbouring coal-mine. I did not tell you this was a colliery place, did I? If it had not been, I should not have been here; and that not because I have an undue partiality for collieries, but because my Vicar has no partiality for curates. He says so openly, so I violate no confidence by repeating his words.

The grounds afford a fine playground for the neighbouring cats, and the Vicar's parrot understands the varying shades of modulation in each particular feline voice. He can give you a grand concert on the shortest notice.

Besides this, the newspapers generally tear themselves to tatters in the garden, sending fractional parts of speech in all directions as beneficently and as widely as even Mr. Mundella or the local School Boards could desire.

Saturday nights give the Vicar a choice of hats, all made on the newest principle of ventilation, and none of them likely to be affected by wind and weather; those playful elements having done all the affecting long ago, in some dim mysterious past of their earthly history.

The Vicarage is a quiet, secluded oasis in the parochial wilderness, affectionately nicknamed the Almshouse by the appreciative people, who, to show their appreciation, make presents to the inmates of broken pipes, old milk-tins, and other impedimenta, which they no longer need themselves.

It is a fine thing to be Vicar of Enderby. He lives alone; he is tall, elderly, and vigorous, a man of tremendous energy. When I say elderly, I speak from the platform of three-and-twenty; but Kate says, "Rubbish! the man is only forty-three; twenty years older than yourself, thank Heaven."

I don't see much to thank Heaven for in that fact; but apparently Kate does; so I will leave the subject of age, only saying in passing that my sister has no tolerance for young men, and, therefore, her opinions must be taken *cum grano*.

Kate never darkened the doors of the Vicarage.

"Why should I?" she would retort sharply, when the Vicar gave his annual *fêtes*; and as she was so persistent I left her alone.

Being out a good deal myself at the De Grey Strantons, I saw very little of my sister during the day. We met at breakfast, at dinner, at a meeting perhaps, and in the evening just before bedtime. Kate always insisted on sitting up for me.

Clara de Grey Stranton did not go to many meetings.

"She is too tender a flower," said her mother, and I agreed with her. Kate Graham was of coarser mould; she would take no harm. So I did not know, until it came to me as a sort of revelation, how closely enwrought into the life of the place was my quiet, humdrum sister.

She taught the babies in the Sunday-school; it was hard, dry work, but she managed to get a laugh out of the odd things those children said to her; and she taught the old men in the night-school, letter by letter—much harder, drier work, and very little fun could be got out of their prosaic, matter-of-fact, worn-out old brains. Worst of all, she had a class of hoydens—I cannot call them anything else—great, romping, rough girls, who came from the factory over the bridge, and who knew a great many things which it were better for women not to know, and who said and did those things. But not before Kate. Rather not!

I must confess Kate was a picture at those meetings. I saw her once at one; and positively, if she had not been my sister, I could have found it in my heart to admire her, she looked so bonnie and bright.

She had on a soft white dress, fresh and clean, made of nun's veiling, or serge, or some such stuff, and it fell in folds all round her. At the throat she wore a dark crimson rose, and a few of the same flowers at her waist. They were plucked that day from a bush in our back garden, which the landlady keeps for "Miss Graham," she says.

All her light curling hair was gathered into heavy coils on her head, but a few tendrils had escaped, and wreathed in low clusters on her forehead; while her bright eyes looked fearlessly into their faces, and gave back smile for smile. She had taken off her cloak and hat, and hung them up behind her; for the room often became hot and stifling, and she could not stand that. When I saw her she was singing while the girls worked. She had taught them to sew, taught them with the gentlest patience in the world, I know, and had succeeded. Kate was a rare one for training, be sure of that.

Her head was high in the air, and the glorious tones of her voice filled the room, ringing out over the atmosphere all laden with frivolity and sin as it might be, and she sang on and on unwearyingly until many of the girls were quietly wiping away the tears that rose unbidden to their eyes, of which they would have been heartily ashamed outside.

When they were more than usually on the rampage, or the war *path*, Kate would stand forth and call out:

"Girls, I am going to sing."

It was enough. Every strong-armed young woman, by virtue of er strength, bore down upon her neighbours, and carried the day by orce of arms; then a great silence would fall upon the place, and Kate's voice would reign supreme. I tell you—sister of mine though he may be—I shall not soon forget the impression she made upon ne when I heard her.

They tell me she had other auditors sometimes, of whom she new nothing. I heard, for instance, how one night a gang of carousers from a public-house near by came along joyously to make a swoop upon the damsels and upset the decorum of the assembly. But when they neared the door Kate was singing.

The lads gathered round the half-open doorway.

Not a man of them dare venture inside. As for their bravado, it died away in harmless smoke—they stood, and gazed, and stared. Some slunk away; they had heard enough.

Others remained to the end, and sighed when her songs were over.

But no one ever thought of disturbing Kate after that.

Once or twice I met the Vicar near the turning to the school-room, and bowed as I passed him. He returned the greeting, and pursued the open road. I never connected him with Kate's work. It was Clara de Grey Stranton herself who startled me.

"What a gift your sister has!" she remarked. "And what a eculiar girl she is! She will not come here, and yet she sings by the ur to those half-civilised girls in St. Anne's Lane. It is for the sake the old Vicar no doubt."

Chapter III.

The dear girl tossed her pretty little head, with those tightly ped curlets that I knew so well, as she said these words, and I od aghast.

"No, Clara, my darling," I murmured softly, my arm stealing und her waist. "No, Clara, my beloved. Kate has no liking for d men. Kate is useful to me; she has her brother's interests at art, her brother's welfare. These demand all her time, and all her ttention. She has no eyes for elderly gentlemen."

"And young ones have none for *her*," retorted my betrothed quickly. "But oh, Edwin, must she always live with us?—I mean—I mean——" Here the dear girl buried her head on my shoulder, and

was overcome by her feelings for a few seconds, while I endeavou to calm her agitated emotions.

"The subject of Kate," I began in my most clerical tones—"t subject of my sister's residence here is unfortunately beyond control. My parents seem to consider that their business. I when—when *we* arrange matters, darling"—(here I dropped the cle and became human)—"then I will take the reins into my own ha and Kate can return home once more." This pacified Clara, I sure I do not know why. I never can understand how it is t marriage generally causes such upsets in families. We are told t a man must "cleave" to his wife; but why that should mean that should deliberately set himself, in so many cases, dead against own friends and relatives, is really beyond my comprehension.

However, Clara is not in that position as yet, so she was tak time by the forelock, so to say, in the attitude she was assum towards Kate. My sister was a very decided convenience to me, I declined to part with until I had the opportunity of replacing h So, while I tenderly appeased Clara, I still held my own way w regard to Kate, upon whom I intended to keep a strict watch future.

My Vicar was said by the numerous widows and spinsters w attended our church to be singularly handsome. I did not sh that opinion; but old maids are peculiarly sensitive to looks on part of their clergy, and not too discriminating either.

It is true that he carefully abstained from more than the mer passing acquaintance with them, never presenting himself at any the little tea-drinkings which were so common amongst us, and ne by any chance putting in an appearance at Mrs. de Grey Stranton even when a big "spread" was under way.

Mrs. de Grey Stranton liked a "little party." She aired her b china and her antique electro-plate on those occasions, for which t household was in purgatory for a whole week, while Jemima's te were frequent, and her grimyness greater than usual during t mysterious processes of preparation. It would have gratified M de Grey Stranton if she could have enticed the Vicar to grace h tea-table and eat her cakes.

But it was not to be. He was blessed—or cursed, which y prefer—with a digestion, and hence was "obliged to live carefull an expression which I have since learnt to believe was a pious invented to save appearances.

The Vicar's abstention was not my loss. It was distinctly *gain.* *If* he had a digestion, I had no qualms about mine. Thr

and-twenty is a glorious age. A man has the digestion of an ostrich and the vigour of a Hercules—or ought to have, if he be managed properly. And I was in my element at our local tea-drinkings. It is, even now, a part of my parochial duty which I understand to perfection and enjoy, and in those early days of my work it was just exactly what I delighted in. Perhaps I should not have enjoyed these gatherings so much had my Vicar been there. In the tender years of a curate's life, he does not hunger and thirst for his Vicar's bodily presence wherever he appears. He likes to float before the popular gaze by himself, to pirouette, as it were, upon a platform all by himself, and to display his new "clericals" unabashed by any other priestly presence. The girls admire him unrestrainedly, and he is able to exhibit himself to more purpose in his superior's absence.

Kate, too, kept aloof from these social gatherings. Kate had plenty on her hands with the babies, and the old men, and the rough girls. I took care that she had something to do; occupation, as I have said before, is good for young women of Kate's age.

But, after Clara's remark, I kept a sharper look-out at home.

"Mrs. Malony," said I to my landlady the very next morning, "did anyone call last evening?" "Nivir a blissid sowl," was the instant reply. "The blissid young lady, yer riv'rence's sisther, whom the saints presarve! she was alone hersilf all the night; an' me sittin' by the kitchin foire th' whole toime whativir." Mrs. Malony is a great talker, so I did not hear half she said. I have reason to believe she did not tell the truth; and if I had only seen her five minutes later in her kitchen I should have been quite sure of the fact, for this is what she did, I was told long afterwards. She flung herself down on her low chair in front of the fire, and, tossing the corner of her huge white apron over her head, gave vent to a series of chuckles and laughs that scared her niece who lived with her.

"Shure, an' it's meself that's the clivir won to-day, fur I nivir let on, Bridgit, me gurl, that 'twas the Vicar's own self that browt the swatest o' young ladies home; nor yit did I tell that his riv'rence's feet walked the whole way wid the young leddy ter th meetin'. 'Twould ha' made him mad; an' it's meself that keppit the saycret."

Then she rocked, and laughed, and rocked again. It was a good joke to her.

This was how it all came about. My Vicar, the Rev. Oscar Vaughan, is an industrious old fellow, who likes to keep his thumb on most parochial organisations. I wish he didn't. He came to

consult me one evening, found I had gone to the De Grey Strantons', saw Kate going out, walked with her to the Mission, and consulted her instead. Hurrying back to ask her something he had forgotten, he heard her singing, and her voice arrested him. He was passionately fond of singing. Naturally, he became passionately fond of hearing Kate. As she went nowhere, he could only hear her at the Mission; and to the Mission consequently he contrived to go, passing no further than the swinging doors, or the lobby, or, at times, the little ante-room within.

It was a curious affair after all. He often met Kate on the way down, and sometimes walked back with her; that was all. No one talked about them. Kate was felt to be beneath notice by the authorised gossips. But——

Chapter IV.

Kate Graham sat by the organ in the dim and dusky twilight. The old church of St. Anne the Martyr was full of shadows—mysterious shadows—that came and went like curious emblems of past congregations that had wept, and prayed, and sung in the dusty aisles below.

The girl had been singing by herself in the organ-loft above the rood-screen. A strange fancy had seized her to leave the organ and come to the front of the loft and sing; throwing her voice into the far recesses of those wondrous passages and openings of the clerestory through which processions of white-robed monks and friars had passed in chanting ranks many a hundred years before. Do you know the church of St. Anne the Martyr at Enderby? No? Then let me tell you that it is very old—an ancient abbey-church, built somewhere in the misty ages, full of twelfth-century work and thirteenth-century tombs; full, too, of odd and quaint bits of Saxon masonry, and Roman toil, and Norman architecture. It is a complex medley, of course. A Saxon sanctuary-chair stands within the altar-rails; the relics of Wilfrid's earlier church are below us in the narrow crypt, and Roman tombstones stand sentinel in the solemn transepts, below the wide sweeping flight of stone steps that led formerly to the stately rooms of abbot, monk, and austere brother.

The roof is lofty, and the proportions of the church are noble and grand. It is full of a thousand memories, which touch even the most casual beholder. He cannot help it.

The pavement he treads to-day was trodden years and years ago by other feet that have been dust for centuries; the aisles he paces

were paced by other forms that passed into the shadows of the Silent Land long before *his* advent on the scene. The air vibrates with the haunting strains of harmony, of passion, of pleading, that fell upon it centuries gone by. And, in those pews, broken hearts and streaming eyes murmured vows which changed to mist before the stronger wills of the enemy.

This old church has seen bloodshed, and storm, and fury; aye, it has seen many an awful scene in its day.

But with a strange blending of the finite with the infinite, there still rise the hymn of praise, the holy chant, the voice of prayer, within these sacred walls.

Something of this swept over Kate's mind as she stood there and sang, with the twilight gathering fast over pillar, and tracery, and carving below.

She sang, as perhaps she had never sung before, a curious, half-dreamy measure to words she had heard somewhere, in some dream-land of her own.

And, over the star-lighted aisles below, the beauty of the notes rang clear and sweet as they rose and fell on the heavy air.

One listener, lingering in the southern transept amid the tombs, stayed his steps to hear her. He drew nearer—nearer—nearer—very gently, fearing lest a movement might disturb or startle the singer; and, standing at last in the folds of the rich tapestry that hung over the entrance to the choir, beneath the rood-screen, he felt the melody floating over him like some wonderful seraphic measure which he was unwilling to disturb by the faintest breath or movement.

While she sang, the Rev. Oscar Vaughan fought out a little battle by himself. A strange revelation had come to him in these days. He, who had passed unscathed through the fierce perils of his early college and curate days, had fallen ignominiously beneath the spell of a wondrous-voiced siren. He knew it. Oddly enough, he did not resent it.

The only thing that troubled him was this: should he speak, or should he not?

He had learnt to know this girl pretty well. She was the right hand of the parish, if not his own right hand; and, as far as he was concerned, nothing could have gone on without her. But this did not enter into the consideration. He loved her, little as he knew her. There was a charm about Kate Graham which endeared her infinitely to the lonely man, who had had but little association with women for many years of his life.

The question he debated long and anxiously within himself was

the one of age. He was forty, at least; she was twenty-seven. There is a wide gap between these two ages, a gap which is not only of years, but involves tastes, opinions, habits—the hundred and one things which go to make up the details of a lifetime, for such his existence seemed to Oscar Vaughan as he looked back. *Pro* and *con* he debated the subject during many a walk to and from that mission-room with Kate Graham; and sometimes she wondered at his frequent silences and abstractions, thinking her liveliness offended and disturbed him.

If she had only known it, this but endeared her the more to him. It was a fierce battle, which absorbed many hours of the sleepless nights and dreary days through which he passed before arriving at a decision.

They met frequently, for Enderby is a small place, and most of the streets lead to one common centre, the great market-square, in which stands the grey old church, with the ancient gate-tower—the sole relic of the days when Enderby was a walled town—opposite. All the leading shops cluster round the church in the market-place, where once a week the farmers' carts come rattling over the stones to draw up at the King's Head, and be turned shafts down in rows, while their inmates sell butter and eggs, and chaffer and gossip in the booths, which are a strong feature of our open-air market. The mission-room is close beside the old gate-tower; the Vicarage is reached by the lane beyond St. Anne's. The walk thither is pleasant in summer, but dull in the dark evenings of winter; and to arrive at the gate-tower the churchyard must be passed, where the high wall and the tall trees throw gloomy shadows across the narrow pathway.

Everyone knows everybody else in Enderby. Even the pitmen at our colliery have worked there long enough to be able to recognise the townsfolk, and treat them with proper respect. It goes without saying that everyone knew Kate Graham—"our young lady," as she was called by the folk round about.

But it is a fact that in even the best-regulated circles there still may, and do, creep ill-conditioned creatures who have no business of their own there, but who interfere with that of others. Such a being met Kate one night as she hurried homewards. She was alone for once. Her hands were filled with books; her long fur-lined cloak—for it was winter—hung down over her dress, heavy with the night-dews. She walked rapidly, for the hour was late, and she was anxious to get home; and it was only when a dark shadow came in the path and obstructed her way that she stopped suddenly and looked up, with a vague sense of alarm.

"Not so fast, Miss, if *ye* please," said a thick, coarse voice—the voice of a man who had been imbibing somewhat too freely. 'Hold on a minnit, and see if ye hasn't summut as ye can spare for a pore man as hasn't broke hisn fast this day."

There was a good deal that was objectionable in the man's manner. He whined, it is true; but he whined unpleasantly, and there was even a distinct undertone of threat and defiance in what he said as well as in his manner.

Standing still for an instant, Kate's first thought was of Oscar Vaughan. "Oh, if he were but near!" she said mentally. "If he could only appear!" She gave a quick glance to right and to left but there was not a soul in sight.

The man noted her look, and leered horribly.

"Ye may look, my pretty lady; but nivir a creatur will ye see, bet. Now then," he said boldly, "how much longer will ye ? Ye've got a tidy watch—hand it over. It'll sell, I suppose—warranted to go,' and all the rest of it, eh? Well, I'll see that it es, anyhow." He laughed loudly.

Kate never moved. She stood perfectly still before him; neither fering to give him the watch, nor making one movement with her nds, which remained clasped upon the books she carried.

She was afraid, of course. Not a being within call. A lonely ot—no one likely to pass at that hour, and a ruffian in possession f the scene. These are not the things one naturally cares to enjoy n a peaceful walk home from work. Nevertheless, here they were; nd here, too, was she. What should she do?

Her nerves were perfectly under control and she was cool and lf-possessed—no one more so. But the moment was unpropitious.

Flight was useless; the long cloak would, of itself, impede her ogress; and the man was, doubtless, as fleet of foot as was she.

A show of fight would be but a poor thing, too, for a single ance told her keen eyes that her dainty umbrella would snap ke a twig in the hands of this demon of strength who stood before er.

What *should* she do?

The moment was terrible. The situation was one of the deepest peril.

One instant only stood Kate Graham irresolute—waiting.

There was no human help near. None to save—none to protect. Powerless, defenceless, she felt herself. Then—swift as a winged arrow from the Unseen, to whom she appealed—she took er resolve.

"This man," she murmured breathlessly, "was once a little child—somewhere; someone may have taught him purer things."

She flung back her head fearlessly, and, lifting her solemn, clear eyes to the wonderful deep blue vault of heaven above, in which the stars were coming out with minute distinctness, in the same attitude and with the same voice that had charmed men as rude and women almost as rough as this being before her, she sang one of those simple, touching little strains by which mothers lull their children to sleep and soothe them when in pain or trouble.

It was very simple as to words and tune, just a quaint little measure that the man who formed the unwilling audience would be sure to know, and to know well, and she sang as she had never done before—or since.

Not a tremor, not a quiver, in the magnificently trained voice; not an echo in it of the haunting terror that was filling her soul.

She was at his mercy.

Good!

She would hold him now at hers. She was singing for life, for time, for honour. She was singing with her "heart in her mouth," as our country-folks put it; but never, surely, did Kate eclipse herself as she did then.

She sang for more than this wretch to hear.

She sang as a direct appeal to Heaven. And every note as it rushed out upon the cold night wind cried, "Help! Help! O Eternal—Unchangeable! Help for Thy child!"

The dead were sleeping in the churchyard near—the quiet dead, who turn not, move not, trouble not, though their nearest and dearest may be in extremest agony.

The cattle were feeding on the plain beyond. They raised sleepy eyes full of wonder at the unwonted sounds. Startled and pleased, they bent down again to feed in quiet content. The singing suited their moods; it was part of Nature, no doubt. They grazed in much delight, unconscious that a human soul was crying in its agony—as it best knew how—fighting a lone battle, at fearful odds, with sin, and evil, and danger.

The lane was a deserted spot so late as this; for there lingers a tradition that the Prior of well-known memory, who resisted the marauding intruders and was hanged by them at his own gate, still walks at intervals upon the ruined archway that led formerly to the ancient priory; and few and brave are the townsfolk, be they lovers or "staid persons," who will venture so far after nightfall along the "ghost's path."

Kate had never been nervous. Probably, not being "Enderby-born," she was less afraid of the ghost than the people of the place. But the reality of her danger was far greater than the mere fictitious one of meeting any visionary foe.

At first the man stared blankly at her in astonishment. The thought came quickly to him that she had gone mad with fright.

The next moment he swore under his breath, for she was singing a little melody his mother had sung to him years and years gone by.

It seemed to sting him for a moment. The strong words froze on his lips. So, had not *that* mother taught him? He stood appalled; then a sort of mesmeric entrancement came over him. The music began to appeal to him in a manner he recognised.

All wrong and sin seemed to drop away from his heart, and a sort of yearning awoke there—within—for something nobler, for something higher and purer.

On his part, he stood irresolute, yet partially subdued.

The girl sang on: she knew how much depended on it. The man stood—waiting—yielding—fascinated. How would it end?

One moment passed—one second longer. Then, a side gate in the wall near them opened, as if by magic, and from it there stepped a tall strong man, his face set, his hands clenched. He took in the scene at once. The singing girl—the waiting man—the dark lane—the graves beyond—the starlit heaven above. All, all, he saw, but with all the terrible, definite sharpness of the two prominent figures, he heard the girl who sang; he knew the whole force of that awful interval through which she had been passing. *She* saw him as he came with striding step towards them.

Saw him—with eyes blinded by the sudden passion of tears that started in thankfulness to meet him.

And, springing towards his outstretched arm, she cried, with one long bursting cry of gladness, "I am safe!" as she was folded in his strong arms and sheltered there—for ever.

. . . . . .

Après?

What became of the man?

I am sure I do not know. He came out of the darkness. He vanished into the darkness. It is to be hoped she had done him some good.

My sister will reign at the Vicarage now. Ill-natured people already call her "the Vicaress." She does not mind.

I am changing my curacy, if you must know. Clara de Grey

[illegible] Mrs. de Grey Graham, won't care to [illegible] she says.

[illegible]

[illegible] say nothing of my [illegible] unexceptionably nice and [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] Curates sometimes [illegible] of course, the provoca- [illegible]

[illegible] on the subject. [illegible] a signal injustice: first, in [illegible] a stranger: and thirdly, in not [illegible]

[illegible] I confess this as I am going [illegible] in my opinion; but [illegible] thousand times greater one [illegible] whom I pity.

[illegible] look after himself. Kate [illegible]

[illegible]

WHITLOCKE'S SWEDISH EMBASSY.

THE narrative of Whitlocke's Embassy to Sweden in 1653 belongs to the host of books which modern Englishmen have neither the time nor the inclination to look into.

Whitlocke was one of the best of the Puritan brotherhood; even the Royalists were fain to admit it; and, if nothing else remained to prove it, his Journal of the Embassy would suffice.

We must imagine him as a man of forty-eight when Cromwell nominated him for the important negotiation with the famous and eccentric Queen Christina. He *is*, there is no denying it, very prosy in the description he gives us of his arguings, domestic and otherwise, about the offer that has been made him. Though sensible enough of the honour of the business, he remembers only too well (and so does his wife) the fate of certain other of the Commonwealth's ambassadors. He has a fancy, too, that the Protector has some sinister design in view in conferring the honour upon him. A journey to Sweden in the seventeenth century was not to be undertaken lightly. Added to the perils of assassination by cavaliers, were the risks of the voyage and the various inconveniences and hardships of travel in a land neither the cookery nor the household appointments of which were of a kind to satisfy a gently nurtured Englishman. And it must be remembered that Whitlocke was both of good birth and good education. Queen Christina laid great stress on the pleasure with which she welcomed a man who lacked little in lacking none of the qualifications of an ambassador save the superfine arts of the courtier.

While he weighed the matter in his mind, and battled with his wife's ardent tears and protestations against his accepting so terrible a responsibility in his "crazy old age," he took, he tells us, "the pleasure of riding forth into the open fields and enclosed grounds, contemplating on the goodness of God, who had bestowed on Englishmen so pleasant, healthful, and fruitful a country as this island; and the inconsiderateness of those who will leave such a country to please their foul humours of travelling to see foreign countries." He

[illegible]

[illegible] was some- [illegible] dark of [illegible] was [illegible] and [illegible] was [illegible] sea-sick. [illegible] and when- [illegible] and

[illegible] smack (no [illegible] mentioned. [illegible] and was. [illegible] Here the Ambassador [illegible]

Whitmore [illegible] people say of the English Ambassador [illegible]

Shipper "They say he is a very honest gentleman and a fit ma for such a business, and one that loves peace, and is likely to do h work."

Whitlocke: "Now I see you know to whom you speak."

Much conversation passed, and eventually the Dutch skipper was put back into his smack, a free man. This so rejoiced him that he presented the Ambassador with "a Holland cheese and a great bottle of brandy-wine," who, however, thought well to decline the present.

We are told that Whitlocke got much into the affection of his company, "and into the favour of the officers and mariners, by his kindness and familiarity, and by being much on the decks and drolling with them, and discoursing; especially by affording them now and then a douse in the neck or a kick in jest, seeing them play, and then giving them some of his own tobacco, wine, and strong waters, as there was occasion, which demeanours please those kind of people."

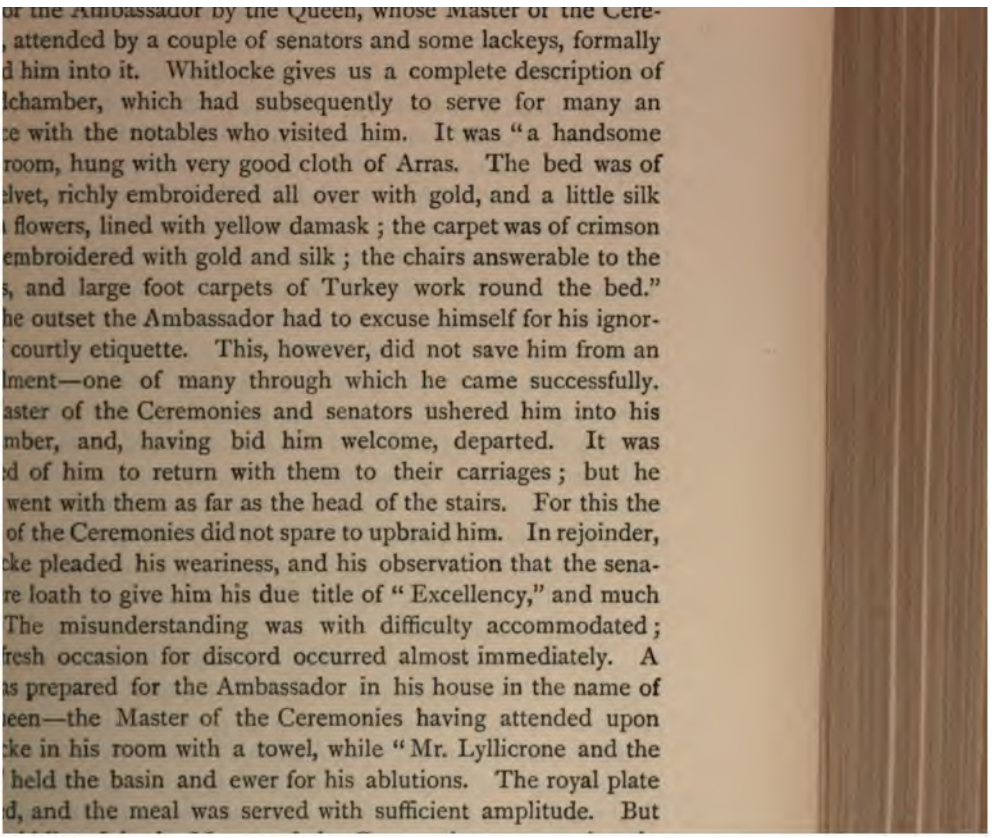
At length, after seven or eight days of buffetings by the wind, and no inconsiderable chance of shipwreck off the Skaw, the little fleet came to Gothenburg, then a young city giving promise of the importance to which it has now attained. Here began a series of other trials, concerned with victualling, accommodation, resistance against and surrender to the extortion of the Swedes (to whom an Ambassador Extraordinary seemed a fat prey, to be enjoyed to the uttermost), the rights of precedence and ceremonial honours, which Whitlocke was worthily firm in exacting—for the credit of England and his lord, the Protector; and much else. Never, on the other hand, was ambassador more hospitable; and never, one would imagine, were a people less backward in taking from their guest such favours as they could obtain. The Swedes of Gothenburg, like those of Upsal and Stockholm subsequently, "thankfully accepted the meat and drink and money which the Ambassador gave them; the expectation whereof by them was some motive to their respect." The Swedish *cuisine* and larder were as defective then as now. But Whitlocke had been warned of this, and carried with him "good English beer and meal, butter, cheese, baked meats, Spanish and French wine, and divers good provisions; and his field bed he chose to lie in, rather than between two of their beds." His stock of good things must have been prodigious, for it sufficed to feed him and his retinue of about two hundred persons, as well as to entertain his visitors, from November 1653 to May 1654.

Whitlocke exercised a paternal, almost, indeed, a patriarchal, rule over his company. He not only preached to them, but gave and enforced very severe orders about their behaviour. They were, on pain of "dismission from his Excellence's family," forbidden to "swear or curse or blaspheme"; to "be overseen in drink (and to this

end, neither begin nor pledge healths)"; "to pretend excuse either for absence or late coming" to prayers twice daily, as well as on the Lord's Day; "to revile, quarrel with, or give reproachful language to another, but all to behave themselves inoffensively"; to "stay out late in the evenings, after six o'clock, upon any pretence whatever," without explicit permission; and much else. For their health's sake, further, they were "to forbear coming near the fire after they came out of the cold air," and the like.

We may smile at this scrupulosity, but it answered Whitlocke's purpose admirably. He had in Upsal and Stockholm some slight trouble with certain of the younger members of his suite, who found the levity of Queen Christina's court too seductive; he had also to interfere when his retinue grumbled openly about the fewness of the links in the gold chains with which they were presented at parting from the Queen, and to reprimand once or twice in public those who were not regular at his Sunday services. This was all. It was much, indeed, that he could eventually bring back safe and sound to England every man with whom he sailed from the Nore on November the eighth.

His journey overland from Gothenburg to Upsal, where the Court then was, exacted twenty days. And very rough days they were; with bad equipages, "rotten cows that had died in the fields" for fresh meat, and lodging in the straw night after night. The winter had set in, and ice and snow incommoded them. At each little village they had to put up with gross impositions, which could hardly be overcome. The country Swedes were not very recognisant of Whitlocke's rank, as a rule, except as his demand for horses and carts indicated him a great man. But the Ambassador met with verbal regard enough from the leading men; witness the address of the minister and schoolmaster of Skara on behalf of his orphan school children. Herein he was styled, "Generosissime, serenissime atque nobilissime Domine Princeps." "They were," says Whitlocke, "prodigal enough in their titles, hoping to procure the more liberality from him." In good earnest Whitlocke records such historical and other information as they could offer him. But it was not always very credible information. For example, the Skara schoolmaster, without winking, thus explained the name and origin of his village: "A Goth, a servant of Abraham, married one of Sarah's maids, and brought her into his own country; and being grown rich, he built a city in this place, and gave his wife the naming of it, who, in honour of her mistress, called it Sarah; and by the people's rough pronunciation is now called 'Skara.'" Throughout the



of the Ambassador by the Queen, whose Master of the Cere-
, attended by a couple of senators and some lackeys, formally
d him into it. Whitlocke gives us a complete description of
lchamber, which had subsequently to serve for many an
e with the notables who visited him. It was "a handsome
room, hung with very good cloth of Arras. The bed was of
lvet, richly embroidered all over with gold, and a little silk
flowers, lined with yellow damask ; the carpet was of crimson
embroidered with gold and silk ; the chairs answerable to the
, and large foot carpets of Turkey work round the bed."
he outset the Ambassador had to excuse himself for his ignor-
courtly etiquette. This, however, did not save him from an
lment—one of many through which he came successfully.
aster of the Ceremonies and senators ushered him into his
mber, and, having bid him welcome, departed. It was
d of him to return with them to their carriages ; but he
went with them as far as the head of the stairs. For this the
of the Ceremonies did not spare to upbraid him. In rejoinder,
ke pleaded his weariness, and his observation that the sena-
re loath to give him his due title of "Excellency," and much
The misunderstanding was with difficulty accommodated ;
fresh occasion for discord occurred almost immediately. A
s prepared for the Ambassador in his house in the name of
een—the Master of the Ceremonies having attended upon
ke in his room with a towel, while "Mr. Lyllicrone and the
held the basin and ewer for his ablutions. The royal plate
d, and the meal was served with sufficient amplitude. But

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [

constantly in private, two chairs being set, which they occupied side by side. Christina early avowed the interest she felt in the Protector. "Your General is," she said, "one of the gallantest men in the world; never were such things done as by the English in your late war. Your General hath done the greatest things of any man in the world. The Prince of Condé is next to him, but short of him. I have as great a respect and honour for your General as for any man alive, and I pray let him know as much from me." She also civilly submitted to Whitlocke's criticism on the manners of her subjects. Even when, at considerable length and with Scriptural quotations, he censured the Swedish disregard of the Sabbath, her Majesty bore with him very good-humouredly. She herself was the chief of sinners in this matter, but she seemed to pay great heed to the Ambassador's sermons. "Methinks," she said one day, "you preach very well—I assure you I like it." The truth is that Whitlocke's sterling nature showed in all his words and actions, and he could not but win regard where it was to be won and where it was worth the winning. Christina was a poor hand at negotiations, and left most of the business of the treaty to Whitlocke and her Chancellor, the famous Oxenstiern. But her liking for our Ambassador soon allowed her to "droll" with him very freely, accept his horses as a gift, consent to be his May-day mistress or Valentine (which cost Whitlocke a mirror, value £100), and dine with him in his own house.

It is diverting to read how the staid Ambassador entertained the Queen and her courtiers—in part *malgré lui*. "Their meat was such food as could be gotten, dressed after the English fashion and with English sauces, creams, puddings, custards, tarts, tansies, English apples, 'bon-chrétien' pears, cheese, butter, neats' tongues, potted venison, and sweetmeats brought out of England, as his sack and claret also was." Her Majesty did not stint her appetite at this banquet, if her attendants are to be believed, who said "she did eat and drink more at it than she used to do in three or four days at her own table." Afterwards, the eccentric lady must first require the Ambassador categorically to explain how salt butter brought from England could be served up to her "so fresh and sweet" (by putting it into milk overnight, according to Whitlocke), and then bade him methodically "teach her ladies the English salutation." This latter episode in the history of the Embassy is worth the attention of a painter. The grouping would be effective, and the central figure of the Puritan Joint-Keeper of the Great Seal and Swedish Ambassador kissing the ladies-in-waiting before the lively Queen

could hardly fail to interest. The ladies appear to have objected at first; but their sovereign mistress overruled them. "After some pretty defences, their lips obeyed, and Whitlocke most readily," adds the Ambassador. This was on May Day, and only a week after he had ordered his steward to cast out of his house the trunks and goods of a certain couple of his retinue who had failed to attend divine service in his presence. We cannot, therefore, dream of imagining (even on his own confession that he enjoyed being tutor in this matter to the Court ladies) that he was then vitally corrupted by the prevalent levity in Upsal.

A few days later the Ambassador was once again frivolous to gratify the Queen's caprice. He was a guest at the marriage of a certain nobleman, and in the evening there was a great ball. Christina asked Whitlocke to dance with her. For awhile he refused, courteously enough; but the Queen was resolved to have her way. The following conversation ensued when Whitlocke had conducted her Majesty to her chair of State after the dance:

Queen: "Par Dieu! These Hollanders are lying fellows."

Whitlocke: "I wonder how the Hollanders should come into your mind upon such an occasion as this is, who are not usually thought upon in such solemnities, nor much acquainted with them."

Queen: "I will tell you all. The Hollanders reported to me a great while since that all the *noblesse* of England were of the King's party, and none but mechanics of the Parliament party, and not a gentleman among them; now, I thought to try you, and to shame you if you could not dance; but I see that you are a gentleman, and have been bred a gentleman, and that makes me say the Hollanders are lying fellows, to report that there was not a gentleman of the Parliament's party, when I see by you chiefly, and by many of your company, that you are a gentleman."

Of the negotiation with which Whitlocke was entrusted little need be said. The treaty was signed after many delays, and when the Ambassador almost despaired of ever again seeing England. The old Chancellor Oxenstiern was caution personified. His health, moreover, was very bad, and his son, who occasionally represented him, was not a man with whom Whitlocke could treat satisfactorily, and to the last seemed unwilling to be convinced that our Envoy ought to be taken at his own estimate, which was confessedly a high one. The matter was, besides, being carried through at a very critical time in the history of Sweden herself. The Queen was on the point of abdicating in favour of her cousin, Charles Gustavus. Every day of Whitlocke's presence in the country brought her resolve

ertain of the customs of her country, so he did not refrain
ving her advice about this important incident in her career.
ie was bent upon obtaining the untrammelled freedom she
l would be her lot when she had formally surrendered all
ires, he urged her especially to make sure of her revenue as a
subject in the kingdom over which she had ruled. He also
uch of the change of attitude in the courtiers and others that
to expect when she voluntarily stepped from the throne. In
Whitlocke acted like the honest gentleman he was. Perhaps
een laughed a little in her sleeve when he gave her so much
counsel; but she could hardly, nevertheless, help feeling a
gratitude for the earnestness with which he discussed her
.

abdication was formally accomplished on May 11.
ntatives of the clergy, the nobility, the burgesses, and the
ry, each in their turn implored the Queen, even at this last
, to reconsider her resolution. Of these the last was the most
ing. Whitlocke's account of his behaviour is as good as it
e. He stepped forward, "a plain country fellow, in his
shoon and all other habits answerable," and, "without any
or ceremony at all, spake to her Majesty:

Lord God, Madam, what do you mean to do? It troubles
ear you speak of forsaking those that love you as well as we
an you be better than you are? You are Queen of all these
s, and if you leave this large kingdom, where will you get
other? If you should do it (as I hope you won't for all this),
u and we shall have cause, when it is too late, to be sorry for

[illegible] back to his own place [illegible]

[illegible] Whitlocke wanted only to have audience [illegible] nothing better of [illegible]

[illegible] Ambassador [illegible] this first inter- [illegible] which should [illegible] which nothing [illegible] acquaintance with such [illegible] of the Master of the [illegible] to give way to him. To [illegible] Ambassador delivered a [illegible] between religion in England and [illegible] if he needed to [illegible] "I have not," the [illegible] this strain; but I [illegible] Whitlocke think that [illegible] a name memorable [illegible] European history.

[illegible] Whitlocke for many days [illegible] was happily ended. At the Royal [illegible] of very fine Eng- [illegible] enamelled, and in each [illegible] The Queen was [illegible] and as such received him in a habit of [illegible] velvet jippo, such as men [illegible] and her hat was after the [illegible] any effusive expressions of [illegible] towards Whitlocke; but in [illegible] and treated him more [illegible] Indeed, by the avowal of the Court [illegible] man had ever been received in [illegible] regard as Whitlocke. The Ambassador [illegible] favoured treatment, but could in [illegible]

[illegible] either to Whitlocke or the Swedes if in [illegible] to our Ambassador towards the end of his stay in the country to his unstinted hospitality. From her Majesty to the courtiers, Whitlocke was generous alike to all. He kept open house, and his table was so attractive that the Swedes were easily persuaded to dine with him. And yet, he tells us,

"during the whole time of his residence in this Court, he never was invited to any of their tables," save once to that of General Douglas (a Scotchman settled in Sweden), and once to that of Oxenstiern's son, Eric. The Queen, in giving him a shipload of copper as a present, did but just balance the account Whitlocke might have compiled of the worth of the horses, the looking-glass, "besides an English Bible richly bound, English stuffs, a cabinet of spirits, and other smaller presents," for which she was indebted to him. Of all his horses, the Ambassador took none back with him. Somewhat quaintly, he records how cleverly he disregarded the Prince Adolphus's admiration of his steeds; being "not so young a courtier as to pass the compliment of their being at his Highness's service, lest he might be taken at his word." But it came to the same thing in the end.

The Swedish Court officials had at times vexed the Ambassador by their apparent want of consideration for him. It lay in his power to vex them in return by the meagreness of his parting gifts. But he studiously avoided doing aught that might bring discredit upon England's good name. For all that he was not unwilling to jest rather dryly at their expense. "To Secretary Canterstein he sent his Secretary Earle with a silver standish, curiously wrought; at sight of which Canterstein seemed much discontented, till Earle showed him the manner of opening the standish, and in it forty pieces of English gold, of jacobuses, which made the present very acceptable. In like manner Whitlocke sent to the Master of the Ceremonies an English beaver hat, with a gold hat-band, and a pair of rich English gloves, at which the Master seemed offended, saying that Ambassadors used to send better presents to the Master of Ceremonies; but being desired to try if the gloves would fit him, he found therein forty twenty-shilling pieces of English gold, and thereby much satisfaction in the present." When all was over, the Ambassador might reasonably take credit to himself that he left not one penny of debt behind him in Sweden, "nor any unrewarded who had done him service."

Whitlocke did not find Stockholm much more entertaining than Upsal, while he tarried there waiting for the glad news that the wind was fair for sailing. At the launch of a warship they paid him the honour of asking him to christen it. The Admiral wished it to be called the "Whitlocke," which, "however, Whitlocke thought not expedient, lest it might argue too much height in himself; nor would he call her 'Cromwell' or the 'Protector,' because she carried but thirty guns." As a compromise, the vessel was called the "Falcon," which suited the exceptional speed for which she was built, and also

to us by touches the most artless
Puritans, a man whose daily life se
and worship of the most open, t
Yet was he downright practical, st
from anything that can justly be te
took no responsibility without sh
powers ; but having accepted a ch
with him to fulfil his undertaking t

And so, on June 1, 1654, the
goes aboard the Swedish ship pl
solemn recommendation to Heave
the voyage ended at Lubeck. Th
to Hamburg, and shipped anew fo
worst of all, had to be faced and o
received them. The Ambassado
thirty miles from land, and thei
Happily, the tide and wind lifted t
was brought safely to his expect
friends. The lady, we judge fro
with gladness at his return. The I
his servant back to England. The
being in entire sympathy with Cro
the matter:

"I am glad to see you safe and

'E BAROMETRIC MEASUREMENT OF HEIGHTS.

'HERE are several methods of measuring the heights of mountains and other elevated portions of the earth's surface above sea-level. Of these may be mentioned the following: (1) by al levelling with an engineer's spirit-level and graduated staff; by trigonometrical calculation based on the measurement of the les of elevation observed at the extremities of a carefully-measured e-line; (3) by observing the temperature of the boiling-point of er; and (4) by reading a barometer at the sea-level, and again at top of the mountain or elevation the height of which is to be termined.

The first of these methods is certainly the most accurate, but it rolves a considerable amount of labour, and for very high mountains sometimes impracticable. The second method is sufficiently accute if carefully carried out and a nearly level plain is available for e measurement of a base-line. The third method is not accurate ough to give reliable results. The fourth is the simplest and most peditious of all. It is especially useful for finding the difference level between two points at considerable distances apart, and would sufficiently accurate if certain difficulties could be successfully rmounted. A consideration of this method and the difficulties to overcome before its accuracy can be relied upon may prove of erest to the general reader.

The principle of the barometric method is as follows: The rometer measures the weight of the atmosphere. The column of rcury in an ordinary mercurial barometer is equal in weight to a lumn of air of the same diameter and of a height equal to that of earth's atmosphere. The densest portion of the atmosphere is lt close to the earth's surface, and its density diminishes as we end. At the top of a mountain, therefore, the pressure of the nosphere will balance a shorter column of mercury, and hence the rcury descends in the tube. From the difference in height of the

mercury at the level of the sea and on the top of the mountain it is possible to calculate the height we have ascended, as will be shown further on.

There are two forms of barometers—namely, the mercurial barometer and the aneroid. Of mercurial barometers there are two forms, the "cistern" and the "syphon." The cistern form is the one most generally used for scientific observations, and is the best for measuring heights. One of the most approved forms of cistern barometers—known as "Fortin's barometer"—consists of a glass tube closed at one end and filled with mercury, the lower portion of which dips into another tube of larger diameter which contains a reservoir of mercury forming the "cistern." The bottom of the cistern is formed of leather and fitted with an adjusting screw below, for the purpose of adjusting the level of the mercury in the cistern to an ivory index point above, which marks the zero of the graduated scale. By means of this adjusting screw the mercury may also be raised so as to completely fill the cistern and tube, and thus adapt the instrument for travelling.

We need not discuss here the manufacture of barometers and the filling of the tube with mercury, an operation which must be done carefully so as to exclude air from the tube. Suffice it to say that the best method is to fill the tube gradually, and boil the mercury as we proceed by means of a spirit-lamp, in order to drive out all bubbles of air which may be contained in the mercury. The tube may be filled without boiling, but the resulting instrument will not be so accurate as one in which the mercury has been boiled.

To determine the difference of elevation between two places with a mercurial barometer, several points must be attended to. In the first place the temperature of the barometer and the temperature of the air must be noted at each station. As the mercury in a barometer is affected by heat—in the same way that a thermometer is—the temperature at which the barometer is read must be observed. For this purpose a thermometer is usually attached to the barometer. The temperature should be read as accurately as possible, for an error of one degree Fahrenheit would make a difference of about three feet in the resulting altitude. The reading of the attached thermometer should be first noted, and then the height of the barometer. To do this, first bring the surface of the mercury in the cistern accurately to the index point by means of the adjusting screw. Then tap the tube gently near the top of the column in order to get rid of the adhesion between the mercury and the glass. The height

of the mercury may then be read by means of the attached scale and vernier. Sometimes the amount of aqueous vapour in the atmosphere is ascertained by another instrument. The above data being known for two stations, we substitute the values found in one of the barometric formulæ, and thus obtain the height, or difference of height, required. Before the barometer readings can be used, this must be reduced to the *same* temperature—usually 32° Fahrenheit.

Various formulæ have been computed by eminent mathematicians and physicists for calculating the difference of height between two points. These formulæ depend on certain assumptions which, however, cannot be considered as rigidly true. The most important of these assumptions is that the atmosphere may be supposed to be in a state of statical equilibrium. But owing to the changes constantly taking place, due to differences of temperature, humidity, winds, &c., this assumption cannot be considered correct. The result will, therefore, be only an approximation to the truth. Assuming, however, a statical equilibrium of the atmosphere, a formula can be easily deduced from known principles. For this purpose we must first ascertain the weight of a cubic inch of air and a cubic inch of mercury at a certain temperature and pressure, and in a given latitude, say 45 degrees. Then, by Boyle and Mariotte's law, connecting the weight of a gas and the pressure, a formula can be obtained for determining the height required. There are several elaborate formulæ used for this purpose. These include terms for altitude, latitude, temperature, and humidity. A correction for altitude is theoretically necessary owing to the diminution in the force of gravity—and, therefore, a decrease in the weight of bodies—with increased distance from the centre of the earth, but this correction is comparatively very small, and may, for all practical purposes, be neglected. For the same reason a correction for latitude is mathematically required, owing to the spheroidal figure of the earth; but this, too, is very small, and may be safely neglected. The correction for temperature of the *air* is, however, very important. This term is easily computed. It is obtained—for the Fahrenheit scale—by deducting 64 from the sum of the observed temperatures of the upper and lower stations, dividing the difference by 900 and adding unity to the result. A correction for humidity of the air is necessary; but it is doubtful whether it is desirable to complicate a formula by a correction for atmospheric moisture, the laws of which are so imperfectly understood.

In all the barometric formulæ which have been proposed the first

term is constant, and common to all. It is known as the "barometric coefficient," and is $5{\cdot}744\,\frac{m}{a}$, where m is the "weight of a cubic inch of mercury at the sea-level in latitude 45° at 30° F. when the barometer reads 29·92 inches," and a the weight of a cubic inch of dry air under the same conditions of latitude, temperature, and pressure. Various values of this constant have been found, depending on the values assumed for m and a. Arago and Biot found $\frac{m}{a}=10{,}467$. This makes the "barometric coefficient" 60,122·4 feet. Raymond's value, namely 60,158·6 feet, was found by comparing the values given by the formulæ with the results of actual levelling with a spirit-level. His observations were, however, few in number, and although his coefficient is frequently used, it is probably the least accurate of all the determinations. In Laplace's formula, Raymond's constant is used. Babinet used the constant 60,334, and in Baily's formula the constant is 60,346. In Williamson's formulæ the constant is 60,384, which is the value found by Regnault, and is probably the most accurate of all. Sometimes the coefficient in the formula is given as 10,000 *fathoms*, which is roughly correct.

We will now consider the errors underlying the barometric measurement of heights, which render the method inapplicable in cases where great accuracy is required. The most important of these sources of error is probably that due to what is called the "barometric gradient," a term frequently used in meteorological reports. Taking three points at which the barometric pressure is the same, if the atmosphere was in a state of statical equilibrium these points would lie on the same level plane. But usually this plane is not level, but inclined, and the inclination of the plane is termed the "barometric gradient." For a *number* of points the surface on which they lie would not be a plane at all, but an undulating surface. These surfaces for different heights are never parallel, and frequently slope in opposite directions. Allowance cannot be fully made for this disturbing cause, but the error can, to some extent, be eliminated by making a number of simultaneous observations at the two stations, and taking the mean of the results.

Another cause of error is due to variations in the temperature of the air. It is generally assumed that the mean temperature of the column of air between two stations, one vertically over the other, is the mean of the temperatures at the upper and lower stations, but this is not always the case. The error may be partially eliminated by

ng observations at intermediate stations, but cannot be entirely
:ome. High winds also cause a variation in the height of the
meter.

n addition to the errors mentioned there are, of course, errors of
rvation, and instrumental errors. The former may be caused by
rfect adjustment of the zero point, and erroneous reading of
nercury on the scale. These errors are, however, usually small,
may with care be neglected. The instrumental errors are due
ly to imperfect graduation of the scales of the barometer and
hed thermometer, the impurity of the mercury, and to air in
:ube. These errors may be corrected by comparison with a
lard instrument.

'he form of barometer known as the aneroid is also frequently
for the determination of heights, a graduated scale being added
his purpose. This scale is graduated by means of one of the
metric formulæ already referred to. The aneroid barometer
lly consists of a metallic box from which the air has been
usted, and differences of atmospheric pressure are recorded by a
m of levers which act on an index hand which marks the read-
)n a graduated scale. In some forms of aneroid the box is not
)letely exhausted of air, and these are called "compensated
)ids,' but the name is misleading, some of these instruments
g more sensitive to changes of temperature than those not com-
ated. The aneroid is a very handy instrument and easily used,
for the purpose of measuring heights it is much inferior to the
curial barometer. In some instruments the altitude scale is fixed
certain reading, say 30 or 31 inches, and in others it is mov-
, and can be adjusted to any reading required. The latter seems
most convenient plan. In either case it is clear that absolute
ations above the sea-level cannot be determined with this instru-
t with any approach to accuracy, as there is no way of making
)ecessary corrections for variations in pressure, temperature, &c.
aneroid barometer should, therefore, be used only for finding
rences of elevation, and for this purpose it will give fairly
approximate results in cases where extreme accuracy is not
ired.

'o show the degree of accuracy attainable by the barometric
od, two examples may be cited. From readings of a mercurial
neter at the summit of Mont Blanc and at the Geneva Observa-
made by Messieurs Bravais & Martins in the year 1844, the
t of the mountain above the level of the sea was computed to
315·9 metres, or 15,800·44 feet. Corabeuf found by trigono-

[illegible] height of 15,783 feet, or 17·44 feet less [illegible]

The height of [illegible] Washington, in the United States, was [illegible] above sea-level, while the baron[illegible] approximation. In some [illegible] differences have been found, and [illegible] above may perhaps be considere[illegible]

J. ELLARD GOR[illegible]

RAMBLES IN JOHNSON-LAND.

THOUGH long an ardent Boswell-cum-Johnson devotee, and one who had done, like poor Queen Caroline, all *mon petit possible* in the way of calling the faithful to prayer, as a sort of *muezzin*, it seemed strange that I should never have offered my devotions at the chief shrine of the great lexicographer. The London localities dedicated to him are familiar enough, and interesting too; but not many are left. At the "Cheshire Cheese" they cherish the tradition, and the spot is pointed out where the sage used to sit. But it must be remembered that it was for company that Johnson always repaired to a tavern, and that there must have been a club, or some entertaining companion like Boswell, to induce him to frequent such places. Not but that a very fair presumption is made out. A few years ago I witnessed the destruction of the old "Essex Head" tavern, which he used to frequent. The "Mitre" has been rebuilt; Bolt Court stands where it did, and has a Johnsonian air enough; but his house has disappeared. The most genuine and satisfactory of the London relics is assuredly the old house in Gough Square, where the "Dictionary" was written, nigh a hundred and fifty years ago. Here is the dark, narrow stair, with the well-wrought balusters, the stepped gable, the somewhat crazy rooms and uneven floors. About it, and in keeping, are the old mouldering houses with carved doorways; mostly given over to printers, which would soothe the illustrious shade. There is a great peace and sequestered tone over the deserted little court which is reached from Fleet Street by many winding passages. Lately, passing by St. Clement Dane's church, with my cheerful friend Eugenius—that interesting fane with its Dutch-like tower—we noted that the door was invitingly open, and entering, we found the workmen busy renewing and restoring the fine old organ, grown somewhat wheezy with a ripe old age. "One of Father Smith's," an intelligent operative told us. We made our way into the gallery, to the left-hand corner, overhanging the pulpit, and sat ourselves down next the pillar—a snug, comfortable spot, sheltered, and good for seeing and hearing. Here it was that the

pious and worthy old Samuel used to ensconce himself on Sundays, and "pray hard" with all his honest old heart. A brass plate at the back of the seat, with a reverent inscription, marks the spot. We sat there long, in silence, and I was tempted to utter his own aspiration for his friend Langton: "*Sit anima mea cum Johnsono!*" Thus within a few weeks I had the satisfaction of having sat in his pew, mounted his stairs at Gough Square, put on his wedding-ring, handled his stick, reposed in his chair, and stood in the room in which he was born. It is always gratifying to think that in the inner library of the Athenæum club a fine terra-cotta bust of the sage should be in the place of honour, looking down placidly on the silent readers about him—a bust which I had the pleasure of presenting. In the room below hangs on the wall Opie's portrait of the Doctor. As a true Johnsonian I am pleased to count as one of my best friends a Langton; and I have known also Garricks, Sheridans, Boswells, Burkes, Nugents, and others—all descended from the sage's friends.

Having thus visited our London Johnsonian relics, we next set forth for the country, to explore what I have called the "Johnsonian Land," which is even more interesting. Passing by Burton—*Burton-of-the-Beers*—and leaving behind us chimneys and factories galore, at the close of a "hot and secular day," as Elia would say, we came into the fair and inviting Derbyshire country. A brisk, good-natured local solicitor, full of extraordinary information of all kinds, had something to tell us about every house that flitted by, of the owners of the old castles, and of antiquities generally. Such pleasant, enthusiastic guides are ever welcome and invaluable to the dramatic traveller. Gradually a sort of sylvan district began to draw near; the softly-swelling hills of Dovedale are seen in the distance; while a low-lying hamlet embosomed in trees, whence rises a tall, elegant, and truly expressive spire, comes into view. This is Ashbourne. The entering such tranquil, retired places at eventide adds a special attraction. There is a tone of pensive and even sad seclusion, as though we were arriving at some "happy valley." Indeed, the tradition runs that the doctor drew his happy valley in "Rasselas" from some such secluded spot in the neighbourhood. Crossing a bridge, and passing close by the church, which is almost abbey-like in its appearance, we enter the little High Street, our solicitor pointing out this and that house as we pass along. At the farther end of the street, where it begins to rise towards the hill, a sort of wooden bar, high in the air, stretches across the road, supported on tall posts, making a sort of arch, on the centre of

is perched a huge negro's head; while below it hangs a large picture, representing a sportsman, with his dogs, &c. And s the legend:

"The Green Man and Black's Head Royal Hotel."

'Green Man" in combination with a "Black's Head" seemed enough, while the "Royal" element introduced furthered the city. However, thus it was, and the Boswellian pilgrims looked n a feeling of interest and veneration. The sturdy Doctor had trudged under the "Black Man's Head" as he took his walk he "big" house below. We can hear him saying: "Why, sir, s the merriment? These signs, sir, all have their significance. was a Frenchman who translated the 'Green Man and Still' *me vert et tranquille.*' And as for the Black's head, I'd as lief n head was there as another's!"

is is an ancient inn, relic of the old posting days; very quaint iginal with its great yard and covered archway. It is much as hundred years ago. Round the yard are all sorts of crannies tle doors that open into rooms; a snug bar or two, with half a short lengths of stairs fixed outside, and leading up to overhang- mbers. A stray joint or two hangs aloft from hooks, seasoning to which, when dinner is spoken of, the hostess' eyes wandered tedly.

low I love," said Eugenius, "these genuine old-fashioned inns, you are an actual flesh-and-blood person, real and living, to the ndlady. In such places she knows you, and takes an interest But at your "Métropoles" you are a mere number, a cypher, s. Now, here they don't want numbers."

ou are right, Eugenius," I said with a sigh. "But here comes with news of our dinner. How is it getting on, Sukey?"

What is your number, please?" was Sukey's reply. *O nos bons is!*

good country dinner was spread in one of the little rooms that out on the courtyard. The fare was good; and as to wine the highest praise that can be given to the country inn is that ntion is good. While we were sitting at the old table the door rown open wide, and our worthy hostess, with an extra state gnity in her manner, introduced in person the Vicar of the Knowing of our pious quest, he had come up without loss to see the strangers. A cheerful, active, off-hand man. He ed with us for a pleasant hour, telling us much that was ting, and fixing an early hour the following morning when he meet us at the church gate.

[illegible] own [illegible] Johnson's [illegible] did he [illegible] It was [illegible] Westminster, [illegible] welcome [illegible] and pastoral [illegible] host pro- [illegible] well-to-do, [illegible] So present and [illegible] and his [illegible] street, [illegible] Neither Lich- [illegible] the house [illegible] in evoking [illegible]

[illegible] Boswell's [illegible] he had been [illegible] He re- [illegible] His [illegible] portions of [illegible] details of [illegible] of; and [illegible] and gives a [illegible]

[illegible] sound-looking [illegible] Though this [illegible] seems merely [illegible] family descended [illegible] and who gave [illegible] feeling to find [illegible] described by Boswell, [illegible] birthday, when it was [illegible] This octagon room [illegible] the space between the two [illegible] rather elegant Italian style [illegible] in radiating compartments. [illegible] influence of his friends the [illegible] neighbourhood. The general old-fashioned air, the painted medallion in the ceiling, the fine ironwork in the railing of the stairs, and the two stately columns of Derbyshire

[1] Our hostess informed me that their predecessor in the tenancy well recalled is *very chandelier*, which had three rows of lights.

marble supporting the gallery, were all most pleasing. In the grounds behind, on the left, was a little old-fashioned pavilion, while beyond stretched an expanse of green, formerly the Doctor's park; for this comfortable ecclesiastic used to keep his deer. The narrow river which crosses it has been diverted, and used to run much closer to the garden. By damming up one end the Doctor had made a sort of waterfall; and readers of Boswell will recall the pleasant scene, when Johnson, seizing a pole, tried to clear away the *débris*, and particularly the dead cat. As one's eyes wandered over the ground, the scene appeared to rise before us in the most vivid way. In these gardens the great lexicographer had wandered day after day, getting an appetite for his host's table. The river, it seems, will presently be moved back again to its old course, as a railway is to pass across its bed. The old red stables, somewhat dilapidated, where were kept the well-fed horses which the host sent to bring Johnson and his friend to the house, are still there much as they were, at the bottom of the garden on the right. Four of these steeds drew them in state to the village. I could have lingered on for hours in this agreeable old house, calling up these ghostly memories. In the octagon room I could hear the Doctor violently showing his displeasure at the Ashbourne farming gentleman who had used the profane words "damned fool" in his presence.

At one side on the first floor, to the right as you face the house, is a one-windowed room of rather mean aspect, which is pointed out as the one occupied by the Doctor. Another, more pretentious in character, was long exhibited as the one, but the true tradition settled that it was the first. When the Vicar of Ashbourne, the Reverend Mr. Jourdain, first arrived many years ago, he found many old persons who preserved the memories of Johnson's host, and even recalled him. He was a very great personage there; and it was said that if he had taken a dislike to the beautiful spire of the church and wished it removed, it would have been demolished to please him. He had been at war with Mr. Langley, the master of the Grammar School which, awkwardly enough, exactly faced Taylor's house on the opposite side of the street. A most charming Elizabethan, many-gabled front it displays; tranquil, unobtrusive and elegant. The garden rises abruptly behind on the side of a small hill, as described by "Bozzy." It is curious, by the way, that there should now be living in the town a Doctor Boswell, whose name, we may trust, is sufficiently appreciated to bring him abundant practice.[1]

[1] These odd coincidences often occur. Lately, passing by Clapham, I noted a doctor's brass plate with the name Westwood, which at once recalled Shelley's first wife, who, *it will be recollected, was at school* at Clapham.

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [

om he had written, when she was on her deathbed, such touch-g, loving letters. It was a curious feeling reading her name on e marble tablet. Other Boothbys are here, Sir Brooke and Penelope," with odd Pompeian sort of tombs. The chancel seems o be filled with recumbent Cockaines, knights and their ladies ; ather crowded together, accommodation being scant, but adding to he picturesque effect. "Look," says our Vicar, "stand just here. Now you have a beautiful view of where the aisles intercept ; and mark the effect of the light! "

Rarely have I seen anything so judiciously and thoroughly re-stored as this church ; and our Vicar has in his time raised, and laid out, between thirty and forty thousand pounds. He was now busy with the elegant spire, which was encompassed by an airy scaffolding; new stones were being inserted—the whole "underpinned"—to the tune, or cost, of some four thousand pounds. There was some fine old stained glass and good modern glass. When he came, he found the large expanse of the walls all overgrown and encrusted by layers of thick plaster. These he had carefully cleaned away, exposing the beautiful, highly finished stonework.

We now returned to our "Green Man" ; and noted that all the steps, flagging, &c., of the old inn were garnished in rather curious fashion. When the local Sukey had finished her scouring, she would take a piece of chalk and fancifully decorate the ends with curious devices and flourishes, almost of an Indian pattern : dice, diamonds, &c., like the figures in a kaleidoscope. This curious custom seemed universal, and our "Green Man and Black's Head" displayed the devices on every available step. I had some conversation with our worthy hostess in her snug bar ; and on going away she put into my hands a card, on one side of which was an antique device represent-ing a sportsman firing at a bird which his dog has just "set," and with this inscription :

"Fanny Wallis, Family and Commercial Posting House, 'Green Man and Black's Head Hotel,' Ashbourn, near Dovedale." On the other side was to be read :

Extract from "Boswell's Life of Dr. Johnson," September, 1771.

After breakfast I departed, and pursued my journey northwards. I took my post-chaise from the "Green Man," a very good inn at Ashbourne, the mistress of which, a mighty civil gentlewoman, courtseying very low, presented me with an engraving of the sign of her house, to which she had subjoined in her own handwriting an address in such singular simplicity of style that I have preserved and pasted upon one of the boards of my original journal at this time, and shall here insert it for the amusement of my readers.

"M. Killingley's duly waits upon Mr. Boswell, is exceedingly obliged to him

[illegible] this way hopes for a continuance of the same, [illegible] extensive acquaintance, it would be a [illegible] in her power to make any other [illegible] and sincerest prayers for his happiness in time [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] Mr. Boswell's biographer and editor [illegible] treated at parting just as was that [illegible] and that good Mrs. Wallis should, nigh [illegible] the tradition of her visitor. I [illegible] Mrs. Killingley, her predecessor. There [illegible] the place, she said; but when she first [illegible] them very well. And so, having paid [illegible] hostess and good Vicar, who saw [illegible] from this interesting hamlet; and with [illegible] in the distance.

[illegible] were set down at Uttoxeter, pro- [illegible] as Utchester, Utoxter, &c., an unin- [illegible] and undeveloped. In its small [illegible] drinking-fountain had been [illegible] The natives, adroitly wishing to [illegible] had roughly carved on one side an [illegible] bent down in sorrow. This was [illegible] memorable act of penitence performed [illegible] when he stood bareheaded, for an hour [illegible] jeers and wonder of the yokels. As [illegible] by this act of self-humiliation to atone [illegible] father, the old Michael. But, as I said [illegible] the image has well nigh mouldered [illegible]

[illegible] the Boswellians, save, perhap [illegible] is called: a disrespectful name f [illegible] "curios" may be obtained. T [illegible] than explore the country towns regularl [illegible] something that will be "in his wa [illegible]

[illegible] official pilgrimage for all admirers [illegible] places are more thoroughly permeat [illegible] Johnsonian legend: and though the ordin [illegible] what is shown in the market-place, th [illegible] are many more memorials almost more suggestive, and that app [illegible] more forcibly and romantically to the well-skilled visitor.

It is pleasing to find that as the *culte* increases the natives

every year beginning to take more and more interest in their great townsman; though, apart from this attraction, the place is charming as a specimen of a cathedral town, from its placid, unsophisticated tone, the sylvan or rural aspect of portions of the town, and the exquisite cathedral itself, small and elegant as it is, in contrast with some of the other vast and overpowering fanes. There is a placid, old-world tranquillity about the place. We can hear the "caw-caw" of the rooks very far aloft; and, looking up, we see some tall trees clustered, and these parsonic birds flying about.

A sense of pensive retrospect comes on us as we stand in the market-place, by the good old Gothic church, where the sage sits perched on his pedestal, and bent down gloomily, as he gazes at the quaint, paternal mansion opposite, now tenantless and somewhat dilapidated. Finding our way to "The Johnson's Head," a cheerful-looking bookseller's shop, the proprietor, a pleasant, kindly, enthusiastic man, took us in hand—Alderman Lomax, who had been mayor of the city. We were first shown his own special "curios." This thick, faded Malacca stick, with its heavy ivory top, quite brown with age, is the Doctor's—quite "Homeric," as he would have said, from its size. Here was his arm-chair of dark wood, rather light and airy for his bulk. These relics came from Richard Green's museum, which was often visited by Johnson. There was a curious portrait, too, done by some local artist of the time, in a fantastic hat and dress, but a fair likeness. It was painted for a Mr. Wickens, who knew Johnson.

Our alderman next leads us forth to show us the town, and goes back to fetch the key of the house. It is a fine country day, the air balmy and refreshing for the "jaded Londoner." The house is familiar enough from the pictures, with its overhanging front storey supported on pillars; and must have been a solid, comfortable, and respectable mansion in its day. In the shop portion, the old, small, cross-barred windows had been taken out, so as better to display the goods. The other windows seem to be just as they were in Johnson's day. It seems in sound, excellent condition, and a short time ago was used as a sort of "eating-house"—a familiar term that seems in harmony with our ideal of the lexicographer.[1] Who will be its next occupant is hard to speculate; but we should most relish that our

[1] "Dr. Johnson Coffee House and Dining Rooms, Market Place, Lichfield. This house is famous as the birthplace of Dr. Johnson. Visitors to Lichfield will find every accommodation for making a short or long stay, and every attention to their comfort. Hot dinners daily from 12 till 2. Dinners and teas for private parties and schools. Terms on application to Mrs. Till, proprietress. Well-aired beds." Mrs. Till has gone and her kitchens have grown cold.

host and guide of "The Johnson's Head" should at once transfer his business, with the chair and stick, to the place.

On the elevated ground to the left of the cathedral, among the trees, we find the Bishop's Palace—a pleasing, stately old building, well rusted, of Jacobean pattern. A modern bishop, when he came to reside there, added two clumsy wings projecting forward, which have spoiled the old engaging effect. It was difficult not to look on it with interest, as it was here that Johnson's early patron, Gilbert Walmesley, used to reside, and here, also, took place the little children's plays, "got up" by the young Garrick, at which Johnson used to assist. Later came that *précieuse* Miss Seward and her father. The house in which Garrick's father lived when he was quartered here, I believe no longer stands.

A charming walk by a sort of reservoir leads out of the town to Stow Hill, which is seen about a quarter of a mile off, with its clustered trees, from which peeps out the old house where Mrs. Gastrell used to live. Beside it is one of the ancient church towers, of which there are several in Lichfield. In one of the cross streets we find a spacious old posting-inn, "The George," roomy and comfortable, a capacious archway in the centre, which in the old days led into the yard. It has a somewhat architectural air, with its row of Grecian pillars. It is still the "Family, Commercial, and Posting House." We find a substantial lunch laid out, in permanence, as it were, in the good old style, for all who may choose to come, with sound Lichfield ale. This, as is known, is the old "Beaux's Stratagem" inn, whose proprietor and ale are introduced into Farquhar's comedy. It may be said that everything in this good old town has a certain keeping, and is suited to its august Johnsonian legends. At the "George" they keep a visitors' book, which is garnished with facetious comments, versicles, and the like. I don't know whether these lines are an old common form—

> I came for change and rest;
> The waiter took the change,
> The landlord took the rest.

There is a society in London called "The Johnson Club," which, in imitation of Calverley's well-known "Pickwick" questions, has examination papers in Boswell's book "set" by Dr. Birkbeck Hill, the well-known editor. Last year, the Club came down to Lichfield in full force, to put the Johnson business on a proper footing, as Boswell did the Corsicans, and light their little candles at the original flame. The visitors were hospitably eager that all the true Johnsonians of the place should be sought out and invited to dine

'The George," and interchange ideas on the subject of the aster." But I was assured that not more than a couple of ıine Johnsonians could be discovered.

On the hill close to the railway station is a decayed and venerable church, in which old Michael, the bookseller, Johnson's father, buried. I found it fast closed and desolate. Johnson, it seems, n on his deathbed, directed a stone to be placed over the grave is father and mother. It has, however, disappeared. Thus, the ory is complete. It is obvious the point of the incident is nson's filial affection; but it leads Dr. B. Hill into some fanci- rambling speculations about "the stone." Why was it not re? he asks. What became of it? *Was* it ever there? In his ress he calls for the aid of the Rev. James Serjeantson, the rector, ɔ, from his office, is assumed to have special knowledge; but he ; even more wild in his speculations. "He suggests to me that stone was never set up" (query, set down?), for the reason that was unlikely that within a dozen years such a memorial was ated so unworthily." In vain the worthy historian of the town . Harwood, who must have seen "the stone," positively records it it was taken away in 1796, when the church was paved—a mmon incident. This will not do for Dr. B. Hill. The "stone" is never there; for "there may have been some difficulty in find- g the exact place of the interment." All a gratuitous fancy; for hnson particularly directed that the spot was to be found, before dering the stone. And yet we have the mason's receipt "showing at he was paid for the stone"! Then we have this odd theory: The matter may have stood over until it was forgotten"; and, st and wildest hypothesis of all, "the mason may have used it for me other purpose"! All this in the face of the facts that the ne was ordered, laid, and removed!

Returning to the house in Market Place, we find beside it other old inn of even greater interest—"The Three Crowns," ere Johnson and his follower stayed a few days on their visit to chfield. The description he gives of their doings is vivid, and the hion in which he has caught the "local colour" is very striking. e almost seem to be staying there with him.[1] "The Three Crowns"

[1] The excellent Cork takes care to remind his customers of this visit. "Three owns Hotel, Lichfield. Proprietor, J. T. Cork. Good accommodation for itors. Special terms for large parties. Wines, spirits and cigars of the icest quality. 'N.B.—We put up at the Three Crowns, not one of your t inns, but a good old-fashioned one' (*Boswell's Life of Dr. Johnson*). The lebrated arm-chair used by the great Dr. Johnson is still in its old position."

is not so ambitious in its aims as "The George," but the obliging Mr. Cork, the proprietor, good-naturedly favoured our enthusiasm, though apparently without feeling much of it himself. According to the old jest, he allowed himself to be "drawn." The room in which the sacred chair was placed was very much as it was a century ago, with semicircular bench for drawing close to the fire, with a strange air of old fashion.

One of our most interesting quests led us to the other side of the town, to Tamworth Street, in search of Lucy Porter's house. It was on the ascent of the streets where the roads parted; a regular, rather imposing mansion of pink brick, standing behind its own wall; its windows, which were very large, shaded by umbrageous trees; a garden behind. How many a jaunt Johnson made to Lichfield to stay with his stepdaughter, in this roomy, comfortable-looking house! Again and again he came, and the hospitable Lucy always insisted that he should be her guest. It seems incomprehensible, and rather ungracious too, that he should have left all his savings to his black manservant and nothing to her.

Mr. Lomax, among his other relics, exhibited Mrs. Johnson's wedding-ring, which I had some pleasure in fitting on. It had come with the other things to this lucky black, who presented it, as a *prix de consolation*, to Mrs. Porter, but who contemptuously declined it. He seemed to have had it enamelled in black and gold with a commemorative inscription. Lucy Porter's house, we were told, is now known as Mrs. Pettitt's or Petit's. All these Lichfield houses were in capital condition. Near the railway station was the old grammar school which Johnson had attended, since partly rebuilt. There was a sale of furniture going on in the master's house.

Thus had we explored Lichfield—that pleasant city. By the end of the day we seemed to be on familiar terms with "Mrs. Cobb" and "Mrs. Gastrell," Lucy Porter, and the rest. We can enjoy our "Bozzy" with a greater zest and vitality, as it were, after visiting the localities; the dry bones begin to live.

"Johnson-land" suggests "Dickens-land." Passing by Birmingham we call on the Treasurer of this great city, who is as enthusiastic for the novelist as we are for the lexicographer. He had written an admirable and exhaustive book on this Dickens-land, gathering up all the traditions, and describing vividly enough the localities in Rochester and other places which the novelist had "pen-pictured," to call in one of our modern absurd but expressive phrases. He took us out to see what I called his "Dickens museum"—a prodigy of diligent collecting. There everything conceivable that was ever

ned in connection with "Boz" was to be found. Here were ditions, translations, match-boxes even with his head, play-bills, sides, pamphlets, busts, figures—nothing was wanting. It was tounding, bewildering collection. Museum it certainly is, and Treasurer did the honours with rare good nature.

Thus completing our two days' pilgrimage, we returned to town. y say, in conclusion, that this sort of expedition with an object ew, and prompted by a little enthusiasm, adds prodigiously to njoyment. You do not go from point to point foolishly staring, wondering why you stare. The old monuments speak to you. become for the time a denizen of the place, and find friends helpers, as we did in our Vicar.

PERCY FITZGERALD.

"STRANGERS YET."

THERE is no great cordiality in our relations with our far-away Indian cousin, though he certainly comes off better in his dealings with us than others of our more immediate kith and kin. Bushmen and Hottentots shrivel up in the moral north-easter, the "wind of God," that blows wherever the white man sets his foot; Jocko flourishes, reaping profit from the war we wage with the wild beasts who appreciate his flavour, taking toll of every fruit-tree Pax Britannica calls into existence, steeplechasing over our roofs in the rains with supreme disregard of our tiles and our feelings, and perversely selecting the very trees under which our new tents are pitched for his hot-weather sojourn. His name is Legion, and he is ubiquitous. His manners are beastly, and he is incorrigible. No one has a word to say in his favour, and yet he enjoys a unique sort of toleration. It is odd.

One thing is, perhaps, that he stands with regard to the native community at large in much the same relation of doubtful dependentship as a tom-cat of dissolute habits does to the family he is supposed to belong to. We keep our terriers tied up because we do not choose to "let slip the dogs of war," and inaugurate an undying feud with "next door." But "next door" himself has little to say for his ill-conditioned *protégé*, except that the brute was at home in the house when he took possession. Something he owes undoubtedly to our respect for native prejudice, but more to his position in the scale of existence, *à cheval* upon the boundary line that separates man and brute, and claiming, like a true borderer, the benefit of either nationality.

For what *can* you do with a monkey? He falls outside the dominion we claim over the beasts of the field. The kangaroos that inconvenience an Australian squatter are promptly slain, sepulchred in tin and decorated with lively representations of their erstwhile skipping selves. You see their receptacles in rows on the shelves of grocers at the East End, where they find an appreciative public. But there is no making mutton of monkeys. We feel instinctively that they are far too human for that. On the other hand, it is useless

think of exploiting them as we do our fellow-creatures. They will ither pick cotton nor tend a machine. There is no bringing them hin any scheme of comprehensive human interest.

Here in England we have no idea of their numbers. A Settle-nt officer once told me, with tears in his eyes, that there were ,622 of them in the collectorate, and that they did not contribute e farthing to revenue. It grieved him. Taking that census must ve been a lively business. I wonder how it was managed and out how many that would come to for all India. Something in illions, no doubt. And a full-grown monkey is as big as most atives. There they are, a sizeable nation, living, materially speaking, de by side with ourselves, but separated, morally and socially, by a istance only measurable by that which divides, say, two ladies in ifferent sets at Cheltenham. In spite of the advocacy of Catlin nd Fenimore Cooper, the verdict of the United States upon the Red Man has been irrevocably delivered in the words "Injuns is isun." Anglo-Indians have come to the same conclusion about monkeys. They refuse to take any interest in them except in the haracter of an unmitigated nuisance. It is a pity. We are losing a reat opportunity.

The minds of animals are almost the only *terra incognita* that bids lefiance to curiosity. Fancy herself can do little more than potter bout the coast within hail of her ships. But the part we call Monkey Land is within sight of our own shores and does seem to ffer a possible point of departure for exploration in the interior. et we neglect it altogether.

I am not talking of men of science, nor of Sally, the late lamented rnament of the Zoo. The interest of the scientific observer is erhaps too mechanical, Sally's intelligence was probably too rtificial for much to be hoped for in that direction. The ingenious entleman who has recently started with a cage and a phonograph ith the view of recording the "native woodnotes wild" which the orilla warbles in his primeval forest, may not impossibly achieve mething for the advancement of our knowledge in respect of nguage. But what is wanted is racial sympathy.

Had there been any upon our side, our century and a half in dia would have taught us many things to throw light upon the rkings of the monkey mind. We might by this time have even ablished some code of mutual intelligibility. I see nothing urd in the supposition. But we have resolutely turned our heads other way. *Popular* knowledge on the subject is still exactly re it was when the first Englishman discharged the national

execration at the first monkey who experimented on the sonority of rope-stretched canvas.

What makes the hopelessness of it is the silence of the imagination, that indispensable pioneer of discovery. Every now and again some significant trait is observed and passes into anecdote. But it gives rise to neither hypothesis nor myth. The sahib says, "How odd!" the native, "It is a monkey!" and there is an end of the matter. Romance turns away in disgust; the utilitarian shrugs his shoulders in despair. There is no getting interest to "bite" on Jocko. He is the *cagot* of creation.

There is something pathetic in it, too. See what sympathy has done for the dog. To the Mussulman, *he* is the unclean beast *par excellence*. Compare the gaunt, filthy, pilfering, prowling cur of a Turkish town with the gracious, friendly creature who romps with our babies on the beach, and looks up to us with such loving eyes. The first Indo-Germanic family who adopted the dog as inmate and companion were by no means so squeamish as their descendants. Suppose they had taken up with Jocko instead! *Primâ facie* it seems more rational to associate with the occupant of the rung just below your foot than one a dozen steps down. He would have presumably developed fidelity, devotion, &c., which would now have been known as "simian" instead of canine virtues. Besides which, he could have made the beds and taken out the perambulator. It is almost a pity.

He is the only animal we treat with scorn. Voluntary approaches to our intimacy made by other creatures are felt to be flattering and welcomed with appreciative cordiality. The horse that follows his master about the paddock is sure of a caress, the wild birds stress of weather drives to our windows are cherished guests. But the blind yearnings which sometimes draw these poor amphibians towards their human kindred serve only as the text for our discourse of contempt. The monkey who, seeing a man take a couple of Cockle's pills, watched his opportunity and swallowed the rest of the box, has been the argument of infinite jest. Why? We can see pathos in a clerk's wife sitting down with a sewing machine and a penny illustrated fashion paper to reproduce for her own wear the costume of a duchess. And yet we have no sympathy for the imitative aspirations of this hapless experimenter. And when sympathy is dead, cruelty is at the door.

I know a village in which an ancient and infirm monkey took up his quarters, throwing himself like a sturdy and thankless beggar upon the hospitality of the little community. It was not grudged. He was a nuisance and a bully, yet they gave him daily of what the

ad, a whang of the bannock, a handful of the parched grain. He ook it from their hands, accommodating himself, after his animal ort, to the habits of his entertainers. A young Englishman came o camp under the trees by the tank. He was annoyed at the im-ortunity of the old greygown,[1] and disgusted (I dare say with reason) with his conduct as a co-tenant in the upper storeys of the tenement in which he occupied the ground floor. So he rode off to the nearest town, got arsenic and mixed it in a bolus of dough. Then, when the aged brute stretched out his hand for alms, he put, with his own hand, this Judas-gift within it.

I do not know the ultimate destiny of that young man. In India he did not thrive. It was not so that Apollonius dealt with the satyr (doubtless a gorilla) who infested a village by the Cataracts. Sweet St. Francis would, perhaps, have enrolled this poor postulant as a lay brother. All things are possible to love.

To me a treeful of monkeys has ever been as an illustration of the story of the first garden. The history of æons is condensed in the brief allegory of the Fall. Who shall say over what unimaginable periods the slow growth of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil may not have extended? We take up the story, as it were, at the *dénouement*, at the very crisis of evolutions which expelled a particular pair of *ci-devant* simians from the paradise of sinless animalism where they were no longer in place. But the same process may be maturing elsewhere, and it is not impossible that the fated tree may be already overshadowing Monkey Land. The innocence of irresponsible instinct seems marred and flawed by rising reason. Zeus is born, and the *Saturnia regna* are beginning to totter to their fall.

That, at any rate, is the way I understand the little "international episode" (as Mr. Henry James might call it) I am going to tell. It shows, as I read it, a conflict between instinct and something very like reason. I give the bare facts.

There are two groves, a couple of hundred yards apart, a larger and a smaller, the latter more eligible for tents and, as it would seem, for monkeys also, for when the district officer reaches his camp, pitched under its shade, he finds the trees in the occupation of a tribe who resist summary process of ejection as resolutely as Tipperary tenants. Clods are hurled, blank cartridges exploded, and every pot and pan in the kitchen pressed into the service of a general serenade. (I ought rather to say *aubade*, for no amount of rough

[1] The Indian monkey is covered with long *grey* hair. *Blue*gown = mendicant bedesman Vide *Antiquary*.

must expel a monkey who has once established himself for the night. When it comes to *that*, it saves trouble to let him alone until morning. After two days of this warfare the enemy give in and troop off to the other wood. For three or four days the peace is not disturbed by any attempt at reoccupation. Then one morning a three-parts-grown monkey crosses the neutral ground, mounts a tree, and defies for hours all attempts to dislodge him. It is a single-handed enterprise, and finds no support. At last he is fairly compelled to retreat. And now comes the significant part of the story. Before he has half crossed the open a large compatriot comes out to meet him. The two stop, some kind of communication passes, quietly enough. Then the new-comer takes him between his hands, gives him one bite at the back of the neck, and canters back calmly to his own wood, leaving him *dead*. There was no noisy squabble. What was done was done judicially. The better advised of the community desired it to be understood that they disavowed the conduct of an individual adventurer. Poor young monkey! I dare say he had received many pledges of support. Had he but been able to make his position good till sundown (the usual time for taking up quarters for the night), the counsels of prudence would have been swamped by public enthusiasm, and an invasion *en masse* would have hailed him as its hero. There was no further infraction of the *modus vivendi*. For the time, at least, reason had got the upper hand of instinct.

According to Voltaire, the distinguishing mark of a civilised country is the gallows. The execution I have just described is of too informal a sort to justify me in asserting, under the authority of this dictum, that Monkey Land is on the way to take its place among the nations. Judge Lynch belongs to a low level of culture. But there is legality in this. I tell it with hesitation, as knowing that mistakes (and absurd ones enough) are quite possible in dealing with people with whom one has little in common but a few words, and those of an unfamiliar language. Still, I believe I got at my informant's meaning.

Walking behind a native guide through a tract of forest, I came one morning upon the body of a monkey hanging from the fork of a small tree, in which it was made fast by strips of bark wound round the neck. These were not detached, but merely peeled down as far as the fork by breaking twigs or small boughs above it and bringing the bark away with them. There was something seizing in the look of the black, contorted face, upturned by the drag of the heavy body. The limbs stiffened in strange positions, the knotty fingers were

outstretched as if seeking support. It was like the *gessi* at Pompeii, which perpetuate the last spasm of suffocation.

My first idea was that the creature had been knocked on the head, and hung up *in terrorem* by a village Hampden driven to desperation by some more than usually impudent depredation on the part of "the little tyrant of his fields." But the fields were *miles* away. It was just a barren hillside, sparsely covered with scrubby timber. And a second look told me that this was no case of *post-mortem* suspension. The poor brute had literally been "hanged by the neck until he was dead." Now the proverbial difficulty of shearing a pig must be as nothing compared with that of hanging a monkey.

The moment I stopped my guide dropped on his hams. The art of standing erect without inconvenience takes some little time to acquire. Ten thousand years or so, I dare say. It might perhaps be possible to calculate the epoch at which a particular race made its entry into the human family by the frequency with which it assumes this paradisiacal posture. According to this method of computation, my companion was, comparatively speaking, just out of Eden. He certainly was at the very nadir of human existence. From a material point of view, the fall from the condition, say, of a clean-feeding, well-coated, wholesome baboon to that of this squalid, naked, carrion-eating, spleen-swollen savage was a tremendous one. Supposing the evolution theory to be correct, some condition of this sort is an unavoidable half-way house on the road of progress. It is only when the last of the old crew of instincts has been thrown overboard that mutinous reason can take command. And a pretty pickle the ship is in by that time!

Well, "that is the way we all begin," I suppose. Anyhow, this victim of evolution was the only person I could turn to for information about M. Le Pendu. Only, language was a difficulty.

These children of the forest speak a jargon which has some affinity with tongues of Sanskrit origin. Hence community of parentage with higher races has been inferred. I should rather imagine that they had not got as far as articulate speech when the Aryan invasion swept over India, and picked it up by imitation. We had words and even phrases enough in common to be able to exchange simple ideas, however. Our conversation ran somewhat in this way.

I (pointing to the dangling carcass): "Why fastened?"

He (finding the question complex and dealing with the first idea suggested): "It is a monkey."

I: "Known. Why fastened?"

He: "For wickednesses, belike."

I (rather surprised at the word): "For wickednesses! What wickednesses? Village, far. Fields, far" (with gesture intended to express remoteness).

He (reproducing gesture): "Very far."

I: "Pursuing him from the village they will have come here?"

He: "Who?"

I: "The people of the village."

He (bewildered): "What village have monkeys?"

I (bewildered): "I spoke of *men*."

He: "How should men catch and fasten a monkey?"

I: "*Who* fastened him?"

He: "Monkeys."

I: "*Monkeys?*"

He: "Who else?" (a pause). "For wickednesses, belike."

I varied the form of my interrogatory, but the result was the same.

The more civilised forest-dwellers often imply, though they rarely assert it in direct words, that these genuine wild men of the woods are on terms of greater familiarity with the animal life that surrounds them than they choose to admit. Now, it is undeniable that *conventions* exist between animals of different species. My space runs short, but I will instance that which gives the bullock full assurance while the crow picks the cattle-ticks off his eyelids. Let the bullock fall, and the crow's forbearance is at an end. I have seen a crow feed a young Indian cuckoo. I know, upon the word of an old friend now dead, that wild peacocks will strut with outspread tails round a tiger that basks in the sun, giving him the spectacle of their beauty in full reliance upon some mysterious ἄδεια. It may be that civilised man is the only animal outside this general understanding, some vague comprehension of which still lingers among the "least erected" (the word "degraded" would imply a fall from civilisation) of his fellows. My guide would not accept the words that mean "crime," "offence," in the place of the one I have translated "wickednesses." He stuck to it, and left me with the impression that the guilt of the hanged monkey was something analogous to what striking a Brahman or killing a cow would be among orthodox Hindoos. But Monkey Land is even more closed to us than Thibet. As Charles Lamb said of the supernatural, "We do not know the laws of that country."

They are a mysterious people. A large and venerably obese

er of his tribe used to sit by the hour together on one of the ars of my garden gate, as erect as a man, his feet dangling, his g fell of silvery hair looking like a mantle of costly furs. There sat with hands planted on his thighs, gazing over the wide expanse sand threaded by the blue stream below. I used to study him ough a binocular, and grew familiar with his black, puckered tures. No Grimaldi off the stage ever wore an air of deeper elancholy than this ancient harlequin. I used to fancy he was inking of his past youth, meditating *de fuga mundi*.

Sometimes I fear that from the height of his hoar antiquity me Pisgah view into the promised land awaiting his race in the imaginable depths of the future may have opened before his gaze. le may have followed them down, down, to squalid savagery, and en shared their struggles as they climbed the cruel steep of civili- tion. Perhaps he saw them arrived at the dignity of consummate anhood. Some were in sweaters' dens, and some picked oakum gaol. The strong wrenched from the weak what little they had, nd grew stronger and bigger. And the weak grew smaller and eaker. And weakest of all, the females and their young whimpered nd wailed under hunger and blows. But every one was entitled to e classified as *homo sapiens*, "of a *reasonable* soul and human flesh ubsisting."

And the old monkey looked away with deadly loathing, and his leared eyes saw yet once more the river shining through the yellow nd past the red headlands tufted with the trees he knew; and the reat shining banyan leaves rustled softly over his head, and the omegranate blossoms burned scarlet through the moist, heavy heat e loved. And——

"Sahib," said a servant, coming in in a hurry, "the old monkey as fallen down. He stood up straight and raised his hands, and en he fell. Will the sahib come?"

Well, it was better than the workhouse. But I have an affection r his race, and in reply to the question—

> Are the bounds eternal set
> To maintain us strangers yet?

answer unhesitatingly, "I sincerely hope they *are*."

JOHN KENT.

THE DE'IL IN CARGLEN.

"SWEET fa's the eve on Craigie Burn, and blithe awakes the morrow," sings our Scottish poet in one of the little songs he wrote when death had him in his grip. But in Carglen we are glad if the eve does not fall amid wind or storm, and the morrow awake with dull cold face or drizzling skies. When the eve falls, as it is falling this July night, with warmth in the air and peace o'er all the land, our hearts are at rest. What though the fields and dells are heavy-laden with dew!—we are children of the mist, and we joy in the fragrance that is abroad on an evening like this, when the pearls hang on every blade and the big drops are dripping from the trees.

Down yonder in the little glen, by the only burn that murmurs along through our parish, stands the house of Newton Airds. We dare not venture there, for the laird is as difficult of approach as the Grand Lama, and big watch dogs are ready to jump upon us, not to speak of such human dogs as Donald, the laird's man, or the laird himself. But on the other side of the glen, as it slopes upwards to Ben Ulin, and beyond the laird's preserves, is the small croft of our friend and crony, Sandie o' the Tanzie, and our way lies thither. Sandie's dwelling, with the houses appertaining to it, is almost hidden amid the trees of the "auld wuid," for you must literally pass through a stile in the forest ere you emerge into the "steading" known as the Tanzie.

Outside the wood, the strath inclines gently downwards, and there Sandie's scanty acres are spread. Each field is enclosed by a little stone dyke built by the crofter's own hand, and at regular intervals along the dykes there grow towering bushes of hawthorn or briar, and small elm trees, all likewise planted and reared by Sandie himself.

To a traveller wending his way up the long toll-road two objects appear conspicuous at the top of the brae. The first is the school, with its broad white front—fit emblem, let us hope, of the light that lightens the scholars—standing close to the "new wuid," amid the

trees of which the parish church is hidden, all save its steeple and ancient belfry. The other is this spot called the Tanzie, and if the traveller should chance to be a Southron, or even a Lowlander, he will imagine that he looks upon a nursery garden set on the hillside, and that the blue smoke curling above the tops of the tall fir trees arises from the hearth of the gardener. It is a long time

> Since father Adie first pat spade in
> The bonnie yard o' ancient Eden,

and there have been many gardeners great and small since then, but it is a novel thing (at least in Carglen) to find a crofter dealing with his land as if it were "a bit gairden, and no a fairm jest like ither fowk's."

Sandie o' the Tanzie, like our parish postman Robbie, has read the old Bible story of the first garden till it has passed into his being; but, like Robbie, he too cannot understand why "the A'mighty thocht it na guid for the man tae be alane in siccan a braw state." Indeed it has been whispered in the smiddy at Tap-the-neuk that Sandie and Robbie, after much argument and more snuff, had agreed that subsequent events, bringing death into the world and all our woe, scarcely justified the creation of the woman. That savours of heresy, and fearful souls only mention it with bated breath; but this at any rate is certain, that while all up and down the braes and straths most of our men and lads are only too ready to sing

> What signifies the life o' man,
> An' 'twere na for the lasses O?

the only two persons amongst us—unless we include "awthiest Joe"—who are strict descendants of him who first put spade in Eden are both sturdy misogynists. They each dwell within shelter of the "auld wuid," with its firs on the steeps, and birch in the dells, and it may be said to be their only spouse.

But though there are trees, bushes, and flowers, too, by the sides and at the corners of Sandie's fields, the inner spaces are covered only with the staple Carglen farm crops. He has his green corn, which now in the beginning of July stands tall and strong in the stalk; a rich patch of hay ready for the sickle; a few green acres of grass, where the "nowt" and his one horse wander at will; and here, just by the side of the fir wood, where you can hear the heavy drops falling in occasional rustles from the trees, is a little enclosure bearing a promising crop of young turnips. The "neeps"—for this is the word by which we designate them—are late in their growth; but there is a reason for that, as our presence now explains.

One of our smaller country anniversaries has been held at the Tanzie from times which may be called immemorial—for the days and years drag slowly past with us, and looking back upon a decade seems like looking back upon an age. This anniversary is the occasion of a "test o' skeel at the heouw"—in other words, a hoeing match. Sandie, therefore, sows his turnips late in the season, that the match may take place when the fields are hoed on all the other farms and crofts, and folks can come in quest of fame from far and near. There are prizes to be had—not large in amount from the great world's point of view, but considerable as weighed in our scale. The first prize will be a half-crown and the last a sixpence, intermediate ones being a florin and a shilling.

We number perhaps thirty all told, the lads and the lasses, the old and the young, being here in nearly equal numbers. There is a student amongst us, home for the summer vacation from the Edinburgh University, and his arrival with a hoe over his shoulder has caused not a little wonder and some tittering amongst the younger lasses, several of whom he had adored in days gone by when they were at school together. Then, the girls were saucy enough; now they are bashful and sometimes call him "Sir." At school he had been an incipient poet; he has blossomed into fruit now, for his verses have been seen in the "Scotchman's Friend" and other journals that stand high in the scale of local honour. It is true that he raves about "the orb of night," and is the thrall of melancholy, "divinest melancholy," but this makes him interesting in feminine eyes.

There is one bonnie lass, however, whose voice is stilled, and whose colour vanishes, as the student moves towards that portion of the field where she is standing. This is Harriet Taylor, who has leapt into fame from one end of the parish to the other since it has become known that "an auld barber chield frae Aiberdeen-awa' had come a' oot here an' bidden a sma' fortun' for her bonnie head o' hair. God bless the queanie!" But the "poet" imagined (erroneously, as we happen to know) that she had jilted him at a country raffle when they were both younger, and as he shares in full the vanity of poets greater than himself, he has not since deigned to address her. Yet, if we could pierce the future we should find, maybe, that an ill-omened raffle has changed for the worse two simple lives, and that Harriet will remain a lover with love unrequited for ever (for we are a dogged race in Carglen, in our loves as in our hates), and will carry her fair matchless hair, whose colour we have never yet been able to name, into comely womanhood, dwelling apart and alone. What does a "poet" care? In the distance he

sees fame and all fair things at his feet, and his presence here with the hoe to-night, you may be sure, has something to do with certain feeble new verses that are framing themselves in his head.

The drills have now all been numbered, and Sandie o' the Tanzie stands forth with his big bonnet full of little slips of paper bearing numbers corresponding to those already set in the drills. Much depends upon the character of the drill that falls to the lot of a hoer and consequently this lottery is a serious thing.

"My certie! jest think o' that," exclaims one, as she looks at the number, and then at her "dreel."

"Aweel, it's a' up wi' me, I'm fearin'," says Kit Clark, from the farm of Linkerstown.

"That's the ticket for 'tatie soup!" cries a burly ploughman, as he stands by the clean, well-set drill that he has chosen. This exclamation expresses the highest form of approbation.

As luck will have it, the student's choice assigns to himself an outside drill, much to his chagrin; and, to make matters worse, Harriet Taylor, with pale face under her bonnie hair, takes her place beside him. Did Sandie o' the Tanzie—the rascal!—somehow manipulate the numbers in order to bring about this result? "It's gey like," as he himself would say.

When all are fairly at work a grim silence ensues. It is a deadly tussle in which we are engaged; for we cannot all come out victorious, and those who are not prize winners will fall like dead men stripped of honour. Therefore our tongues, so voluble at times, now cease to wag, and only the click, click of thirty hoes in the dewy "neeps" is heard. The student and Harriet labour side by side, yet no word has passed between them. But a few sad lines keep pattering in Harriet's head; for she is a good scholar, and has become a reader of poetry since "the lad that'll ne'er be hers" has begun to "strictly meditate the thankless muse." This is contrary to our wise Carglen custom of dispensing with "jinglin' bits o' rhyme and a' siccan trash," unless they be those of "Rob Burns, wha of coorse is far abune a' rule"; and it indicates, perhaps, that the heart in Harriet's bosom is bigger than the head on her rounded shoulders—that head which men love to look upon, with its glorious adorning. Yes, they patter, and will not be still:—

> If I should meet thee
> After long years;
> How should I greet thee?—
> With silence and tears.

But there is too much of the feminine in our poet to permit him to

forget the injury done to his personal merit when Harriet had the audacity (as he thinks) to jilt him. "There's a bit o' what they ca' the feminine in a' fowk wha tak' tae clinkin' rhymes," our guide, philosopher, and friend, Francie Kemp, the "politician," has declared, and the poet is a proof of it in more ways than one. Not Juno herself, enraged at the insult offered to her beauty, nursed her wrath with more settled intent than he.

At this moment another personage comes upon the scene. It is Robbie, the "post," with a letter in his hand.

"Gude e'en, Sandie," cries Robbie to him of the Tanzie.

"An' tae yersel', Robbie," says Sandie. "Hae ye brocht us a letter, post?"

"Na, na, it's for the student," explains the postman; and then, speaking to our poet, he adds, "I heard ye were awa' up here, and I jest brocht it on. Noo, freens, ye'll a' ken," cries Robbie, raising his voice, "it's nae for us wha serve the Queen tae gang glowerin' at letters eyther ootside or inside; 'deed, it's clean contrar' tae a' rules and regulations. Bit ye're a' gleg eneuch tae see that I'm aff dooty, and am jest like ane o' yersels noo, makin' for hame tae his drap parritch wi' a hungry stamack, and when a man oot o' the kindness o' his he'rt brings a letter like this, there can be nae harm in haein' a leuk at the ootside o' it. Weel, I hae jest deene that, freens an' neebors, and I'm free tae tell ye a' that the letter comes frae Edinboro', and the handwritin' is a sicht tae see. It's frae some braw young lady, ye may tak' it frae me, abune a' doot."

Then he hands it to the blushing poet, who does not deny the soft impeachment, but, on the contrary, darts a malicious glance of triumph towards Harriet Taylor. Sandie o' the Tanzie, who, misogynist though he be, has divined Harriet's secret, is heard to mutter:

"D—— the fine ladies, why disna the gowk tak' up wi' the lass Taylor? She's warth a hunder' braw leddies; an' her lo'ein' him sae weel tee that she wud e'en be a dowg tae lick his han'! My certie! what's the guid o' learnin' when it turns decent countra lads intae stirks an' asses?"

Silence again falls upon the company, and nothing save the click of the hoes is heard. But it is noticed by every one that the student has given away all chance of a prize, for he is hoeing badly far ahead of the rest, and, indeed, in a few minutes will have finished his task. Presently we hear voices raised loudly in argument. The sound comes from a corner of the field where Jock Watt o' the Knowhead and Andrew frae Claypots are sitting on a heap of stones smoking their pipes, while Sandie o' the Tanzie is near them, with the snuff

"mull" in his hand. Jock and Andrew are the judges of the match, but they are resting for a moment.

"It was the peeawno, fac as death," we hear the former saying.

"I clean deny 't," declares Andrew.

"Man, ye canna," says Jock. "I heard it wi' my ain lugs."

"It cudna hae been the Sawbath day, then," Andrew mutters.

"What for no? It was that vera day, and nae mair than twa Sawbaths syne," says Jock stoutly.

"Aweel, Jock, ye're nae gi'en tae leein', at ony rate since ye j'ined the Free Kirk, an' gi'ed up the lasses, but I canna jest credit that oor ain Auld Kirk minister wud alloo his wife tae pit fingers on the peeawno on the Lord's day," replies the man frae Claypots.

"Ye can credit it or no, jest as ye like, but a' the same it's dooms truth," cries one of the hoers, suspending work for a second.

"Ay, that it is, for I heard it mysel'," calls another.

Andrew takes his pipe from his cheek and looks hard at the speakers. They are both staunch Auld Kirk goers, and therefore presumably unprejudiced witnesses, "which of coorse cudna be said o' freen Jock, wha is a terribl' non-intrusionist."

"Aweel, it's a sad fa'in' aff," groans Andrew. "There was nae peeawno at a' in the manse in auld Saunders's time, honest man, and this new minister, I'se own, has niver jest been tae my mind. There's ower muckle cauld kail frae Aiberdeen in his doctrin' for me, bit I ne'er thocht he wud alloo his young bit o' a wife tae play the peeawno on the Sawbath day."

"It's a sair affliction for you o' the Auld Kirk," whines Jock with infinite sanctimonious condescension.

But all of a sudden Andrew fairly springs into the air, with such a jerk that the tin lid on his clay "cuttie" is sent spinning over the dyke at his back into the field of corn, and he shouts, "De'il be thankit, bit I've got it!"

The student looks up for a moment, and he thinks of Archimedes with his "Eureka! Eureka!"

"I've got it!" he repeats; "but haud a care o' us! I've lost my pipe lid."

So he scrambles over the dyke, and having regained possession of the clean, bright "lid," he calls over the fence to Jock, "Man, it's a' richt and straucht eneuch. Mistress Alexos Grant, I'se warrant, was playin' a Psaalm tune, or ane o' the Paraphrases, and surely ane may dae that tae *His* praise e'en on the Lord's day an' upon a ten-stringed instrument."

Jock looks round to the dyke, and he can just see Andrew's long

nose and broad bonnet across the top, but he says, "Na, na, Andrew that cock wunna fecht at a'. Man, the tune was a braw ane, but it was far, far frae a Kirk tune, and forbye ye cud hear the vera wards as it were, come jumpin' oot o' the peeawno."

Hereat Jock begins to sing:

"It's hame, and it's hame, hame fain would I be,
O hame, hame, hame to my ain countrie!
There's an eye that ever weeps, and a fair face will be fain
As I pass through Annan Water with my bonnie bands again.
When the flower is i' the bud, and the leaf upon the tree,
The lark shall sing me hame in my ain countrie."

"Last verse, freens a'," cries Jock, now carried away by his excitement. So we all pause from our task, and join lustily with Jock:

"Hame, hame, hame, hame fain wad I be,
O hame, hame, hame to my ain countrie!
The great now are gane, a' who ventured to save,
The new grass is growing above their bloody grave;
But the sun through the mirk blinks blythe in my e'e,
I'll shine on ye yet in your ain countrie!"

While this stave is being sung Andrew frae Claypots has still remained looking over the dyke with his bonnet and nose alone apparent, but when the "folks" are again quiet and eager at the hoe, he ventures back to Jock's side on the stone heap, and says he, "Jock, I'm afeart ye'll see me doon at the Free Kirk afore lang, for I canna abide drumsticks, an' peeawnos, an' deevilry on the Sawbath; na, I canna abide it. Howsomever I'se tak' the opingin o' our ain Chief Elder, the fairmer o' Gelnabreich, and I wud be real obleeged tae ye, Knowhead, if ye wad hae a ward wi' your man, Elder Amos Gibb. He's lang i' the head, an' sae is Gelnies, an' it may be that atween them, though they are sair dividit as tae *his* richts in his ain Kirk, they micht ha'e graice gi'en tae deal wi' the offender."

"Ay, ay, Aundrew, I'll be blithe tae favour ye," cries Jock, seeing in the compact a great triumph for the Free Kirk and its cause.

But it is now time for the judges to make their final inspection, and to decide the prizes. Some of us think that the duty to-night is somewhat perfunctorily discharged; but then we can make a certain allowance for men whose spirits have been so recently perturbed. Kit Clark from Linkerstown carries off the first prize, much to the disgust of Sam Tocher, his antagonist in love. Lizzie Dochart, a slender young girl, beloved by Pat frae the Mill, comes second. Tammas Steel, our local naturalist, and the laziest man in all our parish, a competitor, moreover, who only finished just as the time was

up, comes third ; and poor Harriet Taylor, with the glorious head of hair, notwithstanding her sore heart's trouble, comes fourth.

Oh ! there is much jollity when it is all over ; but, strange to say, there are some grumblings from the older and more skilled farm hands, who think they have had scant justice. Therefore, as this feeling is abroad, and the dew is still falling amid the creeping shadows of night, our company speedily breaks up. The poet has already vanished, none know whither. But after the hoers have all departed, three men remain with Sandie o' the Tanzie to "pree" his home-brewed, and a bottle of the genuine "critur" obtained from some illicit still in the hillside.

This is a happy reunion for Sandie and Jock and Andrew and Pete McQueben, the peat-digger—for these are the four—and it is a late hour ere the cronies separate. The air is still heavy with moisture, and as Jock and Andrew and Pete take a near "cut" through the fields, they wade deep in the dewy grass. It is dark, and no moon lightens the summer night. As they pass down by the farm of Gelnabreich, Andrew says in a thick voice, "Ay, I'll speyk tae the Elder aboot that peeawno work on the Sawbath day, but no the nicht, na, no the nicht." Certain it is that the dew, or something of that sort, has crept into the being of Andrew. Pete McQueben is drunk ! There need be no mincing of matters in his case. Even Jock, reformed Don Juan though he be, is not the man he was when he tackled the Auld Kirk goer about this piano incident, sitting quietly on the heap of stones. They are now at a corner of the road where it would be natural for them to part, but they appear loth to separate. Indeed, it may chance that we shall say of them to-morrow :

> Ane went hame wi' the ither, an' then
> The ither went hame wi' the ither twa men,
> An' baith wad return him the service again.

But, no ! something else will happen, for here is Saunders MacVicar, the roadside stonebreaker, and his "Eh ! sirs, and is it yersels ?" sounds as if he has news to communicate.

"It's a terrible nicht this, freens," Saunders says. "A nicht tae be rememberit, breethren, b' us a'," he adds.

"Haud a care o' us, Saunders," cries Jock o' the Knowhead, "ye auld farran birkie, ye're nae a minister in the pu'pit, ye ken, tae ca' us 'breethren.'"

"Na, but I hae been at the 'Carglen Arms' wi' Dawvit Annan, an' my head dunts a bit. Yet that's nae what I wad be at, freens ; na, it's mair nor that," replied Saunders. Then, lowering his voice to a mere whisper, he adds, "*I hae seen him*, fac as death."

"The de'il?" says Pete McQueben, who feels valorous to-night.

"Ay, himsel'," replies Saunders; "but for mercy's sake dinna name him. Gude kens whither he binna ahint our backs this vera minit!"

"Saunders, ye're clean dementit; ye hae ta'en, in yer auld age, tae seein' visions an' dreamin' dreams; man, ye're dottlit a' thegither" cries Pete.

"I'm a sinfu' man, and I hae been i' the 'Carglen Arms' wi' Dawvit, I'll no deny that," rejoins the stonebreaker; "bit, as I'm a leevin' soul, *I hae seen him.* I fear it's a warnin' o' death an' joodgment."

"Hoot fie na!" says the peat-digger, who is now losing a little of his valour. The others have yet scarcely spoken.

But, presently, Jock Watt o' the Knowhead, who is decidedly religious, and whose conscience smites him hard at this moment for staying too long over Sandie's whisky bottle, says deprecatingly, "own that ye are havering, Saunders, an' be deene wi' 't."

"*I hae seen him, freens, fac as death,*" declares Saunders solemnly, trembling as Vich Ian Vohr trembled when he had looked on the "grey spectre" of his clan.

"In what-na form saw ye him, then, Saunders?" inquires Pete.

"Aweel, freens, I'se tell ye the hail thing jest as it happ'ned," says MacVicar. "Ye see, I was br'akin' awa' at the stanes wi' my back tae the road, an' a' o' a sudden like I heard a queer hirstlin' soon', an' jest as I turned roon' tae hae a look—flaff! past he went me on a muckle wheel like a flash o' fire. I saw the foot though, an' he had a thing like a white sark on, and a queer kin' o' cap upo' his head; bit my back was roon' again afore ye cud say 'Saunders,' for says I tae mysel', 'Gin I glower after, I may hae tae follow.'"

"Aweel, Saunders," says Andrew frae Claypots, "ye hae spoken in a clear circumstantial mayner, but we'll still uphaud that ye hae been mistak'n."

"It's the bare truth I'm tellin' tae ye, sirs," answers Saunders "an' mair by token the prohf's as clear as it was wi' Peters o' Peters-town whaun he drave his gig across the Loch o' Dwynie by ord-r o' the—ahem!—ae mornin' whaun the ice was but a single nicht's ice. 'See ye dinna look ahint ye,' said—ye ken wha—tae Peter. Peters drave across like mad, but jest as he neared the edge he gae a look ower his shoother an' had a glimpse o'—ye ken wha—an' crack went the ice, an' doon gaed the wheels in the water. The beast's feet were jest on the bank, an' he got oot wi' a dry skin, but a' fowk cud see the wark o' that day, for the horse's marks were on a' the ice, an' there was the big crack at the side ——." "It's true

that," interjects Pete McQueben. "Aweel, sirs," continues the stonebreaker, "I hae the same prohfs. *The mark o' the wheel is plain a' doon the toll-road!*"

"Na, an' there now!" cry the three together.

"Wull ye gae doon an' see 't?" adds Saunders, anxious to assure them that he is not a man in drink.

The three brave cronies hesitate for a moment, but then they say, "Ay, we'll gang doon."

. . . . . .

Behold, then, four heads (neither of them so clear as honest, thinking heads should be) bowed to the ground, and gazing with awe upon the "de'il's wheel mark," which undoubtedly is visible, by the light of a lucifer match, upon the road. But, alas! the "hirstlin'" sound of which Saunders had spoken is again carried to their ear, and before they can spring to their feet and run from the enemy, the de'il is round the corner upon them, out again for a ride on his "muckle wheel." He dashes between the four, sending the good souls sprawling in all directions; but, oho! he comes to the ground himself too, and his wheel sounds as if it had been shivered into fragments. For the first time in history the de'il lies "cheek by jowl" in the toll-road with four reputable, but somewhat "drouthy," Cargleners!

. . . . . .

Next night, in the smiddy at Tap-the-neuk, Elder Amos Gibb says to Andrew frae Claypots, "I'm tauld ye hae seen the de'il, Aundrew."

"Haud yer tongue aboot that, smith, 'let me entreat of thee,' as it says in the guid Buik," pleads Andrew. "A man may aye be taken in a fau't, an' I'll no say it wasna my ain case yester nicht."

"Aweel, as ye own tae 't like a man, Claypots, I'se say nae mair," declares the elder.

But a certain "daft young doctor" from the neighbouring town of Kail, who is now frequently seen racing up and down our roads on his "queer velocipede thing made o' ae wheel ahint the ither," has become known by a new *sobriquet*, for the folks speak of him jocularly, and sometimes with a broad grin, as "The de'il frae Kail."

But you dare not say in the presence of any of the four men who lay in the toll-road with him that July night, "Ha'e ye seen the de'il frae Kail?" unless you desire to incite the hearer unto a breach of the peace, and are prepared for an invitation to "C'wa oot tae the back"—this being the recognised manner of "calling out" your man in Carglen!

ALEXANDER GORDON.

THULE AND THE TIN ISLANDS.

ELEVEN centuries before the birth of Christ, an oracle commanded the people of Tyre to found a colony "at the pillars of Hercules." A band of emigrants accordingly set out from the Phœnician shore, and sailed as far as the straits of Gibraltar, where they recognised, in the two great opposing headlands, the pillars alluded to by the oracle. They landed and offered sacrifice, but the omens were not at all favourable, so they returned home again. A second attempt to found the new settlement proved equally unsuccessful, but on the third occasion the expedition reached an island which lay just outside the pillars, and, under favourable auspices, founded a city known originally as Tartessus or Tarshish, afterwards as Gadeira or Gades, and in modern times as Cadiz. Here, too, was erected a great temple to the Tyrian Hercules (Melkarth), on whose altar a sacred flame for ever burned. Some of the coins of Gades are stamped with the head of this god, who was also the presiding deity of Tyre, while their reverse is adorned with figures of the tunny-fish, which formed a source of revenue to the city. The Spanish peninsula was in those days a veritable *El Dorado*, abounding in mineral wealth of every description, including the precious metals, which fact is alone sufficient to account for the influence of Gades. But that is not all. Tyre was at that period mistress of the sea, and the fleets of her new colony in Spain became even more famous than those of the mother country. We read, in the chronicles of Israel, how ships of Tarshish brought to King Solomon (B.C. 1000) "gold and silver, ivory and apes, and peacocks" (the latter may have been guinea-fowls from the African coast), and the prophet Ezekiel (B.C. 600), when predicting the approaching downfall of Tyre, exclaims:—"Tarshish was thy merchant, by reason of the multitude of all kinds of riches; with silver, iron, tin, and lead, they traded in thy fairs!" When the glory of Tyre waned, Carthage, an ancient Phœnician colony on the north coast of Africa, obtained the naval supremacy among the nations of the Mediterranean, and it was during the height of her power (B.C. 500) that two remarkable expeditions were despatched

from the port of Gades, for the purpose of exploring the Atlantic seaboard. The first, under the command of Hanno, is said to have sailed round Africa to the borders of Arabia; the second, under Himilco, attempted to explore the distant coasts of Europe. (Pliny, ii. 67.) We shall have occasion presently to notice more particularly an incident in the latter voyage.

It has long been one of our most cherished traditions that the Phœnicians of Tarshish, and in later times the Carthaginians, were in the habit of visiting the island on the Cornish coast called St. Michael's Mount, and also the isles of Scilly, for the purpose of obtaining cargoes of tin. Mr. Elton, however, in his recent work, "Origins of English History," ventures to treat the whole story as a myth, and suggests an entirely different locality for the emporium where British tin was sold to foreign merchants, and a site other than the Scilly Isles for the Cassiterides of the old geographers. The learned author however, in expounding his ingenious theories, does not state the reasons which have led him to the conclusions at which he has arrived, nor the evidence on which he relies, in so full a manner as the difficulty of the subject demands, and so I have been induced to examine carefully the grounds on which the older opinion rests, and the ancient authors who throw light upon this, and another difficult problem,—the whereabouts of Thule. In the following pages, which contain the result of such examination, I will give references to the authorities quoted, so that in case I fail in conducting the reader to the ultimate goal, I may at any rate leave some marks by the wayside, which will give to those who care to follow me through a forest of obscurity some means of judging at what point I have erred from the true path. I may add that in citing Strabo's works I shall, in order to suit the reader's convenience, refer to the text of Messrs. Hamilton and Falconer's English translation, although I shall not always follow those gentlemen's rendering of the passages quoted.

The city of Marseilles was a flourishing colony, planted by the Greeks in the country of the Ligurians some six centuries before the Nativity of Christ. Its trade was important, and it eventually became the naval and commercial rival of Carthage. From Marseilles sailed Pytheas, when he made the first recorded voyage to British waters. Pytheas was an astronomer and mathematician of some eminence, and is believed to have flourished about the time of Alexander the Great (B.C. 330). He had determined the latitude of Marseilles, by means of a calculation based upon the ratio which the sun's shadow bore to the length of the gnomon (Strabo, i. 4); but his alleged geographical discoveries have been severely criticised in ancient

and modern times. They were recorded in two works, entitled respectively "The Ocean" and "A Circumnavigation." Both have perished, but some fragments are to be gleaned from Strabo's great treatise on geography. Strabo (B.C. 24) was no admirer of Pytheas, and the mere mention of his name causes him to launch out into violent and unwarranted attacks upon the statements of the explorer, whom he characterises, in no unmeasured terms, as an arrant liar and quack; but Pytheas comes out of this trying ordeal very creditably, and we must always bear in mind that Strabo was not personally acquainted with the more distant countries which Pytheas professed to have visited. From the scattered fragments of his account that have come down to us, we are able in some degree to gather the extent and limits of his explorations. He appears to have gone by sea from Marseilles to Gades, and it is on his authority that Eratosthenes, who wrote a century later, tells us that the country near Calpe (Gibraltar) was formerly called the Tartessian country, and that Erythea (the island on which Gades stood, and which was the traditional scene of the contest between Hercules and the three-headed giant Geryon) was known as the "Fortunate Isle," perhaps so named because, in the popular account of the origin of the city, the omens were there at last auspicious. The voyage from Gades to the sacred promontory (Cape St. Vincent), a distance of 180 miles, occupied five days, a very poor record; but the vessel in which Pytheas sailed seems to have been unable to make headway against the strong current, for, on reaching Cape St. Vincent, he observes "the ocean-stream ceases here, instead of passing round the whole circuit of the habitable earth," as had always been supposed. The merchant ships of those days were not built for speed, as saving of time was no great object. Pytheas seems to have been satisfied if he could sail fifty miles a day, and he probably anchored or lay to at night.

The enterprising voyager crossed the Bay of Biscay, and coasted along the shores of Gaul, or "the Celtic country" as the Greeks called it, until he made the discovery that one gets more easily to the Celtic country by passing through the northern part of Iberia (Spain) than by sailing there across the ocean. Strabo's comment on the above passages is—"Artemidorus traverses all these statements, which Eratosthenes has made while believing in the quackery of Pytheas" (Book iii. 2), but so far at any rate they bear the stamp of truth. Again, Pytheas speaks of an emporium on the river Loire named Corbilon (perhaps the French Coiron), and Strabo informs us that Polybius, calling to mind the mythic tales told by Pytheas,

has stated that when the people of Marseilles conferred with Scipio, not one of them when questioned by him about the Bretanic isle had anything to say worth recording, neither had the people of Narbonne, nor those of Corbilon, although they were the principal cities of that country. "Pytheas dared to tell such lies as these!" cries Strabo, full of righteous indignation. (Book iv. 2.) The story is nevertheless an interesting one, for some see in it an indication of the fact that, prior to the time of Pytheas, British tin did not pass overland to Marseilles and Narbonne, as we shall find it did later on. The trade was never a direct one, so the merchants of Southern Gaul may have been acting in good faith when they disclaimed any knowledge of Britain. There is, however, another explanation of the story, for Scipio, we must remember, was a Roman in search of information about a country which was early famous for its mines of tin. Those merchants, who had vested interests in what was practically a monopoly, would do everything in their power to discourage foreigners, and especially such powerful people as the Romans, from tapping the supplies at the fountain-head.

The next place Pytheas mentions is the country of the Osismii (or Ostimii, as he calls them), a people who inhabited a headland which projects some distance into the ocean; "but," Strabo is careful to add, "not so far as Pytheas alleges." (Book iv. 4.) The headland here referred to is the peninsula of Brittany, and the Osismii occupied all the coast eastward as far as the Veneti. When next we hear of Pytheas he has set foot in Kent. Strabo finds fault with him for saying that Kantion (Kent) is some days' sail from the Celtic country (Book i. 4); but Pytheas, no doubt, reckoned the distance from Brest, the last point at which he touched, so far as we are aware.

The Greek traveller forthwith proceeded to visit the whole of the Bretanic Isle, so far as it was accessible, and gave its circumference as more than 40,000 stadia, or 4,875 miles, which is, of course, a very great exaggeration. (Strabo, ii. 4; Pliny, iv. 30.) He also noted the following facts: that the longest day in the southern part of the Bretanic Isle consists of nineteen equinoctial hours (Strabo, ii. 1); that its people, who were near the frigid zone, had a complete dearth of cultivated fruits and of some kinds of animals, and a scarcity of others; that they lived on millet and other vegetables, fruits, and roots, and those who had corn and honey also made their drink of those materials. Since they had no bright sunshine, they threshed their corn in great covered buildings, where the ears had been stored, because open threshing-floors were of no use, on account of the rain and want of sunshine. (Book iv. 5.) But when he records that above

Britain the tide rises 80 cubits, or 120 feet (Pliny, ii. 99), it is evident that he has misunderstood his informants, or that his reporters have misunderstood him.

After cruising along the British coasts, and collecting facts of scientific interest, Pytheas appears to have stood out to sea, and arrived at a country called Thule, which he describes as being "six days' sail northward from the Bretanic Isle and near the frozen ocean" (Strabo, i. 4); and he adds: "the regions about Thule, the northernmost of the Bretanics, are the most remote of all, where the summer tropical circle is the same as the arctic circle." (Strabo, ii. 5.) Now when Greek writers speak of the arctic circle, that is to say the circle of the Great Bear, they intend to designate an imaginary line of circumference, described in the heavens so as to enclose all those stars, which, at a given locality, never set below the horizon. The Greeks, too, fixed the summer tropical circle at a point 24 degrees from the equator, and so it has been conjectured that the country to which Pytheas penetrated, or which he described from hearsay, where the arctic circle coincided with the summer tropical circle, lay under the 66th degree of north latitude. Strabo, in his criticism upon the passage just quoted, complains that Pytheas tells us nothing of other matters, and does not even state whether Thule is an island or not, or whether that region is habitable, up to the point where the summer tropical circle becomes the arctic circle, and Strabo himself considers that the northern limit of the habitable earth is much further south, "for," says he, "the writers of the day have nothing to say of any country further off than Ierne (Ireland), which lies close off the Bretanic Island to the north (*sic*), and there men who are absolute savages live with difficulty on account of the cold, so there I think the line must be drawn." (Book ii. 5.) Another fragment of Pytheas' voyage contains a still more marvellous tale about Thule and its vicinity, where neither earth, nor sea, nor air had any separate existence, but a sort of compound of all three, like "sea-lungs," in which men said earth, and sea, and all the universe, are suspended, and this compound was, as it were, the bond of union between them all. It was neither passable on foot nor navigable, and Pytheas said he had himself seen the substance like lungs, but the rest he only described from hearsay. (Strabo, Book ii. 4.) This strange story, which was poured into the visitor's ear by the people of Thule, was evidently an attempt to explain the wonders of the frozen ocean, but to Pytheas' mind it suggested only a vast expanse of sea-lungs, the name given by the Greeks to a species of jelly-fish, or perhaps it was the best illustration he could give to southerners of the

appearance of the Northern Sea, with its fields of floating ice, as it had been described to him. Tacitus (100 A.D.) has preserved a similar legend of the frozen ocean, and what appears to be a reference to the midnight sun, and the still mysterious phenomenon of the aurora borealis. "Beyond the Suiones (Swedes) is another sea, sluggish and almost motionless, which we may suppose girdles and surrounds the habitable earth, because the last rays of the setting sun linger until dawn, and bright enough to dim the stars. People have a belief that a sound is heard at his rising, that the forms of his horses are seen, and the rays around his head." (*Germany*, c. 44.) Pytheas, in a passage quoted by Geminus of Rhodes, an astronomer of the first century A.D., wrote: "The barbarians used to point out to us the place where the sun went to sleep." It indicates a northern latitude where the sun dipped for a short interval below the horizon, and seemed to take a nap before continuing his journey round the sky.

According to Polybius, Pytheas turned back at this point (Thule), and visited all the ocean coasts from Gades to the Tanais (Strabo, ii. 4). We are told elsewhere that he wrote an account of the Scythians (a term vaguely employed by the Greeks to designate the people of Eastern Europe), and when he came to the mouth of the Vistula he either mistook it for the Don (Tanais), which he knew to be a great river of Scythia, or else, as is not improbable, he found that it bore a similar name, for "Don," like most river names, means nothing else than "water." That he did enter the Baltic may be inferred from a passage in Pliny's Natural History. "Pytheas says that an estuary of the ocean called Mentonomon, 6,000 stadia in extent, is inhabited by the Guttones (Goths), a nation of Germany. A day's sail distant from it is the island of Abalus, and thither amber, the off-scouring of the frozen sea, is carried by the waves. The inhabitants use it instead of firewood, and sell it to their neighbours the Teutons. (Book xxxvii. 11.) On his way home Pytheas probably cruised along the coasts of Germany, for Strabo tells us characteristically that he has told lies about all the places in the neighbourhood of the Ostiæi, and the places which lie beyond the Rhine as far as the Scythians. (Book i. 4.) Polybius, the Greek historian, who flourished a century and a half after Pytheas, considered it incredible that such great distances should be traversed by a private individual, and a poor man into the bargain; and Eratosthenes, a writer of the same age, attaches credence to the accounts which Pytheas has given of the Bretanic Isle, Gades, and Iberia, but remarks that you may just as well believe the Messenian Euhemerus, for the latter alleged that he had

sailed to one place only, namely Panchæa, whereas Pytheas professed to have reconnoitred all Northern Europe as far as the ends of the earth, and no one would believe that even if the god Hermes had said it. (Strabo, ii. 4.) Euhemerus, a contemporary of Pytheas, was the Baron Munchausen of the day. He professed to have made a voyage down the Red Sea to an island in the Indian Ocean called Panchæa, which may have been Ceylon. Travellers' tales have ever been regarded with suspicion.

In answer to the objection of Polybius that Pytheas was too poor to make such a long voyage, it has been suggested that his expedition was not undertaken for mere love of travel or scientific research, but with an eye to extending the trade of Marseilles to Northern Europe. The fact of his visiting Britain and the Baltic gives some colour to the theory that he was engaged in investigating the source of the supplies of tin and amber, and was on that account in receipt of a subsidy from the commercial community at Marseilles. In further support of this view, it has been urged that whereas before his voyage (according to a story we noticed just now) the people of Marseilles knew nothing of Britain, yet Timæus, who wrote soon after Pytheas, mentions an island near Britain called Mictis, where tin was produced, and the same writer also endorses what Pytheas says about the amber-trade, and calls the island where amber was found, not Abalus but Basilia. (Pliny, xxxvii. 11.)

What, then, was this new-found land, this mysterious country, of which Pytheas has given an account? It was formerly believed to be Iceland, and his description of its remote situation north of Britain, its proximity to the frozen ocean, and the position of its sun, is very applicable to that island, but it is exceedingly unlikely that he would have ventured across the wide expanse of open sea which separates that country from the mainland of Britain, and it is not certain that Iceland was inhabited at that date.

Others would have us believe that Pytheas is speaking of the Shetland Isles, which lie exactly under the 60th parallel; but they are an insignificant group, and their inhabitants are not likely to have had any knowledge of polar seas. To say that the Shetlands are Thule is to fritter away the account which Pytheas has left us. The better opinion is in favour of the Scandinavian peninsula. The shortest passage from Britain to Norway is 300 miles, no greater than the distance from Land's End to the straits of Dover; and it is not impossible that Pytheas may have heard in Britain of the existence of these opposite coasts, for ships must often have crossed the North Sea, by accident or design, long before the Greek navigator's time; and to dwellers on the Norwegian coast, stories of a frozen ocean

situate a day's sail from the mainland, of fields of ice, and strange solar phenomena, must have been matters of common knowledge and everyday report. A locality in Norway, still called Thylemark, gives some clue to the origin of the Greek name. Granted, then, that Thule was a point on the western shore of Scandinavia, it is evident that Pytheas approached it from Britain, and did not light upon it unexpectedly when coasting along the shores of the North Sea. For he distinctly states that it was six days' sail from Britain, he describes its situation with reference to Britain, and it was on his *return* from Thule that he visited all the northern shores of the continent of Europe. For centuries afterward we hear nothing new about this *terra incognita.* Pliny, the naturalist, calls it "the furthest of all the British islands," a place where there is no night at the summer solstice when the sun is traversing the sign of the Crab, and, on the other hand, no day at the winter solstice, and some people believe that this state of things lasts for six months in succession (Book iv. 30). In the time of Agricola (A.D. 84) the Roman fleet circumnavigated our island, and "conquered" the Orkneys. The sailors brought back a story that "even Thule, which snow and winter had previously hidden from view, was sighted," and what confirmed them in that belief was that the sea was sluggish, gave hard work to the rower, and was not even ruffled by the breezes (Tacitus, "Agric." 10), an effect produced by a calm, and the strong currents which prevail among the Orkney isles. Pennant considers that the Thule of these Roman seamen was, after all, nothing more than the lofty rock of Foula. Solinus, writing at a period when the Romans had been acquainted with Britain for three centuries, tells how the voyage was made to "Thyle." Those who set out from "the promontory of Calidonia" (*sic*) arrived, after two days' sail, at the five Hebudes, which we may suppose to be some of the Western isles, perhaps the outer Hebrides. The Orcades, or Orkneys, three in number, and distant from the Hebudes a course of seven days and nights, afforded a second station from the mainland. From the Orcades to Thyle was a voyage of five days and nights. Thyle was large, and plentifully supplied with fruits that keep. Its inhabitants dwelt amongst their flocks, and lived principally on the very fodder itself, but also on milk. They stored up their fruits against winter. (*Polyhistor*, c. 22.) The Thyle of Solinus, and of the Romans generally, seems to have been the Shetland isles, a country which they knew only by report, but the opinion of that later age does not assist us in our investigation of the locality of the Thule which Pytheas originally discovered, and which was undoubtedly Norway.

We will next consider, as briefly as possible, the position of the famous Cassiterides, and whether they have any claim to the title of British isles. Our search may be confined to very narrow limits, for there are only two districts of Europe where tin is produced in any large quantity. One is the county of Cornwall, the other is that part of Spain, called Galicia, which lies north of Portugal. Neither of these localities answers the description of islands, and the prevalent idea of the existence of tin-producing isles seems to have originated from the circumstance that the markets, where the metal was sold to foreigners, were not situate at the works themselves, nor even near the works, but on islands that lay in the track of the coasting vessels. There were many considerations that led to the establishment of such marts upon islands, and especially that of their affording a secure depôt for merchandise, and a convenient rendezvous for traders by sea. The amber trade of the Baltic was also, as we have seen, carried on upon some island or islands. Now where shall we look for these tin islands? Surely not in the Scilly group, for they do not appear to have ever yielded tin, and who in his senses would carry metal thirty miles out into the ocean for the purpose of transhipping it, when it could be more easily got aboard the merchant vessels at some island nearer the mainland? Off the shore of Galicia, some thirty miles south of Cape Finisterre, are ten little islands, lying scattered in the bays of Arosa and Vigo, and forming a marked feature in the Spanish coast line. In these islands Mr. Elton recognises the Cassiterides of the Greeks, and we will see how far they fit the description given by the old geographers.

Posidonius the Stoic (B.C. 100) says: "Tin is not found on the surface, as the historians keep on repeating, but is dug up and is produced among the barbarians beyond the Lusitani (Portuguese), and in the Cassiterides islands, and from the Bretanic isles it is carried to Marseilles" (Strabo, iii. 2); and Strabo himself writes: "Opposite to the extremity of the Pyrenees, in a northerly direction, lies the western part of the Bretanic isle, and, in like manner, the islands called Cassiterides lie opposite to the Artabri, and are situate at sea, somewhere in the Bretanic region." (Book ii. 5.)

It was probably this loosely-written sentence which first gave rise to the notion that the Cassiterides lay close to the western part of Britain, but the phrase "in like manner" is misleading, and "somewhere in the Bretanic region" delightfully vague. Strabo, however, expresses himself more clearly in another passage: "The Cassiterides," says he, "are ten in number, and they lie near one another at sea, in a northerly direction from the harbour of the Artabri.

One of them is uninhabited, but in the others dwell black-cloaked men, dressed in tunics reaching to their feet and girt around the chest. They walk about with staves, like tragic Furies, and get their living principally by pasturing cattle. As they possess mines of tin and lead, they give those metals, as well as hides, to merchants in exchange for salt and manufactured articles of bronze. Formerly the Phœnicians alone used to carry on the trade from Gades, concealing the voyage from everybody. And on one occasion, when the Romans followed a certain shipmaster, in order that they too might ascertain the source of the trade, the latter, out of jealousy, deliberately ran his own ship on to a shoal, and led those who were following him into the same destruction. He himself escaped on a piece of wreck, and received compensation from the State for the cargo which he had lost. The Romans, nevertheless, by making constant efforts, succeeded in learning the voyage, and when Publius Crassus crossed over to the islands, he perceived that the metal was dug at no great depth, and that the natives were peaceful, and in consequence of their prosperity were already taking to the sea; so he pointed out the voyage to such as were willing to make it, though it was longer than that to Britain." (Book iii. 5.)

The Artabri were a people who lived near Cape Finisterre, and their harbour was probably at the mouth of the river Vigo. The alluvial soil of their country is described as powdered with silver, tin, and white gold. The women scraped up this metalliferous earth with spades and washed it in sieves woven in the same manner as baskets. (Strabo, iii. 2.) The Publius Crassus referred to was one of Cæsar's lieutenants, and son of a great speculator in Spanish mines. Crassus encouraged the natives of the Cassiterides to compete with the Britons in supplying Marseilles with tin, but although they were nearer that city, they were obliged to send their tin all the way by sea, whereas the British metal was shipped to the northern ports of Gaul.

The description given by Diodorus the Sicilian points conclusively to the Galician islands:—

Above the country of the Lusitanians there are many mines of tin (κασσίτερος) in the little islands, which are called on that account Cassiterides, and lie off Iberia in the ocean. A good deal of it is also carried across from the Bretanic isle to the part of Galatia (Gaul) that lies opposite, and is conveyed thence by the merchants, on horses, through the intervening Celtic territory, to the people of Marseilles and the city called Narbonne. (Book v. c. 38.)

Then we have the testimony of Pomponius Mela (A.D. 45): "In the Celtic territories are some islands which are called by the

same name Cassiterides, because they abound in lead" (Book iii. 6); that of Pliny: "Opposite to Celtiberia (Spain) are several islands called Cassiterides by the Greeks" (Book iv. 36); and that of Solinus (A.D. 240): "The Cassiterides, fertile in lead, and the three Fortunate isles, face the flank of Celtiberia" (ch. 23).

All this evidence seems to turn the scale in favour of our new theory, for it is incredible that the Scilly Islands, which are so near Britain, should be so persistently described as lying off the Spanish coast. I will quote only one more passage, from a Latin poem of the fourth century after Christ, in which the tin islands are referred to by the name of the Œstrymnids. We do not as a rule turn to the pages of poets for exact information on points of history, but the following extract is interesting for two reasons. In the first place it shows what may be termed "the Scilly Island myth" in process of evolution, and secondly it embodies an ancient account of the Atlantic Ocean, written by some Phœnician pen. The poem is entitled "Ora Maritima," and is printed in Wernsdorf's "Poetæ Latini Minores." Its author is describing the coast of Spain:—"Here is the city Gaddir (Gades), formerly called Tartessus, here are the columns of persevering Hercules Abila and Calpe, ... here too rises the head of a projecting ridge, which people of a former age called Œstrymnis. The whole towering mass of the rocky point inclines for the most part towards the warm south. Now beneath the summit of this promontory yawns the Œstrymnic gulf, in which arise the Œstrymnid isles, lying wide spread, rich in metal of tin and lead. Great is the power of the race who live here, of lofty mind, efficient in skill; commerce is their perpetual care. In their noted skiffs they plough the wide stormy strait, and depths that abound in monsters. They know not how to construct keels of pine and maple, nor do they build, as most men do, curved barks of fir, but, wonderful to tell, they always construct their boats of joined skins, and in a leathern hide oft traverse the wide sea. Hence to the sacred isle, as the ancients called it, is a ship's course of two days. It lies amid the waves, a broad expanse of turf, and far and wide the nation of the Hiberni inhabit it. Near to it again stretches the island of the Albiones."

The Œstrymnic point, of which the poet sings, is evidently Cape Finisterre, and the islands must be those of Galicia, for the Spanish coast is singularly devoid of islands. The reference to leather boats has led many people to imagine that the natives of Britain are here alluded to. Timæus and Solinus refer to the use of such canoes in Britain, and Pliny says that in his time they continued to be used "*in* the British ocean" (Book vii. 57), but still there is no reason

to suppose that they were peculiar to our island. Again, if these Œstrymnids were indeed the Scilly Isles, is it likely that the great islands of Albion and Ierne would be described with reference to a dependent group?

Then follows the Phœnician story:

"It was the custom of the people of Tartessus to carry their trade into the limits of the Œstrymnids. The colonists of Carthage too, and the people who ply between the columns of Hercules, used to approach these waters. And Himilco the Carthaginian relates how these waters could scarce be crossed in four months, how he proved it by sailing there himself, how no breezes drove his bark, and the torpid moisture of the sluggish sea benumbed him. And a very great quantity of seaweed, he added, was visible in the deep, and often a thicket, as it were, checked his vessel. The sea does not descend to a great depth, and the ground is only just covered with a little water. Hither and thither wild beasts of the sea ever wander, and great monsters swim in and out, lazily floating or languidly crawling. If anyone dares to urge his bark through the waves from the Œstrymnid Isles towards that part of the sky where the region of Lycaon grows stiff with cold, he comes to an empty land once inhabited by the Ligures, but of late, by the band of the Celts and by frequent wars, it is depopulated and the Ligures are driven away."

Himilco, as we have seen, made his voyage five hundred years before the birth of Christ, and this account shows plainly that he was becalmed in the Sargasso sea—that great forest of seaweed which occupies a vast area of the Western Ocean, the mythic site of submerged Atlantis.

The story recalls another tale of the sea:

> The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
> The furrow followed free,
> We were the first that ever burst
> Into that silent sea.
> Down dropped the breeze, the sails dropped down,
> 'Twas sad as sad could be,
> And we did speak only to break
> The silence of the sea.

Such are the grounds for believing that the Galician and not the Scilly Islands were the source from which Tarshish procured her wealth of tin.

There was also a tin island close to Britain, but our account of it is extremely meagre. Timæus the historian speaks of an isle, six days' sail inwards from Britain, called Mictis, where white lead, *i.e.* tin, was produced, *and relates how the Britons* sailed to it in boats

of wickerwork covered with sewn hides. (Pliny, iv. 30.) seen that in Pytheas' time 50 miles was as much as a coasti could cover in a day. Timæus lived about the same period "six days' sail" would therefore be equivalent to a distanc miles. But what does "inwards from Britain" mean? I to take it that Britain means Cornwall (the locality where th actually produced), and that inwards signifies up channe direction of the continent, and not outwards into the Irish S six days' sail inwards from Land's End, at the rate we have i would bring us to Thanet. If, on the other hand, we Britain to mean Kent (the part of our island most fa foreigners), and inwards to mean inshore, or coastwise, then sail inwards from the North Foreland would bring us to St. I Mount. So our choice seems to lie between St. Michael' and Thanet. The former is what we used fondly to regar tin island of antiquity, the latter is considered by Mr. Elton a better claim to the title.

Nearly three centuries elapse before we again hear of th Diodorus has described it in an oft-quoted passage:—"Th who live near that promontory of the Bretanic isle which Belerion (Cornwall) are very fond of strangers, and in con of their intercourse with foreign merchants are civilised habits. They prepare the tin by skilfully working the groun produces it. It is rocky and has earthy veins from wh extract the commodity, melt, and refine it. And when th hammered it into the shape of knuckle bones, they carry island lying off the Bretanic isle and called Ictis. For at l when the intervening space is dry, they carry thither in their the tin in great quantities. A peculiar thing happens with r the "near" islands which lie between Europe and the Breta At high tide, the intervening passage is full of water, and the as islands, but at low tide the sea goes out and leaves a lar dry, and they appear as peninsulas. The merchants buy from the natives there, and carry it over into Galatia (Ga finally, journeying on foot through Galatia for about 30 days it in horse-loads to the mouth of the river Rhone." (Book v.

The construction of the passage is involved, for after me Ictis and the mode in which tin was transported thither, th introduces a long parenthetical sentence, in which he allude number of isles in the British Channel which resembled Ictis not tin islands but tidal islands, and then continues: "fron that is to say from Ictis, "the merchants buy tin;" so it that there was only one British tin island. The name which I

gives to it is so very similar to the Mictis of Timæus, that both writers appear to indicate the same spot. Now it is difficult, after reading the account of Diodorus, to avoid coming to the conclusion that the island in question lay close to the Cornish coast. Cornishmen are described as having direct intercourse with foreign merchants, as preparing the tin for export, and themselves conveying it to the point of shipment, without the intervention of middlemen. With the exception of St. Michael's Mount, there is not at the present day any island near Cornwall which agrees with the description here given, and so I am clearly of opinion that St. Michael's Mount is the island of Ictis. But Mr. Elton bases an argument on the fact that remains of a submerged forest are to be found along the shore opposite to St. Michael's Mount, and that the ancient name of the place was "the hoar rock in the wood," and he concludes that it was not an island at all in the days when Diodorus wrote. I should be surprised, however, to learn that the drowned forest was growing in the channel within historical times, and as for the ancient appellation, it was probably due to the fact that the bare summit of the rocky island peeped above the trees which clothed its lower slopes, and presented the appearance of one of those great monoliths which the country people term hoar-stones ; so the argument is of no great weight.

We will now return to Thanet ; but it is only right to mention by the way that there is yet a third candidate for our suffrages, and that is the Isle of Wight. *Gwith* in Celtic means a channel, and "Channel Isle" may have once been a common local name on the south coast. Its Latinised form, *Vectis*, certainly bears a strong family likeness to Ictis and Mictis. But the Isle of Wight is too far from the mainland to have been ever approachable by waggons, so that in that respect it does not tally with the description of Diodorus. I will, therefore, do no more than mention its claim, and refer the reader for details to a carefully written paper contributed to the 48th volume of "Archæologia" by Mr. Alfred Tylor.

Were it not for the survival of the term "isle" applied to Thanet, few people would imagine that that large district had ever been separated from the mainland of Britain. But, not so very long ago, the valley of the river Stour, with its double outlet, northward at Reculver and southward at Richborough, was a great tidal estuary, and at high tide ships bound for the Thames entered the strait at Richborough, sailed out again at Reculver, and so avoided doubling the North Foreland. Richborough (*Ritupiæ*), opposite to Gaul, was the principal southern port in Roman times, and possessed natural oyster-beds, which supplied the epicures of the Imperial City with bivalves,

whose flavour was unsurpassed by those of any other country. According to Pliny, Sergius Orata was the first person to lay down artificial oyster-beds in Italy, and the first to adjudge pre-eminence of flavour to the oysters of Lake Lucrinus; "but," he adds, "when Oratus ennobled the Lucrine oysters the British shores were not sending us their supplies" (Book ix. 79); and Juvenal thus commemorates a Roman gourmand:

> And in our days none understood so well
> The science of good eating. He could tell,
> At the first smack, whether his oyster fed
> On the *Ritupian*, or the Lucrine bed.

Solinus describes Atanatos (Thanet) as separated from the continent of Britain by a narrow estuary, and the Venerable Bede says that the channel was three furlongs broad and fordable at two places only. Even in Elizabeth's reign, John Twist states that it was only shortly before his time that Thanet ceased to be an island, for there were still living eight men of good credit who related that they had seen great barks and merchant vessels sail between the island and the mainland (Hasted's "History of Kent").

At high tide the mud which the river Stour had washed down from the Kentish uplands, and held in suspension, was precipitated in still water, and thus layer after layer of sediment was deposited in the shallow estuary behind Thanet, while at low tide the scour of the current only sufficed to flush the main channel in the middle of the strait. The consequence was that the depression, through which the Stour flowed and the tides of the North Sea and British Channel coursed, has been gradually silted up, and the famous oyster-beds of Richborough are exhumed at a depth of from four to six feet below the present surface-level of the alluvial soil. The same cause, aided by artificial embanking, has obliterated a multitude of tidal islands which once existed in the mud flats of the Thames Valley and Romney Marsh.

From a remote period all the traffic between Britain and the Continent must have gone by the shortest sea passage across the Straits of Dover. The merchant skipper of old carefully hugged the shore, and his voyage to Britain lay along the coast of Gaul, until Dover cliffs hove in sight, and a few hours' sail brought him to the Ritupian port. In like manner, ships from the German coast brought up at Thanet, and to Thanet accordingly flowed the bulk of the native produce (including tin) intended for transit by sea to the continent of Europe. Julius Cæsar speaks of small quantities of iron being produced in the maritime regions (that is to say,

Sussex) and tin in the inland districts (Book v. 12), from which we may infer that the tin usually travelled to South-East Britain by land. Land carriage, when practicable, was preferred to water carriage, for as soon as the metal reached the opposite coast of the British Channel, it continued its journey to the Mediterranean overland. The harbour of Thanet was doubtless the chief commercial port of Britain, but for all that I do not believe that Thanet was the isle of Ictis referred to by Timæus and Diodorus, and prefer the traditional locality, St. Michael's Mount.

And must we give up the idea that the Phœnicians visited the British Isles as our fathers have told us?

We have absolutely no evidence that they actually did so, but, at the same time, it seems impossible that people so enterprising and pushing as the citizens of Gades and Carthage could have overlooked the ancient trade of Britain, which must have been supplying the nations of the continent of Europe with at least one of the metals necessary for the manufacture of their bronze celts, ages before Tarshish rose to fame; and if the Phœnicians did not touch at British ports, it was only because the rich tin mines of the Galician mainland satisfied all their needs. Although the later geographers erroneously believed that the source of the tin trade lay in some insignificant Spanish islands, whose mines could never of themselves have supplied Europe with a commodity for which there was so great demand, yet it is highly probable that the name Cassiterides, which Herodotus uses four centuries and a half before the Christian Era (Book iii. 115), may have been originally applied by Phœnician sailors to the group of British isles, one of which produced the rare metal in very large quantities. I say Phœnician sailors because they were the earliest explorers, and it is the opinion of some that the name Cassiterides is derived from an Oriental language, since *Kastir* is the Sanscrit word for tin. But we must also bear in mind that Greek and Sanscrit are kindred languages, and the κασσίτερος of the former tongue may be an analogous and independent term for the same mineral.

I have now told the story of Thule and the Tin Islands. To some it may appear an idle tale, but to the student of antiquity it is not without value. If we could, once for all, settle the vexed question of the situation of those localities, we should be in a better position to decipher one of the most obscure pages in the history of our own country. Should this review of the evidence contribute, in the smallest degree, to a solution of these difficult problems, I shall feel that my labour has not been in vain.

THOMAS H. B. GRAHAM

ANGLING IN STILL WATERS.

THE morning flushes red and rosy over the hills, descends to the woodlands and fields, and wakes all mankind; among them the angler, who, remembering his vow to be up two hours earlier, rises with a due sense of his own failings. But the glory of the morning consoles him. One cannot very well be other than light-hearted when the early sunlight is breaking over the brow of the moorlands and driving away the darkness from the hollows; while from without the scent of the honeysuckle on the porch and the white Jacobite roses against the wall comes wafted through the half-open window. He hears the lapwings crying over the pastures, and the curlews wailing on the heather, or a sturdy black grouse proclaiming his superiority over his fellows from some rock on the hillside. The rippling of the little burn which turns the mill recalls to his mind his plans for the day; so he makes all haste to get ready.

I am not sure but that I prefer a morning in summer to one in spring. There is a ripeness and a mellowness in the air, a sort of consciousness of strength not yet assailed by the decay of autumn. Assuredly "a day in April never came so sweet" as this warm June morning. As we stand on the lawn an occasional warm gust of wind greets us, which betokens a day too sultry for the fish to rise well to the fly. But there seems to be more real art in luring an occasional big trout from his lurking-place under the alders than in pulling them out at the rate of a dozen in ten minutes when the stream is high with the spring floods.

Our road at first lies through the pine-wood in front of the house. The delicious scent of the trees makes our path like a walk through some rich conservatory. The ground, however, is but slightly clothed with vegetation. I know of no more unproductive wood than a fir-wood. The Highland hazel copses in many places resemble a tropical jungle, and beech and oak woods are always full of brackens and common ferns. But in pine-woods the ground is almost bare, except for layers of old pine-needles and fir-cones. The wood-pigeons are cooing up above us in the branches, and if we are quiet we may see a kestrel, for they frequently nest here. A red squirrel

or two darts across the road, and as we near the edge of the wood we see a weasel creeping into the old stone dyke.

Now we are out on the dusty white highway; you will seldom see roads so white as in our countryside. We pass through a little gate in the beech hedge which encloses the road, and find ourselves in one of these water-meadows which are a perfect El Dorado of flowers. The little ditches which intersect it are lined with pink and white yarrow, yellow rattle and marguerite daisies. The water flows sluggishly through jungles of watercress and the white ranunculus. Under these mossy banks or below the clumps of rushes one may find a woodlark's nest, a bird by no means common in this north country. Globe flowers, the "lucken-gowans" of Scottish song, grow in great beds along the little stream, while from the meadow comes the harsh cry of the corn-crake, whose nest will soon be invaded by the mowers. There are some stepping-stones across the burn which we may cross by. Water-ouzels (water-craws in Tweedside) flit up and down, now dipping close to the water, and now resting on some half-submerged stone. This is one of the hardiest birds I know; in early February, when the banks are covered with deep snow and icicles hang from the bridges, I have seen its little white breast bobbing up and down like some vivified snowball.

Now we begin to ascend; and, after passing through two or three fields of grass, come out on the moor. The heather is not yet in flower, nor will be for more than a month yet; but this loss is amply made up for by the magnificent bloom of the heather bells. This little plant never grows so high as the ordinary heather, nor does it give the hillsides that purple look like its more famous rival. It grows in patches; but for depth of rich crimson colouring I have never seen any flower to surpass it. In the marshy parts we may find the bog-heath, cream-coloured and with larger bells. The sun has grown stronger, and the distant hills, before so clear, are now enveloped in a slight haze. In front of us is the ridge of the moor over which the river lies. The top is soon reached, and we gaze down into the fair valley of Tweed, filled with the sunlight of a summer morning. Tweed itself is here little more than a water. But fewer anglers try their skill here than further down, where it widens into a noble river; and consequently there is more chance of success for poor anglers like you and me.

The rich woods of Rachan lie directly below us, forming a strange contrast in their bright green dress to the dark sombre pines on the hillside, or the still darker moorlands beyond. Another quarter of a mile brings us to the end of the heath, and we cross a stile and

enter the woods. Here there is a very superabundance of animal life. Blackbirds and thrushes fly screaming over our heads, yellow-hammers and redbreasts hop across the path, while a hen chaffinch, dressed like a little Puritan, flits past attended by the gay Cavalier cock. The ground is richly carpeted with moss, varied here and there with great patches of blackberries with unripened green fruit. Large tufts of ladyfern adorn the tree roots, and, where the rock crops up, polypodies and hardferns. The stone here is whinstone; but deep in the wood a solitary vein of trap crops up, on which I have found that rare little fern the forked spleenwort. The sunlight, after filtering through these leafy screens above our head, comes down grateful and pleasant; and we feel that mossy coolness which one can find only in such a wood. But the trees are growing scarcer, and we see the low stone dyke which marks the end of the wood. Beyond is a short belt of velvet turf, and then a silvery gleam which we know must be the Tweed. We quicken our steps, and high hopes arise in our hearts; for what angler ever could resist a certain feeling of nervous trepidation at the sight of his stream? There are such grand possibilities in it; such monstrous fish, possibly, hidden under these shining waters, which it may be his lot to capture. But here we must stay and put our tackle together, for on such a day as this the river must be approached with caution. We put on an extra fine gut cast, and select as flies a small grey spider, a teal, and a woodcock. There is a hazel bush in front, with the current running under it; let us try a cast above it, for big fish often lurk there and dart up stream to feed. Now cast gently, and don't work your flies at all, but let them float. That first attempt was a bad one try a shorter line, and remember that you are not a coach-driver. There! that was better; keep back and let your flies drift with the current. You had a rise just now, but you struck too late. I am afraid you won't get one there; come down a little further and try a cast into yonder current on the other side. Now you have one; keep up the point of your rod and don't get nervous and lose your head. Work him down to where I am with the net, if you can. Here he is, a small trout little over half-a-pound; but in this water the large trout are few and far between, so we must be thankful for small mercies.

Down at that bend of the river there grows a straggling alder; under it is a famous pool where I have often caught very respectable trout. As we go down, the grass under our feet is as smooth and closely-cropped as a tennis-court. The reason is that the worthy man up at yon whitewashed farm among the trees keeps his sheep

here ; and the art of man has never invented a finer lawn-trimming machine than these. But withal they are a great nuisance to us. That big black-faced ewe has been down at our pool making a commotion, and lessening our chances of a fish. The pool is deep and black, and to-day our only chance will be to fish at its head. Where the water dashes in there is a small whirlpool, caused by an upjutting rock. That is the place for a trout, if I can only cast well enough. I have alighted too far above it, but it will be best to let it take its course. There are three small dimples on the water, by which I can trace the course of my three flies. Down they come, and now they are lost in the foam. Then there comes a sudden tightening of the line, by which I know that there is a fish hooked with my tail-fly. Here he comes rolling and struggling ; get down on that green spit of land with the net, and don't fall in if you can possibly help it. A fine fish he is, with his bright red spots and gleaming sides glittering in the sunlight as we lay him on the bank. He is not an ounce off the pound, so we may put him in our basket with the consciousness of work done.

There is no need to hurry along ; the day is yet young. Here is a green mound above where the river runs in a broad rippling current. Let us sit down and look around, and enjoy the beauty of the summer day ; for I have a decided objection to anglers who work at a stream as if the pleasure consisted in the number of fish caught. To some men angling comes as a pleasure, to others as a business, and to others as a toil. Some men, notably those who have been poachers in their youth, can be seen sallying forth morning after morning, at an appointed time, with the usual paraphernalia of the fisherman. They go home at night, worn out with their exertions, only to renew them on the next day. Such men have no soul above their catch ; if they make an especially large basket their spirits will be exuberant for a week ; times and seasons are remembered only in connection with some piscatorial exploit. But the last class is still more amusing. There are people who think that the proper thing to do, when they get a holiday, is to array themselves in water-proofs, take their stand in the middle of some stream, and try an art of which they are profoundly ignorant. To such men troubles come thick and fast. They put on a wrong fly ; and the frantic manner in which their lure splashes into the water can hardly be compared to the fall of thistledown. Their line becomes tangled ; they slip on the gravelly channel ; they get among trees and their flies catch up in the branches, like the harps of the Jews by the waters of Babylon. In short, they "grunt and sweat under a weary load," and yet go

home with the idea that they have spent a pleasant day. Let no true lover of the gentle art accompany these in their peregrinations; for if he has a compassionate heart he will try to give them assistance, and I know from experience that that is no easy matter. The experienced angler, always provided that he has gained his knowledge by personal experience and not from books, is a companion fit for the gods. He is full of quaint and curious stories of exploits in the past; and, though many of his "true" tales must be regarded in the light of romances, one may gain many valuable hints from him which no book can give. But by far the best knowledge of the art is that acquired by your own observations. The fish in every stream have some slight difference in habit or tastes; and the surest way to learn the art of catering for them is to fish that special stream whenever you have leisure. A country boy with a hazel stick, in his own burn, will catch more than the angler with fine greenheart rod who has fished over half of Scotland.

Moreover angling is a leisurely art, and we should pursue it as such. A walk of ten miles over a rough country is not made up for by two hours' hurried fishing at the end of it. To enjoy angling fully the river must not be too far off, and we must have the whole day to it. Half of its charm is the fresh open air, the sparkling stream, and all the thousand sights and sounds of nature. Let us move down the bank, holding our flies in readiness to cast over any place where a 'lusty trout' may lie. Here the river becomes more difficult to fish; but if you can cast over these saugh bushes you may get one. At the foot of those rushes something moves which is likely to be an otter. There he goes, swimming across stream, with his little black head bobbing up and down. These otters are now far less common on Tweedside than they used to be. Time was when there was never a week in summer-time but an otter-hunt took place. Six or seven men in bright scarlet coats, attended by twice as many dogs, scoured the banks for about six miles at a stretch, and seldom went home without one or two. This sport has had its natural consequence; and now one may walk for many a mile by the Tweed without seeing one of these harmless and graceful animals. Most worshipful Izaak, in this we have a quarrel with thee. Thou art not a generous angler, for thou grudgest the poor otter his fish, which he has worked for as well as thou.

Down by this bank there is a long bed of reeds and yellow irises in which flies are apt to get entangled, thus causing unregenerate anglers to swear. If we get down to the water here (banishing all thoughts of future discomfort) and force our way to the front of the

reed-bed, we may get a good trout. There, in that clump of rushes, is a moorhen's nest with six eggs, buff coloured and beautifully mottled with different shades of brown. You can see the hen-bird, which we have startled, swimming up the stream. Look well to your steps, for the river suddenly deepens, and you may find yourself struggling in seven feet of water. Let us stop here, where we have a clear space towards the open stream. Now cast as far as you can straight towards the other bank, letting your flies drift slowly down to this side. A very good cast! Be careful, and you may get a good fish. Your middle fly disappears, as if sucked down; your line straightens, and your rod thrills with an electric shock. You have a big trout if you can only hold him. Don't give him too much line, and don't on any account tug at him; the only way is to tire him out. Keep him out of the reeds, and I will try to get the net under him. Suddenly the line slackens, the tension is relaxed, there is a splash in the water, and away goes your fish up stream. There is nothing for it but to scramble to the side. It makes it all the more exasperating that the trout was a big one; but—well, it is no use to "patch grief with proverbs." At any rate one can console himself with Izaak Walton's reflection that "it is much harder to catch a trout than any other fish, except it be a salmon." And since we have no chub or grayling in these waters, but only this wariest of fish, we must be content with a few.

The sun is getting oppressively hot, and I think we should find some shady place to take our lunch in. A little distance down there is the very sort of spot we want. A small pine plantation comes close to the water, which there flows narrow and deep. Let us get down there as quickly as possible, and avoid the glare of this noonday sun. The air is scented with the sweet smell of the pine-trees, mingled with the meadow-sweet from the stream and the wild thyme from the moor. Few sounds come upon the ear except the gentle ripple of the water, the "murmuring of innumerable bees," and the song of the lark from the blue sky above. In the further meadows the mowers are already busy with the hay; and down from the hillside comes the sound of the bleating of sheep, the barking of dogs, and the yelling of men—for this is their shearing day. There is no sound more pleasant on a warm summer day than the faint echo of the bleating of sheep; it carries with it such a suggestion of cool uplands and the breezy heath, with the burn falling into deep rocky pools fringed with ferns. Down here it is very warm; so warm, indeed, that the oxen, standing knee-deep in the river, look as if they were too lazy ever to come out again; but we can always get

a pleasant feeling of coolness by looking up to the summits of the great hills, where the air would be too cold to allow us to sit down with comfort. In a country where the land is one vast plain the heat must be almost unendurable. Fancy having nothing to look at to-day beyond long fields of grain and pasture! But in this countryside the landscape is pleasantly varied. The eye travels over the rich green of the meadows to the silvery green of the ash trees and the dark and sombre pines; and on to the brown moor, blotched with great patches of heathbells, up among the shingles and grey rocks to the broad brows of the eternal hills, blue and dim in the summer haze. It is on days such as this that one can understand the fascination of a free outdoor life, like that of the gipsies; and can say with Amiens,

> Who doth ambition shun
> And loves to live i' the sun,
> Seeking the food he eats,
> And pleased with what he gets,
> Come hither, come hither, come hither;
> Here shall he see
> No enemy
> But winter and rough weather.

Although we have finished our lunch, we need not rise yet. Do you not feel a strange stillness in the air, as if nature had suddenly ceased her work? There are only two times of entire silence that I know; one in the hot summer noon, the other at the close of a frosty winter's day, just before sunset. The latter seems to be brought about by entire absence of life, and the former by overmuch natural vigour, which is, as it were, crushed for a period. No sounds carry any distance; the noise of the stream, heard so distinctly before, is now hushed. No fish will rise to your fly, so it is useless to try a cast. We had better sit still and look at the books we have brought with us for company. Some anglers are so keen and engrossed in their sport that they despise those who bring with them any other source of pleasure. But I have generally found that these men did not care for books at any time, so they could not be expected to bring them to the riverside. I think that all true book-lovers will agree with me when I say with Cicero that books "delectant domi, non impediunt foris; peregrinantur, rusticantur." Books, which are appropriate to the place and occupation, give an added charm to any amusement; but let them be appropriate. Who could enjoy the novels of Thackeray, for instance, with their pictures of turbid, restless town life, in these quiet fields; or read volumes

of political speeches, philosophical essays, or learned dissertations on exact sciences by the side of that rushing stream? It would be as ridiculous as to wear evening dress on the Highland hills, or a college gown in a cross-country ride. Nay, we will leave such treatises for the study, and bring in our pockets more companionable books. Shakespeare will do; he is always delightful, wherever we may be. We can always find plays and passages to please us. This is the place to read the "Midsummer Night's Dream," or "Love's Labour's Lost," or, better still, "As You Like It." I have been told by many people that the valley of the Tweed at this point is singularly like the Forest of Arden. So we can imagine Celia and Rosalind resting at the foot of yonder beech, with Touchstone declaring that when he was at home he was in a better place; or Jaques moralising by the side of yon brook on the follies and frailties of mankind. Scott, too, is welcome here. We are in the country in which the scenes of many of his novels are laid. Many a moss-trooper has driven his stolen cattle down this valley; and often has the beacon fire from the top of Caerdon marked the approach of the English foe. There is that quiet, old-time feeling in the landscape, what Wordsworth has called "pastoral melancholy," which makes one "prisci conscium aevi," and peculiarly able to enjoy an author like Sir Walter.

But there are other books equally suitable—the Elizabethan dramatists, Spenser, the Cavalier poets, Addison, and that prince of gossips Izaak Walton—St. Izaak, whom all anglers revere as their patron saint. One can rejoice with him as he catches his supper in the great pool opposite Bleak House, and follow his directions for the gentle art. I almost prefer Cotton to him, however; I am more at home with him; the Dove is liker the Tweed than the Lea. Or, again, we can read what has been said against our sport—Leigh Hunt's essay, for example, or that quaint address to a trout:

> So mayst thou live, O little fish;
> And if an angler for a dish,
> Thro' gluttony's vile sin,
> Attempts, a wretch, to pull thee out,
> God grant thee strength, thou gentle trout,
> To pull the raskall in;

and think that the authors would have changed their minds if they had ever tried to fish. There was once a worthy man, the sheriff of this county and a great angler, who, whenever he went out on an expedition, put a Horace in his pocket; and so, when he had little success, he was wont to take it out and find pleasures in the impassioned lyrics and pictures of Sabine country life. We might do worse

than imitate him; for Horace and Ovid had a true feeling for nature, and they are delightful companions.

We will get up, now that the afternoon has grown cooler, and continue our way. It is about four o'clock by my watch, and between this and sunset there is time to add a few trout to our basket, if the gods smile upon us. Put on a new cast of flies, a "blae" with a blue body, and a "Greenwald's Glory." We had better go no further down, but fish up-stream back to the wood we started from. There is a soft, mellow light on the water, very different from the brilliant glitter of the morning. Wade into the stream and cast wherever the water curls against a bank or whirls round a stone. At this time many fish are feeding, but these are the oldest and most cautious. There is a yard or so of black water under the shadow of that bank; cast into the current, and let your tail fly skim the edge of the pool. You have succeeded perfectly. There goes your fly into the side; keep it out or you will lose your fish. Here he comes rolling and puffing into my net, two pounds if he is an ounce, in splendid condition, shapely and glittering with the water on his sides, a very Apollo of trouts. We have certainly done better than I expected; I had no hope, when we set out this morning, of getting so large a fish.

So we wander up, now and then getting a trout from some quiet pool or rushing current, in this "glittering and resolute stream of Tweed." The lights of a calm summer evening dance on the water, and the yellow meadows grow golden, as if under the touch of Midas. Bees returning from their quest for honey, hum past our ears; the wood-doves croon in the pine-woods, and the little sandpipers pipe up and down the stream. As we turn the corner at the alders we see a heron standing on the shore. Stay and watch him, for he is a fisherman like ourselves, only a more successful one. He stands with his head and beak slightly inclined downwards, and his sharp little eyes carefully scanning the water. Not Socrates, when he went a star-gazing, could have appeared more abstracted or thoughtful than this bird-philosopher. But our clumsy feet have startled him, and he has resolved to bring his fishing to a close. Slowly he rises upwards, spreading his great wings, and flies away over field and meadow, river and copsewood, until he is a mere speck in the evening sky. These birds, total strangers in many parts of the country, are as common as hares here. On many a moorland stream I have been startled to find that I was not alone, but had a brother of the angle near me; and many a tree have I climbed in my younger days, at the great heronry at Dawick, for their pretty blue eggs. There is

something very independent and respectable about him. He would scorn to make a living by pilfering orchards and grain-fields; he prefers to live by his own hand, or rather beak. Moreover he is a most skilful fisherman, albeit he careth not for flies and spendeth not money on tackle. But somehow he always reminds me of a man using his wooden leg for a rod.

Here we are back at the place we started from. The high hopes which we entertained in the morning are but partly realized in our basket; it is the old story of the real falling short of the ideal. But we have no right to complain; for how many anglers are bewailing dry watercourses among the moors of Rannoch and the rocks of Argyleshire? But our fair river never sinks more than a few feet; its waters, coming out fresh and strong from the heart of the green Lowthers, fail not in summer or winter. We enter the wood on our road home, now filled with the damp smell of night. The birds for the most part are silent, for we have no nightingales here. A goat-sucker, however, flies along the ground, and at the edge a covey of partridges rises. Mind your feet, or you will stumble over these birch trunks, which lie here and there over our ill-marked path. We cross the stile and come out into the heath, where the night breeze is beginning to rise. The heather is wet with dew, and if you do not take care you may pitch headlong into one of these whin bushes, and come out like a disorderly hedgehog. The light grows fainter, and we can barely see the top of the ridge before us. Now we are on it; a cold wind meets us and makes us button our coats. Turn round and look behind you; you will seldom see a finer sight. The sun has just gone down, and a rosy glow marks where he has disappeared. A faint yellow tint begins above the red and gradually fades into the dark blue of the upper sky. The course of the Tweed is marked by a strange silvery gleam, as if the light were loth to leave it. The woods are like black blots upon the landscape. One never sees the true purple of the hills until he sees the sun set over them. Dollar Law, on the east, stands a great broad-browed guardian, matched by Caerdon in the west. Straight in front, six miles over, rises Broad Law, the highest of our hills; far more noble to my mind than the cone of Schiehallion or the needles of Glencoe are these giants of our Peeblesshire Oberland. Long waves of hill and moorland stretch away to the south, till they reach the band of crimson on the horizon. The air is "quiet as a nun," except for the cry of some forlorn plover and the rustling of the wind among the pines. But even as we look the last streaks of light disappear, and the great veil of darkness drops down and covers the hills.

Down we go through the fields of pasture, and cross the little stream. Then through the water-meadows, sweet-scented with clover and hay, till we come to the little fir plantation and see the lights of the house twinkling through the trees. Well, we have had a pleasant day and not bad sport either. On the lawn we meet Wat Hislop, the herd ; let us hear what he has to say.

"Well, sirs, where hae ye been the day?"

"Down Tweed a mile or two," we answer.

"Hae ye got mony? It wasna ower guid a day."

"Oh, considering the day, we have done pretty well."

"Aweel, if ye hadna gotten' ony, ye would aye have had the graund scenery."

We agree with him, and go in to supper.

JOHN BUCHAN.

IN TWILIGHT'S HUSH.

AS twilight gathers o'er me,
Day's turmoil I forget;
The world fades out before me
With all its fume and fret;
As forth the stars come stealing
And faint the fire-gleams grow,
Fond Reverie wakes, revealing
The loved of long ago!

No mystic incantation
To summon them I need,
The heart's mute invocation
They answer as I plead;
Out of the shadows gliding
They round me gently smile,
Like children who from hiding
Have wandered back awhile!

. . . . . .

As twilight gathers o'er me,
And faint the fire-gleams grow,
I conjure up before me
The loved of long ago!
Free range to Reverie giving,
I view the past outspread,
Till all the dead seem living,
And all the living dead!

WILLIAM TOYNBEE.

PAGES ON PLAYS.

THE great event of the immediate past has been the coming of the French players. The company of the Comédie Française for several vivid weeks interested, excited, thrilled, and distressed London with a long selection of some of the most famous pieces in their repertory, played by their best actors and actresses. The weeks constituted a very interesting lesson, as it were, in dramatic art. The performances not only showed us what the method of French playing is at its best, but they also constituted as it were a course of dramatic history from the days of the great classics to the days of the men who form what is now known as the Theatre of Yesterday. The weeks were very brilliant weeks. Few serious playgoers could consent willingly to miss many, if any, of the representations, even though London was steeped in summer heats. The visit of the Comédie Française will be long remembered as one of the most attractive experiences London has enjoyed since the days when Sarah Bernhardt made her first appearance before a London audience years ago.

A critic, whose opinions jump exactly with my own, says that when Mlle. Reichemberg, "in all the grace of her eternal youth, had spoken the verses in which M. Jules Claretie, on behalf of the Comédie Française, salutes London, it was impossible for London, or as much of London as could be gathered within the walls of Drury Lane Theatre, not to feel extremely flattered. It is always agreeable to have pretty things said to one by a pretty woman, and a city is like an individual and welcomes compliments. Nor is London too well used to have civil things said about her by her sweet enemy France to be other than grateful for M. Claretie's sonorous phrases carried across the footlights by Mlle. Reichemberg's clear voice. After so gracious an ending it would be almost unchivalrous even to much as hint that there was anything but unalloyed pleasure in performance that preceded. It was no doubt inevitable that rench comedians should honour the traditions of the house oice of classics from their repertory ; so if any too eager felt in his heart that he would rather see Richepin than

Racine, and Dumas the younger than Molière, he kept that feeling shut in his heart, and sought with the best will in the world to steep his soul in 'the tradition,' to imagine himself back in the seventeenth century, and to find as much delight as might be in the measures and the manners and the mannerisms and the humours of 'Les Plaideurs.'"

But it may be admitted that it was a relief "to escape from 'the tradition' and humours of the seventeenth century into an atmosphere which, though it lacked oxygen a little, was not unexhilarating, if scarcely tonic. Alexandre Dumas the younger has been regarded as a modern for so long a time that his modernity has become a tradition, and we have come to accept it blindly, as we accept so many things, like the income-tax and the older theories of heredity. It is perhaps only when we come face to face with certain of the plays of Dumas the son, when we see represented on the stage by living actors plays with which we are already so familiar in the story, that we begin to appreciate how swiftly the world wheels, and how easy it is for the pioneer of yesterday to trudge in the dusty rear of the army to-day. To see 'Le Père Prodigue' at Drury Lane Theatre was in its way—if we may be permitted to quote, with a difference, Steele's exquisite words about an exquisite lady—a liberal education; for it served to show that we keep on moving, even if often imperceptibly; that the water-mark of yesterday is not the water-mark of to-day; that those who watch the drama as the eager Egyptians watch the fluxes of the Nile may say with truth that the river has risen and is still steadily rising near to the hope-mark. 'Le Père Prodigue' is not the captain jewel in the carcanet of the younger Dumas. It was written thirty-four years ago, for a generation that was still saturated with the old superstitions and choked by the old conventions. To that generation 'Le Père Prodigue' appeared to be a daring piece of work, doing such bitter business in the world as to make its spectators quake. To the younger generation it seems crude, tentative, incomplete, unconvincing, hampered by unnecessary laws, prompted by a limited pyschology. We are still, in 'Le Père Prodigue,' in that stage of the drama in which people relate to each other, at great length, facts with which they are already perfectly familiar, in order, as it were, to cram the barren spectator with knowledge. This artless method, but one remove in comparative barbarism from the explanations of the mummers at a country fair, or the comments of Mr. Merryman, is but one fault of the many which abound in 'Le Père Prodigue.' It exhibits almost at its worst M. Dumas's weakness of never knowing where to stop, of

making his personages talk at intolerable length, and often talk intolerable nonsense, of making his personages by these harangues, by this fatal fluency, not approximate as closely as possible to, but differentiate as widely as possible from, that real life which he is trying to depict. And yet—and yet—when all is said and done the play remains an interesting play to read and to behold." But it was more interesting when it came to the turn of "Denise" and "Les Effrontés" to be played.

In playing "Denise" and "Les Effrontés" on successive nights the management of the Comédie Française "did well; for they contrasted two plays by the two foremost French dramatists of the century, each play being very characteristic of its author's method and its author's aims. M. Dumas *fils* always has a sermon to preach, and in 'Denise' he preaches it louder and at greater length than is even his wont. In 'Les Effrontés' Augier strove to scourge with merciless severity the manners of the day. 'Denise' is, on the whole, far more peculiarly French than 'Les Effrontés.' Giboyer is a type that has its like in London. Vernouilhet enjoys the freedom of the city of every capital in the world. Even the Marquis d'Auberville might be paralleled on our side of the Channel; for he is but the misanthrope and the mocker, and wherever you have a high state of civilisation he will be upon the scene. 'Les Effrontés,' like 'Denise,' shows its author at his best. The movement is rapid, the action animated, the dialogue brilliant, the pictures of the men and women have something of the same distinctness that belongs to Balzac. The Marquise d'Auberville might be a friend of the Princesse de Cadignan; Sergines might have belonged to the *cénacle* of Daniel d'Arthez. Giboyer is not worse than Lousteau, nor Vernouilhet than Mercadet." It was remarkable to turn back from Augier and Dumas the younger to "Henri Trois et sa Cour" and Dumas the elder. What a lesson in the history of the stage! What a light upon the character of a man of genius that performance by the French players was! "The story of the romantic movement in the drama of France might be dated with more accuracy from the first representation of 'Henri Trois et sa Cour' than from the battle royal round 'Hernani,' when Théophile Gautier, with his Merovingian hair and his crimson pourpoint, led his gallants to strife with the mystic word 'Hierro' for their Open Sesame. The play marked an epoch in drama; it also marked an epoch in romance. Now the world is well-nigh seventy years older, and the romantic movement, then in the splendour of its dawn, has itself submitted to the inevitable law and become *vieux jeu*, the very butt and scorn of the young men. None the

less, as act after act went by, the spectator forgot the dust of the schools and the follies of the makers of phrases, and was able to understand how it was that it charmed, excited, enchanted its Parisian audience on its first night more than two generations ago. A spectator of that scene has left it on record that he never saw such a sight; that the newness of the method, the charm of the historical pictures, the boldness of the story, and the vigour of the style completely conquered a public that was prepared a year later to howl its heart out in fury against 'Hernani.' There are a thousand things to be said against the play; they have been said often enough. Many of the demands made upon the judgment of the spectator are preposterous; much of the construction is crude; the muse of history is played the wanton with audaciously; the piece does not move on strict logical lines; it is not constructed on a mathematical formula; it cuts but a poor figure scientifically in comparison with the simplest equation. But when all is said and done the play remains a brilliant, brave, vital, vivid piece of business; it presents to the view a bustling world, many-coloured, many-passioned, gallant, chivalrous, cruel, a very epitome of a splendid age; it shows life broadly peopled with great figures, great for good, great for evil, kindred of the heroes. But the great charm of the play lies in what it promises rather than in what it actually performs. On the happy day when the young Dumas, wasting his time in the poverty and squalor of a Government office, happened to see upon a table the volume of Anquetil open at the page which tells of the murder of Saint-Mégrim the germ of some of the finest romances of the century and of the world quickened. 'Henri Trois et sa Cour,' written as it was in three months, is, as it were, the first draft for all those stirring stories which have made the Valois age illustrious."

After the first play of Dumas the elder came the last play of Dumas the younger, "Francillon." "When 'Francillon' was first produced, some six years ago, it had the fortune to please a French critic whose name was not so well known then as it has since become. The critic exalted Dumas the younger, according to his whimsical confession, almost to the level of the Founder of Christianity or the founder of Buddhism. But in the ripe fruit of his rapture there lurked the worm of doubt. 'I do not know,' he admitted, 'if "Francillon" is a masterpiece. Only our children will know that.' This modesty was somewhat from the purpose. No one qualified to judge who ever read 'Francillon,' or who saw it acted last night, ought to be in any doubt upon the matter. The doubt, if doubt there be, would arise from a looseness

in the use of epithet, from a limitation of vocabulary, from a lack of precision in comparison. There are several ways of envisaging the term masterpiece as applied to 'Francillon,' and the present generation is quite as capable of looking at 'Francillon' from each point of view, and of deciding upon it afterwards, as the generation that is to succeed it. Shall we take the term in its highest sense and ask if 'Francillon' is to be classed with the great classics of the world's drama, with the best of the best, with 'Lysistrata' and 'Le Misanthrope,' with 'As You Like It' and 'Egmont'? Or shall we take it in the sense in which it was used in the old guilds of handicraft, in which every skilled workman made some cunning toy which was to be regarded as the proof and triumph of his skill? Shall we regard 'Francillon' as in this sense a masterpiece, as the example of M. Dumas at his finest and subtlest? Or shall we employ the phrase in its looser sense, which includes all plays that surpass not indeed mediocrity, but a decent standard of honourable merit, in the class that includes all the creations of art that are not superlative? Shall Francillon find her place in this category? There can only be doubt as to the answer to the third question. 'Francillon' is certainly not mightiest in the mighty; it no less certainly is not the best of M. Dumas's plays. Those who watched the play last night, whether they followed its story for the first time, or came to it with the familiarity of previous knowledge, either as an acted piece or as a printed book, might all be excused if they remained uncertain whether or not 'Francillon' should be called a masterpiece in the same sense which 'Le Gendre de M. Poirier' and 'La Cagnotte,' 'Hernani' and 'Fru Inger til Ostrat' are masterpieces. It is of course artistically of no moment whether a play does or does not point a moral, or whether the moral so pointed be a good moral or bad moral. The moral of Francillon the woman is false enough, and foolish enough in all conscience. Francillon preaches the doctrine of the emancipated woman as ferociously as Ellida Wangel or Nora Helmer." It is curious to contrast Francillon with the heroine of that other famous play of femininity, "Frou-Frou." "It is none too easy to-day to appreciate the excitement, to share the enthusiasm which 'Frou-Frou' aroused on its first appearance, a quarter of a century ago. To see it was to experience a vague sense of wonder as memory supplied recollections of the rhapsodies that have been written about it. Certainly it is very clever; what is there that is signed by the names of Meilhac and Halévy that is not very clever? But it came forth at a time of clever plays; it had been preceded by clever plays; it was followed by clever plays. It has undoubtedly aged a little in its five-and-

twenty years of existence. It is very 'Second Empire.' That is, perhaps, part of its charm now, a kind of antiquarian charm such as belongs to a spinet or a Watteau fan. But that was no part of its original attraction. Perhaps the secret of its success lies in its artificiality, in the skill with which artificial, even conventional figures are made to move in an artificial, even a conventional environment. As artificial as the comedies of Wycherley, as the comedies of Congreve, it relies, like them, upon its wit for its triumph. But it does not rely upon its wit alone; it has a yet more artificial source of success in the death of Frou-Frou. The ready tear is always aroused by the sight of the repentant wife expiring in the arms of the wronged but forgiving husband. But it does not follow, because a play is artificial, conventional, and sentimental, that it therefore ceases to entertain; and, up to a certain point, 'Frou-Frou' is a very entertaining piece. Three acts of a dialogue as fascinating as fine sword play, that glitters like steel, that is as strong and as supple as steel, do much to delight the spectator; and if in those three acts there are some characters that are vastly wearisome—the intolerable Louise, the intolerable, impossible Sartorys—the tedium of their presence is atoned for by the enjoyment afforded by Brigard, by the Baronne de Cambri, by Frou-Frou herself. The prodigal father is a familiar, an obvious type upon the stage, but he has seldom been caricatured with a firmer touch or a brighter malice than in Brigard. Brigard was originally played by Ravel, who seems to have played him so well that Barbey d'Aurevilly in a rapture of applause declared that upon his soul and conscience he regarded the actor as a third collaborator in the piece." From the Second Empire the French players swung us back to heroic Thebes. "Emerson says somewhere that every healthy boy is a Greek or a Roman. It might be added that every healthy man is glad when chance allows him to try for the passing hour to think himself a Greek or a Roman, to pass from the heat and the noise and the dust of to-day into the pagandom of which our wisest know so little. It was by answering, or trying to answer, to this desire that the theatre and the French players tempted many. It afforded fancy the chance to tread again the soil of Hellas, to breathe the pellucid air, to see the painted columns of temples, the statues of gods, the forms of fated kings and heroes. It was this desire to escape from 'the miserable life of cities' to the Hellas of dreams which Béranger expressed yesterday, when he drifted to Athens in his Imaginary Voyage, which Verlaine expresses when he dreams of Plato and Phidias under the flaring lamps of Paris. Sophocles is always Sophocles, even when trans-

lated into rhymed French verse by Jules Lacroix. Œdipus and Jocasta, Tiresias, and Creon always move the heart and awe the mind even when represented by men and women of to-day within the walls of a playhouse of to-day. At the first blush, indeed, the 'Œdipe Roi' of Lacroix does not seem calculated to blow the spark of enthusiasm to any strength of flame. It has the merit of leaving Sophocles alone. It does not do as Corneille did and as Voltaire did; it does not mangle, it does not mutilate a masterpiece, it does not presume to newfangle the tale of Thebes; it professes with decency to translate, and to translate with exactitude. But exactitude and the conditions of rhymed verse do not go hand in hand, and in Lacroix's version the beauty of the Greek is perpetually injured by amplification, by a meagreness of expression, by the substitution of some commonplace phrase for the splendour and the simplicity of the original. But it is an honourable effort to reproduce the great Greek play, which some of its critics have found to resemble the melodrama of the romanticists, others the tragedy of the artist, others again the tragedy of the philosopher. It was played with a certain picturesqueness, with a stateliness of action, a stateliness of emphasis, which, if it was not in the highest degree Hellenic, was sufficiently pleasing and sufficiently impressive. If the glorious shade of the poet who sang in his golden youth the

> "day which saw the Persian flee
> In fight and flight from Salamis

could have visited the London theatre, it need not have been too much disappointed by the presentation of his masterpiece." The season ended soon after as brilliantly as it began. It had been the original intention to play a different piece every night, but this proposal broke down before the public wish to see Jane Hading again and yet again in "Les Effrontés." "Ruy Blas" was played once, and promise was made to play Guy de Maupassant's "Paix du Ménage," which unfortunately was not kept. But the company did so much and so well that it would be ungenerous to complain.

JUSTIN HUNTLY McCARTHY.

TABLE TALK.

Holiday Haunts.

BY the time that these lines reach my readers, the migratory tenth of London will be packing its trunks and girding its loins with a view to the autumnal departure. My sympathies are with those who take their holiday in England, with which, in respect of beauty, comfort, and serenity, no part of the habitable globe can compare. Between Land's End and Berwick Bounds are a thousand spots that deserve to be visited. More than half of these are unknown to any but a few enthusiastic explorers. To those whose excursion will be confined within the four seas that hem in England and Scotland, and who hesitate as to the respective claims of Scarborough and Oban, I have nothing to say. I know of nooks to my mind pleasanter, and certainly quieter and not less accessible, than either. These, however, I will leave unnamed. In the wake of the tourist comes the tripper, and before his invasion faun and dryad disappear, and the whole spell of serenity is broken.

Pyrenees *versus* Alps.

TO those, however, who like the change of atmosphere involved in foreign travel, the outdoor living, and the power to bask in endless sunshine, which are to be found across the Channel, I may proffer some suggestion. By this time, possibly, most minds are made up, and most arrangements are made. The party to bathe at Etretat, or to scramble up the Dolomites, is made up, and the circular notes even have been obtained. Some few, nevertheless, are yet hesitating between sea and mountain peak, and to these I venture on a suggestion. Why follow clannishly the English lead, and, for the sake of doing what other Englishmen do, submit to discomfort and extortion? The rapacity of Swiss hotel-keepers is proverbial, and the phrase "point d'argent, point de Suisse" has not lost its significance. For Alps, then, substitute Pyrenees, and try, if only for a change, whether the Pic du Midi may vie with the Matterhorn. You will then hear something besides English spoken, you will meet with comfort, cleanliness, and moderation, and will

live the life of fighting-cocks. The moment you cross the Loire at Orleans you get into the richest and fattest of lands, and, turn your feet which way you will, you cannot go wrong. If the Pyrenees constitute your avowed destination, and you linger on the way, and fail to reach them before holiday-time is all consumed, you will have an experience I have myself undergone. You may linger in the pastoral quiet of George Sand's country, Berri, and lead a peaceful existence at Issoudun, pay a pilgrimage to the Château de Nohant, where the great Frenchwoman wrote her principal romances, or, on your way to the great Cathedral of Bourges, ferret out the Château de Bois-Sire-Aimé, from the towers of which Agnès Sorel used by means of beacon-lights to communicate with her royal lover at the adjacent Château of Mehun ; or, once more, if your thoughts are given to less trivial things, see at Lignières the cradle of Calvinism in France, where Calvin himself, then a law-student at Bourges, first discussed the doctrines that were to secure his banishment from France and establish the unloveliest of religions. Resisting the temptation to go westward, to Brittany and Poitou, you hold on your way south through Auvergne, the Cevennes to Nîmes and Montpellier, or by Limoges, halting at Périgueux, to Toulouse. Whichever way you go, temptations innumerable, and all but irresistible, beset you, and the life you lead is all sunshine and luxury and delight.

Attractions of the Loire.

THE Loire itself constitutes a delightful playground. Below Orleans it is as rich as the Rhine or the Seine in picturesque beauty and historical associations. I have never been down the river on a steamer, except on the lower portion. Vessels sometimes start, I believe, from Orleans to Tours, but I was never fortunate enough to meet with one, and the railway which follows the course of the stream has naturally drawn away the traffic. I have been, however, by Saumur and Ancenis, and so on, to Nantes and St. Nazaire, where the river empties itself into the Atlantic, and where it is, in fact, open sea. Where, however, it washes the skirts of Blois and Amboise the river is at its best, and the associations of English occupation and of Huguenot combat are at least more picturesque than the lugubrious history of Les Noyades at Nantes. Days may be spent in the exploration of Blois and the circumjacent châteaux. Blois itself is the most picturesquely situated town on the Loire, and its history during the time of Huguenot struggles is that of France. The room in which the Duke of Guise was assassinated by order

of Henri III., and that in which the same king declared himself the head of the League, are equally memorable in history and in fiction.

Tours as a Place of Summer Resort.

IF I were to select one spot for a summer visit of, say, a fortnight, I should choose Tours. The city itself is one of the gayest and liveliest in France, it is in the midst of the very garden of France, for so the district of Touraine is called. It owns an hotel, "L'Univers," which is unequalled for comfort, and where the Englishman can, if he chooses, get his national drinks, even to English soda-water. The place itself is pretty, and the cathedral holds a conspicuous place among historical monuments. It is difficult to overpraise the beauty of its towers, which are chiselled like goldsmith's work, causing Henri IV. to call them "deux bijoux auxquels il ne manque que les écrins." What, however, chiefly commends Tours as a temporary abode, is that it is in the very centre of the most interesting portion of France. For every day an excursion can be arranged to some spot of beauty or importance. Chinon, Saumur, and Angers are within reach, while of historic châteaux there is an absolute wealth: Azay-le-Rideau, a beautiful specimen of sixteenth-century architecture, built absolutely over the stream, the Indre; Chenonceaux, its equal in beauty; Chambord, which has been described as a fairy monument, and an "incredible growth of sculptured stone" ("une incroyable végétation de pierre sculptée, fouillée, travaillée de mille manières"); Loches, the quaintest and most picturesque spot, and the place of saddest memories in central France; these are but a few of the places that may be comfortably seen in a day. Leave Tours by a morning train at eight to nine o'clock, breakfast at the place you visit, see all there is to be seen, which is much, and you return in time for dinner and a cigar and a cup of coffee in one of the numerous and excellent cafés of the Rue Royale (I don't know if they have rechristened it Rue Nationale) before going to bed. There is one drawback from the idyllic life I depict. *There are* mosquitoes. They are neither so large nor so numerous on the Loire as on the Charente or, say, the Danube; but there they are, and the traveller will do well to see that his windows are shut before sunset.

"Under the Great Seal."[1]

AMONG modern novelists few are capable of assigning to an English spot a colour more picturesque and truthful than Mr. Joseph Hatton. I remember to this day his picture of boy-and-

[1] *Hutchinson & Co.*

girl life in a Cathedral close, which I had no great difficulty in recognising as Durham. The name of the novel I forget—was it "Clytie"? but the recollections of the wooing dwell with me in some such fashion as the kisses of Consuelo. Mr. Hatton must accept the association as honouring. I read few novels now except old friends, but have been tempted by what I have heard to read Mr. Hatton's latest production in this class of literature. This work is practically in two parts. These are not too closely linked, though one life, of no remarkable length, gives the two a connection. In the first half we follow the adventures of the father, in the second those of the son, who, separated from his parents, and practically orphaned in infancy, comes, strangely enough, across his father in later life. In this second portion Mr. Hatton seeks to do for Great Yarmouth and its neighbourhood what he previously did for Durham. I can boast no such familiarity with the Norfolk seaport as I possessed with the smoky but picturesque northern city, and cannot judge whether the picture is as faithful in the one case as it is in the other. The sketches of character appear, however, to have no less vivacity, and the termination of the story, though perhaps too roseate in the main, introduces one dramatic episode in the death of a sort of second Steerforth.

Early Life in Newfoundland.

I SHOULD scarcely, in columns that deal little with prose fiction, have turned to Mr. Hatton's novel, had not its early chapters set me wondering. His opening action Mr. Hatton places in Newfoundland, in a settlement not far from St. John's. The period depicted is that of the earliest settlers in the reign of George III., say roughly 1775. One does not look for exact historical detail in a novel. I must assume, however, that the author has some basis for what he states. Looking with little favour upon ideas of settlement, the English government regarded Newfoundland as a training-ground for the navy. Plantations were "rigorously discouraged"; the art of planting became illegal, and "settlement of any kind was prohibited within six miles of the coast." In summer the place was visited by hundreds of English ships, who anchored and salted their fish, and retired before the winter, taking their crews home with them. If any edifices were erected on the shore by the settlers, the so-styl admirals had the right to seize upon them and use them for the poses of the fisheries. This the captains of vessels, who regard settlers as interlopers, were willing enough to do. It seer believe that the law prohibited the building of chimne

lighting of fires under any pretence. In the winter, after the departure of the ships, the settlements were left without any semblance of order: in the summer the magistrates consisted of the captains of ships. One curious provision Mr. Hatton shall himself explain: "It was enacted that the master of the first ship arriving at the fisheries from England should be admiral in the harbour where he cast anchor, the masters of the second and third to be vice-admiral and rear-admiral. . . . The first had the privilege of reserving as much of the beach as he required for his own use. These men servants of the capitalists, or owners of ships themselves, had a direct interest in questions of property and other social and political matters that came before them in their magisterial capacities. They dispensed what they called justice on the decks of their vessels. Disputes arising between the inhabitants and the migratory fishing folks were adjudicated by the fishing admirals." These things seem hardly credible. I am bound to assume them to be true. Men doubtless exist to whom they are well known.

Strange Powers allotted to Sea Captains.

ON the high-handed proceedings of these captains Mr. Hatton bases the earlier and by far the more stimulating portion of his work. The fishing admirals order the withdrawal into the interior, where food is scarce and difficult to obtain, of all the residents of the settlement of Heart's Delight. Alan Keith resents an order which means the death of his wife, whose only cover is to be removed. For this he is kidnapped by a boat's crew, and removed on board the admiral's vessel. Using the powers confided to him, the admiral, at the close of a drinking bout, orders him to be strung up at the yard-arm. A portion of the crew resent this treatment of a man who has only sought to retain his home. They ally themselves with a party on shore, and the execution of this atrocious sentence is prevented. The admirals are drunk, and make a desperate fight. In the end, after one of the most vigorous combats ever depicted, one of the ships is captured and the admirals are slain. This, however, is flat mutiny. Nothing, accordingly, is left to Alan and his associates but to turn pirates. This they do. When once they start, moreover, they prove no more merciful or conscientious than others who fly the same flag. They are ultimately blown to pieces by an English man-of-war, and Alan alone escapes to experience various adventures, display an edifying penitence, and ultimately enrich his son with his buried treasures. All this is vigorously told, and constitutes an

exciting record of adventure. Its morality is perhaps open to dispute. Nothing, I am told, is, however, depicted that could not easily have happened in Newfoundland under the Great Seal.

Success and Poverty.

I READ the other day that Schubert in his early life was so poor that he could not afford to buy music-paper, and had to waste valuable time in ruling lines upon ordinary paper. This is, of course, one of innumerable instances in which genius has at the outset been "cabined, cribbed, confined." Erasmus, to quote another instance, is said to have read by moonlight for want of a torch, and to have solicited alms in the name of learning. For the truth of this and similar anecdotes who shall vouch? The poverty, however, may, at least, be taken for granted. Instances of environing poverty among great thinkers or writers are common enough. We have only to turn, among poets, to Bloomfield and Burns. As a rule writers have been men of middle-class surroundings. Until recently, indeed, education could only be got by such. The cases are few in which a lad of peasant birth, such as James Ferguson, studies astronomy while keeping sheep, and beats out his life's music in the fields. Most distinguished men have been the possessors of some private means, and our best-known poets have been, not seldom, men of family and position. Is early poverty, then, a stimulus or the reverse? Is Gray right in assuming that some "mute inglorious Milton," whose "noble rage" chill poverty has restrained, may rest in the country churchyard? Where, as in the case of François Villon or Savage, poverty is the ally or the result of misconduct, the case is altered. I lean, however, to the opinion of Gray, and am disposed to believe that poverty, nine times out of ten, represses, and that the cases in which genius can pierce through the clouds that obscure its dawn and reach its meridian splendour are few.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

THE

GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER 1893.

"SIR JOHN."

BY JOHN KENT.

I.

"WELL, I really am disappointed, Captain Holles," said Mrs Bonnor, coming in with a crisp rustle of muslin and taking her place at the little breakfast table that gleamed softly in the half-light of a great Indian room just shut up for the heat of the day. "I had a burning curiosity to see that horse. For the last two nights Harry has done nothing but babble in his sleep about the Khooshbund Derby and a cheque for Abdool Rizak. So you didn't like him after all?"

It was a party of three. Harry Bonnor, Esq., C.S., Acting Municipal Commissioner of Malseln, his wife, and their guest, a young man of the sort ladies love to look upon, judging from the persistency of the type in the illustrations to stories in their picture papers.

"Liked him better than any horse I ever saw in my life, Mrs. Bonnor," he said, unfolding his napkin and squaring himself to his plate.

Mrs. Bonnor waited.

"Well?" she said at last.

Large-eyed, sallow little women are mostly constitutionally incapable of understanding a man's reluctance to plunge into narrative. It is so easy. Bonnor came to the rescue with the air of dominant *bonhomie* that was his silver spoon as an official. Not a man in the residency could deal with cantankerous natives like Bonnor. Burly and grizzled, ruddy and tanned

of benevolent despotism. Pity he couldn't leave his manner in his office!

"*I'll* tell you how it was, my dear," he said with a genial bellow. "A tailor got hold of him and told him that a chestnut was the only horse he could ride with a moustache like that. You never said anything about *that*, Holles, when you wrote to me to look you out a nag."

"Tailor, is he, that chap?" said Holles, with meditative surprise.

"Double-barrelled. Lends money. I hope it isn't in that branch of the business you——"

"How absurd, Harry!" said Mrs. Bonnor. "And poor Captain Holles came straight up here with you from the steamer last night."

"Ay. But Mr. Sixty-per-Cent. was on board. Come on, Holles, make a clean breast of it."

"Oh, I'll tell you if you like," said Holles, unperturbed. "I'd *rather* have waited for you to go to your office and then told Mrs. Bonnor. You'll make an awful noise. All the same, I shan't be sorry to have your opinion on my sanity. I've got my doubts about it."

"They say no one is ever quite sane after twenty years out here," said Mrs. Bonnor. "All Harry's subordinates are of that opinion, I know. And it is quite true that he is beginning to differ from me about all sorts of things in a very suspicious way. But *you* haven't been on shore as many hours. Now, do begin and tell me all about it."

"I shall have to begin with the tailor," said Holles, after consideration.

He attended to his plate without hurry, and then went on:

"Your husband is quite right, Mrs. Bonnor. He was on board. Second class from Aden."

"And he found out all about you, and wanted to lend you money?"

"Can't tell you, Mrs. Bonnor. He didn't say. Anyhow, three days ago it was—Thursday, Friday—— What day of the week is it, Bonnor?"

"Oh, what *can* it matter, Captain Holles? One day last week——"

"One day last week," Holles repeated with protesting docility "a sailor on the main-yard let a paint-pot drop. I was going forward to smoke a pipe, Mrs. Bonnor, and just happened to see it in time to give this fellow a shove; else, you see, it would have come slap on his head. Near thing, rather. It just scraped my back."

"Oh, *that* is why one of Captain Holles's coats has a great splash of yellow paint all down the back," said Mrs. Bonnor. "The washerman showed it to me. But how brave of you, Captain Holles!"

"No time to do nothing, you see, Mrs. Bonnor," said Holles, apologetically. "Very civil the fellow was. Spoke English too. Like a telegram, rather, all the little words left out. Saves a lot of trouble, that." He thought for a moment. "And time."

"Oh, there is *plenty* of time, Captain Holles," said Mrs. Bonnor, sweetly. "Besides, one can save such an *immensity* by keeping to the point."

Bonnor guffawed.

"Don't you mind her, Holles. It's her little way. Sail on."

"That's how I came to know him," Holles went on, undeflected. "So, just as you were going—saying good-bye, you were, to that old Arab swell with the green turban, under the gateway—up he comes. I've a notion he'd been hanging round waiting for a chance. I was just casting my eye over the horse again, you see. And he says——"

Holles paused with "unpremeditated art," and delicately adjusted some green chutney to a mouthful he was preparing.

"Well, Captain Holles! 'And he says——'" said Mrs. Bonnor.

"Oh! ah!" said Holles, opening his blue eyes in unaffected surprise. "Didn't know you were in a *hurry*, Mrs. Bonnor. Thought you said there was lots of time. So he says, 'Master save life. I give master straight tip. No buy. No good that horse.' 'Good enough for me, I dare say,' I said. I didn't take much notice. Thought it might be the custom of the country. Well, I can't understand it, Mrs. Bonnor, but the fellow put himself in my way as I was crossing over to tell Mr. What's-his-name I'd take the horse, and looked me straight in the face. 'Master no buy,' he said again. Just those words. Well, I *didn't*."

"Just for that?"

"Sounds idiotic, doesn't it, Mrs. Bonnor? While he was speaking I got all at once an odd sort of—— Well, I felt ever so queer, you know. It was gone in a moment. But the horse was gone too."

"Who got him?" asked Bonnor.

"I won't have you interrupt, Harry," said Mrs. Bonnor. "I want Captain Holles to tell me all about it. What did you feel like, Captain Holles? Did the man *mesmerise* you?"

"Mesmerise me!" said Holles, laughing. "No. It had nothing to do with him. It was like——"

He stopped, trying to reconstruct from the impression left upon the sensorium the vanished idea that had produced it.

"Well—I fancy it was a smell."

"A smell!"

"Oh, a bad smell, Mrs. Bonnor, awfully bad. It seems to me that I had a notion that it wasn't a common bad smell. As if it came from some fiendish sort of vivisecting business. And when I said, 'Nice horse, Mr. Ab—Absalom?—'"

"Abdool."

"'— Mr. Abdool, but doesn't exactly suit me,' I got out of it, you see. Seemed as if I knew that was the way out of it."

"Out of the smell?" asked Mrs. Bonnor, rather bewildered.

Holles passed his hand over his forehead.

"I suppose so. Seemed all right, Mrs. Bonnor, just the moment I was telling you. But the two things don't seem to have anything to do with one another."

Bonnor had been looking at his guest with quiet scrutiny. He went on with his breakfast as if satisfied.

"Well, what is it, Harry?" asked Mrs. Bonnor.

"Nothing, as it happens. It is three hours ago, and he is all right. But an unaccountable smell like that, which nobody else perceives, sometimes comes just before the most fulminating form of cholera. I have no doubt, Holles, that you happened to be standing over a jet of sewer gas. No one knows where all the old drains run. Asphyxia wasn't far off, I take it. You shook it off by the effort of speaking and moving. Of course there was no connection between what you were feeling and what you said, except that a man in sudden physical distress nine times out of ten will do what he's told. The man's speaking to you at that moment was a coincidence—Well, and who did get the horse?"

"I'll tell you. You nodded to an Englishman who came in just as we had him out. Nice-looking fellow."

"Wybrow, you mean. Native cavalry."

"He made a sign to Mr. Abdool that he'd buy, the moment the words were out of my mouth. And quite right too. But as I came out, after looking at another nag or two I thought might do me, there he was in deep collogue with my friend of the paint-pot. Well, I don't know, I thought it looked like a plant."

"That is the Captain Wybrow who races so much," said Mrs. Bonnor, eagerly; "isn't it, Harry?"

"That is the man."

"Oh, then there is *no* doubt. Poor Captain Holles! You see, the

came to know somehow that Harry had got you the refusal for this one morning. So then they laid a plan. Oh, what a shame! That horrible racing makes people capable of anything."

The cool radiance of Mrs. Bonnor's breakfast-table was heightened by a little centrepiece in frosted silver. It was vase-shaped, and looked suspiciously like a bit of racing plate. Holles indicated it composedly.

"Oh, that was under a former dispensation. I keep it under his eyes to remind him of all he owes me," said Mrs. Bonnor, laughing unabashed.

"I don't know if you've yet had occasion to observe, Holles," said Bonnor, with the ostentatious contempt for female intelligence with which men console their servitude, "that there is a wide zone of contingency absolutely non-existent to the mind of a woman. They recognise the obvious, and they are quite alive to what balances on the brink of the impossible. But ordinary probabilities are beneath their notice. Fancy a jury of women!"

The two men laughed. Mrs. Bonnor smiled.

"Now, you'll think it odd, I dare say," he went on, leaving off what his wife called "blowing," and falling into the key of temperate discussion, "but *I* believe you were wise. We'll put the sewer gas out of the question for the moment, and say merely that you took this fellow's advice. Of course, fifteen hundred rupees isn't a very serious sum to you, and the horse is worth three times the money, supposing him to be all right. We haven't had one of that class in India for the last ten years. They only get into the market by some extraordinary fluke. But, as I told you, I knew there was something queer about the business. Old Abdool put it on the owner's being under a necessity of getting off with his coin by a boat that leaves to-day——"

"I've a sort of notion," said Holles, "from a word I caught, that something under a blanket on the platform under the gateway represented the owner. After you went, it put out a head. I don't fancy he'll handle that money."

"Why not?" asked Mrs. Bonnor.

"Well, he didn't look healthy, somehow. His face was the colour of putty, and his eyes—— I don't know anything about fever in these parts, Bonnor, but I should *say* that fellow was dead by now."

"Illness may have been the reason of his wanting to be off. But I rather suspect something else, and your friend—Ghulam Mohamed, his name is—may have come to know of it. I have had a good deal

to do with Mussulmans in my time, and I fancy I have a fair idea of their limitations for good or bad. They are savage devils when their blood is up, no doubt. But I don't believe the biggest scoundrel among them all would be capable of swindling you on the strength of your having saved his life. Depravation like that comes with higher civilisation. No. Some natives believe that there are combinations of marks in a horse which carry fatal ill-luck. I doubt Mr. Ghulam's being quite unsophisticated enough for that. But he may possibly have learnt that there was melanosis in the breed or a tendency to barsati."[1]

"Pretty easy to say so," said Holles.

"But what could he have wanted with Captain Wybrow?" said Mrs. Bonnor. "It seems to me as clear as——"

"As one side of anything commonly does, my dear. But the thing is simple. Wybrow and that partner of his, Major Sykes, have about fourteen hundred rupees a month between the pair of them. They keep half a dozen horses for racing, besides chargers and hacks and polo-ponies. They may make it pay—I don't say they don't. But don't fancy they can haul out fifteen hundred rupees in hard cash just for the trouble of putting their hands in their pockets. Wybrow was negotiating a loan."

"Well," said Holles, "I shall follow the fortunes of that nag with a lot of interest. According to you, something bad ought to happen to him within—— How long shall we give him, Mrs. Bonnor?"

"Wait till the rains are gone, at any rate," said Bonnor.

"He is young, Mrs. Bonnor," said Holles, laughing, "and his views of human nature are cheerful. Anyway, I am not likely to forget that grey horse in a hurry. I never saw a good Arab before, and I'm no judge of their racing points. But, to look at, he was a pearl. If you had seen him, Mrs. Bonnor, your husband would have had to buy him for you, young ravens at home or no. Such a horse for a lady *I* never saw."

"Whom did you see up on him, Captain Holles?" asked Mrs. Bonnor, innocently.

"Some black fellow or other, Mrs. Bonnor."

"No, no. I don't mean that. No man ever yet said, 'What a horse for a lady!' in the abstract. They always conjure up a Miss Jones smiling down upon them. Isn't that true? Come."

"Oh, Mrs. Bonnor!" said Holles, with slow expostulation. "And

[1] In "barsati" (rain sickness) a horse becomes a mass of ulcers. No one can say beforehand what Arab may or may not be affected in this way by the climate of India.

I hardly know a creature in the country yet! You don't suppose my imagination is strong enough on the wing to go back all the way home and import a young woman!"

"Ah! it was somebody on board," said Mrs. Bonnor, with rapid inference. "There was Mrs. Hankey and Lady Strachan, with a daughter they say is pretty, and that charming little Mrs. Calder, and—— Did you make acquaintance with any of them?"

"Oh yes, Mrs. Bonnor. Awfully nice little woman, Mrs. Calder."

"Anyone else?"

Holles apparently consulted his memory with conscientious exactitude.

"Nobody in particular, I think. Of course I knew half the ship just to say good-morning to."

"Not Miss Cave?"

"Fancy my forgetting! Why, you know her too, Mrs. Bonnor, don't you?"

"I know her very well," said Mrs. Bonnor, drily. "Her father will be our Commissioner when we get the Jehanpoor collectorate, and then I hope she will be a great deal with us. She has lost her mother, you know. And she is coming to our camp at Christmas. That is an old promise. So, as you are coming too, I am glad you made friends."

"Oh, we didn't make *friends* exactly," said Holles, with unnecessary scrupulosity. "Only, as she said she knew you——"

"I want to show you the Jul, Holles," said Bonnor, who had been inspecting the contents of a cheroot-case while his guest was being heckled. "Best snipe- and duck-shooting on this side. If we——"

"If you go on talking like this, Harry," said Mrs. Bonnor with decision, "*one* thing is obvious even to *my* limited perception. You will be half an hour late at your office. Of course, when he is late like this, Captain Holles, he ought to work harder and be ready for me when I call for him in the evening. Well, he doesn't. This half-hour will have to come out of my drive. Do please be off, both of you."

II.

Holles managed to run up more than once in the course of the next few months and pay the Bonnors a visit in their new quarters at Jehanpoor. It was a journey of five hundred miles, and he could only get away for a week at a time. But he liked the Bonnors

besides, as he only intended to stay in India for a year or so, he told himself that it was a sort of duty to get about. Most people under such circumstances go and see the Taj. It is a matter of taste.

On his way up for Christmas he had to stop for two or three days in Malsein. Standing at the door of a gunmaker's shop in final exhortation to promptitude in the despatch of cartridges to Bonnor's camp, his eye fell upon the name on a sign on the other side of the street—"Ghulam Mohamed, Tailor."

A letter in his breast-pocket gave a malicious rustle. He winced.

"But if I do manage" (so Mrs. Bonnor wrote) "to get Somebody an opportunity, I trust no one, tailor or otherwise, will disturb Somebody's resolution with 'Master no speak.' 'Shillyshally is for us that be women. 'Tis despisable in a man.' So says Charles Reade."

He stood still, then walked across the street with sudden resolution.

"Now Wybrow is dead, poor devil, this chap has no reason for holding his tongue. I'll go in and order something—a shikar jacket. Then we'll see."

The proprietor of the shop salaamed as to a chance customer. It was the same man. But Holles preferred that recognition should come from the other side.

"I want a shikar coat. Cotton cloth, dyed brown. That in your line?"

"I show master."

Holles felt the sudden revival of forgotten surprise at the dead blackness of the eyes, in which eyeball and pupil were hardly distinguishable. The voice too, low and vibrating, came back to him with a curious sense of old familiarity.

"This Major Graham's dye," the man said, producing a roll of coarse cloth. "He keep secret from all till go home, then give Ghulam. This cloth wove by weaver of Puttun. One thousand year they weave cloth, since Mahmood Ghuznavi break their sword. Master wear ten years, then give shikari. I take measure of master."

Holles took off his coat.

"Captain Holles, 12th Dragoons" (to someone squatted with book and pencil in the background of the shop). "Where I send for master?"

"You remember my name, do you?"

"I say master's name in prayer many time since he give me push," said Ghulam Mohamed, showing his white teeth. "Such thing not happen every day, then how I forget?"

There was something cordial about the man. Besides, it seemed grotesquely childish to be angry with him. With his brocade skull-cap, loose silk trousers, and varnished shoes, he reminded Holles of a smart masculine doll. His black beard and the shiny alpaca coat, which he filled without a wrinkle, added to the smug brilliancy of his plump person. Serious indignation was impossible.

"Well, I haven't forgotten your advice about Sir John. What is the last thing he won? The Khooshbund Welter?"

"Ah, he win much," said Ghulam, calling his measurements as he took them. "Good horse. But no good for master."

"I'll be hanged if I know why. If he'd win for another man he'd win for me, I take it."

"Master great money-man, no want money." There was something pleasantly cajoling in the voice. Then, changing the conversation, "Captain Wybrow die cholera."

"That stable did uncommonly well with Sir John. You're pretty much in the secret, I take it, Mr. Ghulam."

"No good now, that stable, since Captain Wybrow die. Smash up. Sir John sold up-country. Major Sykes come bad grief. Few days court of inquiry. By-and-by court-martial. Then he go Khooshbund Jail."

"And pray how do you come to know all this, Mr. Ghulam?"

"Many things come Ghulam. Same way fleas come dog."

"Well, I wish you'd tell me honestly why you prevented my buying that horse," said Holles, putting on his coat. "It can't make any odds to you now. I have a curiosity to know."

"Master not know native man. I save master much trouble."

Holles felt a genuine desire to be angry. But the anger would not come.

"The trouble of spending ten thousand rupees, eh? He's won that, in stakes."

"Master make fun. What ten thousand rupees to master? He marry Commissioner's daughter, not stay this dam country, go home to big house with beautiful mem sahib. By-and-by plenty boys. Member Parliament. All because of poor Ghulam Mohamed."

To find unexpectedly that one has been living under telescopic observation generally provokes a tingling rush of wrathful blood. But the goodwill in the man's tone would have disarmed a dragon. Holles laughed.

"Looking me up, Mr. Ghulam, eh? Not much to be got out of that job."

"What can do if not know?" said Ghulam Mohamed, depre-

catingly. "Keep all here," touching his forehead. "Then if sahib come borrow money, I ready. All sahib in service, I know what he do."

"The deuce you do!" said Holles, propping himself against the counter. "Rather a large order that, isn't it?"

"Master try," said Ghulam, smiling.

Holles's belief in the man's dishonesty was as strong as ever. But it was merely formal. He felt exactly the same willingness to be amused as an old customer does on taking his seat before the glass in a hairdresser's shop. The expectant tone in which the challenge was uttered somehow compelled reply. He tossed down the first name that rose to his lips. Years after it occurred to him that a card is sometimes forced.

"Colonel Aggett."

For a moment Ghulam was silent. Holles looked at him and saw that he was making some sort of effort. His eyes seemed concave, as if his introspection were actually visual. The strained look passed as he began to speak—to read rather—for his utterance had the glib fluency of a person before an open ledger.

"Aggett. Horace Smythe. First regiment, 10th N.I. Then A.D.C. Sir Charles Weldon. Play poker. Too well play. Go back regiment. By-and-by much debt. Marry four-anna woman, shopkeeper daughter, Malsein. So pay debt one time. Transfer 15th N.I. Clever man, all language speak, get paymaster. After year, two year, money wrong. He say, 'My wife steal.' So wife go home England double quick. No one speak more of wife. But lose appointment. After four year he go home. Say for get divorce. No get. By-and-by come out same ship with Governor sahib. Carry baba, call steward when Lady Mertoun want! So he get bazaar-master Khanumabad.

"Now he live good deal on cavalry officer fresh out. Go partner racing. If win, get big share for trouble he take; if lose, poor man, mercy have. Pay 950, cuttings 800. I not lend one four-anna bit. Preserve-meat tin stink badly, then how you buy?

"I not tell every gentleman," he went on, as if reading Holles's thought. "Every gentleman not go under paint-pot for Ghulam. Keep all in head same like ghee in pot. You want, then take off top, quick. Let stay open, all spoil. Now I shut close till master want again. This time tell, for make master fun. That time no tell, for save master trouble. I send master's coat good time. Master keep kindness upon Ghulam."

Holles went out perplexed. Was this a second warning? He

and Aggett had been partners in some station racing, and were now thinking of trying their luck on a larger scale at the coming Malsein meeting. Indeed, his own present business in the place was connected with this intention. He knew little or nothing of him beyond the circumstances under which they had made acquaintance, but disregarded hints came back to his memory.

As to Ghulam's conduct in the matter of Sir John, he had received no explanation whatever.

"The fact is," he said at last to himself, after threshing out pros and cons with a vigorous application of common sense, "Mr. Ghulam is a man of business. There is no doubt at all that he was standing in with Wybrow and Sykes. They had a very good thing among 'em, and were not going to let me cut them out of it without a try. That is human nature. But he isn't a bad fellow, and is ready enough to do me a good turn on the cheap. Queer thing I should have mentioned Aggett. It's a shady way of getting information about a man. All the same, I'll keep my eyes open."

III.

There is wild confusion on the little platform of the Sidhwan Road Station as the train moves off. The sun will not be up for another ten minutes, and a cold white mist lies low on the empty plain. Mrs. Bonnor and her friends stand beside the *mundus muliebris* disgorged from the cosy carriage they have just vacated, like a group of angels contemplating chaos. Bags, sunshades, wraps of all sorts and colours, in bundles or loose, a couple of ayahs blue with cold, a Persian cat mewing vigorously from her basket, a parrot swearing loudly at being deprived of her natural rest—all these form an insignificant fraction of the impedimenta to be collected, carted, and transported half a dozen miles before normal comfort can be regained. Shuddering servants higher up the platform are counting portmanteaus, their heads tied up in a manner suggestive of epidemic toothache. It is very cold.

But Bonnor is in attendance to welcome his wife and a first instalment of his Christmas guests, ruddy from a sharp ride, and russet-clad like a genial October. Holles, who has got out of a smoking-carriage, stands calm as ever behind Mrs. Bonnor, or, to speak more correctly, behind a lady at her side whose riding-habit is disguised in a long, straight ulster. Mrs. Bonnor, cold as she is, and distracted by the innumerable cares of hospitality with a firm conviction that her dress-basket has not be doubts as to

the arrangements awaiting her party in camp, has still time to notice a certain radiant content about Miss Cave, and determines on the spot that no time is like the present.

"*Now*, my dear," says Bonnor, with the air of an order-evolving deity, "all you and Mrs. Fenwick and Miss Cowan have to do is to *get* into the tonga with one bag apiece. All these things will come on. Miss Cave and Holles and I will canter on as soon as you are started, and you will find tea ready when you come in. Everything perfectly right. *Capital* camp."

"I will *not* sit behind those ponies with a native driving, Harry," says Mrs. Bonnor, resolvedly. "You know yourself that Mumbo jibs. And Jumbo will lie down in the first bit of sand we come to. It isn't that I care myself, but I am answerable for Mrs. Fenwick. You must drive yourself. You won't mind, will you, Helen dear?" (to Miss Cave). "It is really a case of necessity."

Miss Cave indicates with a smile that she is not to be considered.

"But Holles doesn't know the road, my dear."

"Nonsense. They can follow us, can't they?"

"And be smothered in dust," Bonnor was beginning, when he suddenly became aware that his wife was the object of acute pity on the part of the two ladies who were to be her companions in peril.

"Oh, it's all right, Mrs. Bonnor," said Holles, with *sang froid* that did him credit. He was deeply grateful for the kindly push that precipitated the inevitable plunge. And yet the "Oh, 'tis sudden!" of poor Claudio would have expressed his immediate feeling. "The country looks ridable enough. Only give us a point, Bonnor."

"Of course, of course," said Bonnor, his opposition collapsing with an unnatural suddenness that made his wife long to box his ears. "No losing your way as long as you keep your eye on that tree. It's the only tree within twenty miles, so you can't make a mistake. When you're there you'll see the tents, or the temple they're building over the village close by. It's all the same thing. But you must keep the water on your right for three or four miles before you turn straight to it. We shall be in before you are."

. . . . . .

"Never saw a place like this before, did you, Miss Cave?" said Holles, as they jogged along twenty minutes later, in the intimacy of dual solitude. "Looms like a sea, all that stretch of rushes, doesn't it?"

"Oh, look at those birds!" said Miss Cave.

From the foot of the low sand wave they had just topped, the wilderness of reedy marsh began, gapped here and there by plashy

pools dotted with wildfowl. Their sudden appearance disturbed a flock of demoiselle cranes, a thousand or so, who rose clangorous and wheeled upwards into the blue in stately gyration. The lower air buzzed with the quick beating of the wings of teal and mallard their uprisal had alarmed. As far as you could see, pale reeds and wan water stretched chill and cheerless to a misty horizon.

"Antediluvian sort of a place," said Holles, at a loss for a descriptive epithet. "No going wrong about duck-shooting here, at any rate. You don't do anything in that way yourself, do you, Miss Cave?"

"I don't see exactly why I shouldn't. But I don't."

"Theory is that we slay and you cook. A cooking-man is rather a degraded creature. So——"

"Diana shot things," said Miss Cave.

"Just to keep her hand in for man. Like Mrs. D'Everard."

"She does everything so *very* well. That justifies her shooting, if it needs justification. The Governor says she rides much better than anyone on his staff."

"She doesn't ride better than you, Miss Cave."

"I am fond of horses, and they are very nice to me, dear things!" said the girl, laughing and patting the neck of her mount.

"Hardly worth your attention, Miss Cave," said Holles, looking at the estimable but ragged old waler-of-all-work that had been sent for her.

"Poor old thing! For a moment, perhaps, it gives him the illusion of youth and beauty. But Australians are not so companionable as Arabs, certainly."

"Set 'em to mind the babies where they're at home, they say. A good Arab always looks as if he'd go to sleep in your lap, like a cat."

Miss Cave laughed and settled herself a little lower in her saddle, as if enjoying the prospect of a chat on a favourite subject.

"Yes, I think they are something like that. Since I saw you last, Captain Holles, my standard of horses has gone up. I have had a ride—just one—on an ideal Arab. I was at Khooshbund in the rains, and poor Captain Wybrow let me give Sir John his gallop."

"Sir John!" said Holles, with a twinge of sharp regret. "Ah! Pulled a good bit, I suppose. A horse in training isn't generally exactly pleasant to ride."

"Oh, this exquisite creature's temper put him far above all that. Captain Wybrow said I must feel him go, and let out the horse he was riding beside me. I declare the darling asked my leave before he even quickened his stride. And then, when we

were slipping away in front *ever* so easily, and I saw the other horse's head dropping back past our girths (he was doing his *bitter* best, poor thing, I could see it in his eyes), Sir John gave a little, little laugh, just between him and me, and let me rein him up like a kitten."

"Never heard of a horse laughing before, Miss Cave."

"He did," said Miss Cave. "I am a thought-reader and *know*. And he knew what I thought about him too; and when I stood beside him afterwards he laid his dear, soft nose against my cheek. I should like to have given the *whole* of my allowance for the rest of my life, and kept him for my *very* own. But there was Major Sykes to be consulted too," she ended, laughing.

"Poor Wybrow!" said Holles, with a touch of sympathy too genuine to be choked by jealousy. "He knew you would have liked the horse, and he *couldn't* give him to you."

"Oh, you don't know, perhaps. He was my poor mother's step-brother. People don't make presents of that sort to their *nieces*. And I was only laughing, of course. Still, I *did* feel a pang when I heard Major Sykes had sold Sir John to some racing-man in the North-west. I shall always remember him. Have people equine affinities, I wonder?"

Perhaps a softness in the girl's eyes gave Holles encouragement. He nerved himself for the plunge.

"I wish you *were* a thought-reader, Miss Cave."

"Why?" she said, her face averted.

"Because I'm awfully bad at speaking. And if you could te what I think about you—it's ever since the first day I saw you o board the *Magnolia—perhaps* you would come to think you co care for me. Couldn't you—*try*?"

She grew rather pale.

"I could try. But if I didn't succeed?"

"You would tell me," said Holles, a little rebuffed at the c templation of such a possibility.

"Do you feel *quite* sure I should? You know you are very ri Many people might say——"

"I don't think about it at all," said Holles. The plunge had taken his breath away, but he was already beginning to feel strangely at home in his new element. "If you'll only promise to *try*—if loving you will do it, Helen——"

"I feel as if I were going to get a very pleasant Christmas under false colours," she said, laughing low without fear of being misunderstood. "I *ought* to go home again, I think. But——"

"That is awfully good of you," said Holles, seizing on the "but" as a pledge. "May I tell the Bonnors?"

"That we are not engaged? That is all you may tell them."

"That is *something*. I want the right of monopolising you—a little, you know."

"I like you very much," she said, with an honest blush, "only I don't quite know how much. I won't say it won't be pleasant to me to be with you. Only——"

"Only what?"

"Only" (trying to be very matter of fact) "you are not to—ask—for—— You are to be just what you are now, till—if——"

"All right," said Holles. He was quite master of the situation now. "I promise. Only——"

"Only what?" said Miss Cave, perceiving she was parodied.

"Only, if I am not to ask, how am I to know? You will have to tell me—— Where on earth are we?"

There was the tree within a mile, but cut off by an arm of the marsh. It curved back on the left, so that there was nothing for it but to go back. They had got into a deep loop. Holles was apologetic.

"You did not reckon upon monopolising me quite so soon," said Miss Cave. "Never mind. I like a long ride, and all these birds and things are delightful. But now you must please forget all we have been talking about. See what it has brought us to already!"

After that it was all very amusing. Miss Cave insisted upon their making a short cut to the point at which they had turned. So, of course, they got into the tail of a tank and floundered about for half an hour, putting up scores of snipe and just escaping the charge of a herd of half-wild buffaloes. Then she solemnly abdicated, and invested her escort with the sole responsibility of their proceedings. Altogether it was past eleven before they reached the tree. Miss Cave had, apparently, enjoyed the whole thing with the insouciance of a baby in a daisy field, and Holles was obliged to follow suit. Everything serious was under a ban. They cantered gaily up a little slope, and found themselves in the shadow of the great banyan.

For eighty feet it towered aloft, myriads of thick, glossy leaves embowering the vast cavity round the welded trunk. The solitude was complete; the cattle that by night herded under the green roof were away at feed; even the tiny shrine that stood half embedded in the columnar droppers was deserted by its votary. Nothing broke the noontide stillness but the twitter and rustle of birds, too high in the

dense leafage to notice the new-comers. After the burning glare outside it was like entering a church—still, cool, and dark.

They were both silent for a moment. Then Holles said, almost in a whisper:

"I'm afraid you've been feeling the sun. Would you like to stay here while I go and bring the tonga for you and an umbrella? It isn't a couple of miles."

"No, thanks. It is lovely here, and I should like to stay for ever. How the tents are lifted by the mirage! And the temple seems hung in the blue above them. But we shall be in in ten minutes. Would you mind taking up my girth a little?"

"You weren't frightened when we got lost?" asked Holles in the same low tone, busying himself with the buckles. "I was awfully nervous about you. You didn't mind? Really?"

She was rather tired. It was an agitating experience, and she had not let him see that she felt it more than he did. He was very close to her, and they were quite alone. She felt a strange shyness that was new to her. Words would not come.

He looked up and saw the sweet eyes full of tears.

"Dear, could you tell me, *now*?"

She let her head droop a little towards his.

. . . . . .

The first thing Holles saw when he got into his tent was a letter marked "Immediate." He opened it without any particular interest. Then he saw it was from Colonel Aggett.

"Glegg's Hotel, Malsein, Dec. 22.

"My dear Holles,—If you care about getting the best horse in India, bar none, for half his value, now is the time. On getting back here after seeing you I found that Mellish had arrived from Agra, *viâ* Jehanpoor. Poor devil! he is dying of liver, and his one chance is to be off by the mail of the 26th. Perhaps you don't know that he is the owner of Sir John. Riddell, who bought him from Sykes, was one of the Nynee Tal victims. He brought the horse down with him to Jehanpoor, with a notion that Creyke would jump at him. Creyke being away after dacoits, Heaven knows where, he finds himself in a hole. He will take Rs. 4,000. If you could get into Jehanpoor on the 24th, a wire from you to Greyleigh's would settle the matter. The horse is now with Fawcett, R.A., who, on getting a telegram from Mellish, would hand him over to you at once.

"From all I hear, I should be inclined to believe that no one has an idea yet of what Sir John can do. Ever yours,

"H. S. Aggett."

"Providence!" said Holles. "Providence, Providence! If that dear little soul hadn't caved in, it would have looked like a bribe. The deuce is in it if I haven't a right to give her the horse now 'for her very own,' the darling." He took a train-card out of his pocket-book. "Night mail stops at Chalisgam at 5 A.M. It can't be more than thirty miles across country. Jehanpoor, 9.30. Settle the whole thing and bring him down to Sidhwan by the evening train. What is it? Six-thirty. We should be in here by midnight, and she would find him ready for her on Christmas morning—Santa Claus, and that sort of thing."

His thoughts went back to the morning.

"What a pitiable funk I was in! Fancy my being afraid of Helen, Helen, Helen! Did I use to call her Miss Cave? Former state of being, all that. Sandy desert, life was! 'A green isle in the sea, love, a fountain and a shrine!' Who says that? Fancy getting a new start alongside of a sinless creature like that, who believes in you, bless her silly little soul! I wonder if Ghulam Mohamed has the gift of prophecy as well as private inquiry. What was it? Lots of boys—— No, my imagination won't run to boys. I could fancy her with *one* little girl. We'll take Sir John home with us, hanged if we won't, and drive his great-grandchildren. England will be a bit of a change for him."

The word gave his thoughts a new direction.

"Change! He's had a fair lot of it in the last nine months! What the devil did that fellow mean, I wonder? Temper seems all right, by all accounts. I'll ride him myself through the bazaars at Jehanpoor, show him an elephant, if there's one in the place, and get a notion of his manners all round before I put Her on him. I wish I'd taken that blessed tailoring chap by the throat and throttled it out of him, whatever it was. But he was so beastly civil. All that about barsati was rot. Bonnor will own up now. Here he comes! Hillo, Bonnor! Happy? I should just think I was! Look here, old man, I must get over to Chalisgam to-night, somehow."

IV.

Nothing shows the impatience of uniformity in the Anglo-Saxon haracter more than the diversity of modes in which Christmas Day s observed in different Christmas camps. Here it is Sunday pure nd simple, *plus* the traditional viands. There it is ing and mince-pie that distinguish it from a

the Bonnors' a compromise had been struck. There was good snipe ground within three miles. By favour of special indulgence issued by Mrs. Bonnor, who represented orthodox practice, the men were allowed to have a bit of shooting in the morning, while the ladies looked on as long as they could, and then rode home, put on their Sunday bonnets, and were ready for service at 11 sharp, by which time the shooters would be back. Breakfast after church, then *fays ce que voudras* till afternoon tea and Badminton brought everybody together again.

This arrangement implied an early start, so early, indeed, that when Miss Cave came out in her little pale grey district riding-habit, with a white helmet swinging on her arm, and looked round in expectation of confronting rather a crowd of early tea-ers, she found nobody, no even the crumbs that had fallen from their tables. All traces of earlier occupation had been removed, and nothing was to be seen in the shadow of the great dining-tent but a couple of basket chairs and a tiny tea-table set out for two, upon which lay a note which seemed to cause Miss Cave infinitely more confusion than its diminutive size would have led you to suppose.

She looked towards her own quarters in the ladies' wing of the great encampment, but gave up the idea of retreat in that direction. Then she glanced into the vast vacuity of the big tent, under the door awning of which she was standing. No; a morning greeting in there would be even more embarrassing than outside. So she put on her helmet by way of disguising her sweet rosy colour, and stood her ground as composedly as she might.

"Merry Christmas!" said Holles, coming up quite unembarrassed. "What, you won't wish me one!" as she seemed to have forgotten to speak.

"Oh, I wished you that quite early," she said at last, regaining a little hand that perhaps felt rather crumpled. "You did not get in till after midnight. But I heard you ride in," blushing and smiling with a shy, delicious sense of his pleasure at the confession.

"You ought to have been asleep for hours, Miss," says Holles severely. "You did go to sleep then, I hope."

"Directly. That minute. I just said, 'Thank God for bringing'—for bringing you back safe, you know, and then I was asleep. Mrs. Bonnor said you would be so tired with your mysterious journey that you wouldn't be up till quite late. She didn't tell me she meant to go out as early as this with everybody" (looking up with another blush); "and then when I came out all I found was a note to say was to take care of you."

"Bless her!" says Holles. "There is a mounted policeman to ıke us on to where they have all gone. Where did you go esterday?"

"Oh, nowhere. Only just in the evening, before everybody came ı, I walked with her to the top of the little hill where they are uilding the temple, and saw the sun set over the marsh. It looked, h, so melancholy, as if everything one cared for was sinking into ıat dreadful waste, and nothing but desolation was left. And then ıe mist grew and grew like a white pall. And you were away, and was—frightened. It was so silly. I am not like that generally, ou know," apologetically. "But I *was* so glad to hear you come ı."

"Child, child!" says Holles, contritely. "To think you should ain yourself like that about a brute like me! I'm not worth it, lear."

"You are worth everything, everything, *everything* to me," she ays in the lowest of possible whispers. Then she offers him in ıantomime another cup of tea, her voice not being quite up to the ıtterance of the important question.

"No, thanks. And now we'll start. Bring the horses" (to the servants). "We have another mount for you to-day, Helen."

The two stand together under the awning. He lays his hand upon her shoulder, and she lets herself sway half an inch towards him, smiling. What is it to her what she rides, if she rides with him? Then the horses come round.

She looks at the grey with the side-saddle with half-careless interest. Then a look comes over her face that has never been there before, and she raises her eyes to his. It is miraculous; but all miracles pale before the great miracle of the love that has come into ıer heart. She lets herself be put up without a word.

Sir John moves off buoyant, playing lightly with his bit, and tepping delicately with the self-consciousness inherited from a ıundred admired progenitors. The girl in the saddle feels it a duty o make her pride match his. She sits slim, poised, erect, borne by he elastic force beneath her like a seabird on a dancing wave, :xulting all through in the doubled loveliness that is His. "Life ıiled on life" could never produce a moment to cast that into :clipse.

The guide in front strikes into a canter as they turn down the little village street. In front is a cart drawn by a couple of oxen, oiling up the ascent with a load of spars—scaffolding for the upper ourses of the spire. One end of the longest of all is between the

heads of the cattle, the other projects high aloft, some twenty feet beyond the tail of the cart.

There is space to pass. The outrider canters by without drawing rein. Holles falls a little behind to give his companion plenty of room.

It was one of those things against which no forethought can guard. A few wild hog haunt the borders of the marsh. They were on the move, disturbed by the shooting. A wild boar, once out of his country, will go anywhere. A grey old tusker comes lumbering in his heavy gallop over the hill, past the temple and its busy workmen, right across the street the cart is ascending. The slow bullocks hurl themselves on one side, active for the moment as stags in the extremity of their panic. The spar is whirled round like the spoke of a capstan when a cable parts.

Miss Cave had glanced back with a smile to acknowledge her lover's care for her. There was a horrible crash. The horse canters on alone, hardly scared.

In five minutes all was over—"Ses dix-huit ans, hélas ! et son doux rêve."

V.

"Come out of this beastly place somewhere, can't you? I want to speak to you," said Holles three weeks later, cutting short Ghulam Mohamed's respectful demonstrations of welcome with unrestrainable irritation.

"Master come in Circus," said Ghulam, eager in compliance. "Circus close by. No man there this time. I take where wind not come. This wind bad for master."

An arid north-easter was sweeping angry dust along the streets of Malsein, curdling the very blood of the half-naked coolies who cowered behind the angles of the houses, seeking shelter from the numbing cold. The hard glare of the sun did not warm ; it only sent chill shivers over the shrinking skin. As they left the shop Holles shuddered. The wind seemed to blow through him. He had not been ill ; he had not broken down. Only the delight in existence that bids defiance to externals was dead.

They turned down a passage and came out between two piles of stately buildings—segments of a circle enclosing a public garden. It was arcaded, and offered a choice of shelter. Only a stray native clerk hurried along here and there, or a couple of coolies struggled

with a bale at the entrance of one of the warehouses which formed the ground floor of the palatial offices overhead. Commercial Malsein was at its desk.

When the two had reached a quarter screened from the active malignity of the wind, Ghulam Mohamed turned to his companion with the soothing tone a nurse uses to a sick child:

"Master go home in same ship he come. When not see light-house all this ten months same like dream."

"Dream!" said Holles, with a sharp barking laugh. Then, imperiously, "I want to know how you knew that horse was going to drag me into hell."

"Master say 'Tell,' then I tell. But master no believe. Sahib Logue all one like. What hand touch, that believe.

"I born Aden. Father Borah in camp. I know Arab language all same Arab. One month before I see master I go Aden. There I hear Arab man talk, tell story. He Riad man, long way up country. People there not civilise—bloody people. What he tell? This way. One sheikh of tribe that live in tent in desert, poor-man tribe, have mare, good mare, caste A1. By-and-by colt. Colt so good all man call on name of prophet when see him. King hear, send for sheikh, much money give for colt. 'No,' he say; 'I not give.' King say, 'Your father not pay my tax.' Take colt. Poor man helpless, go away. After one month steal colt back. King send soldier, catch, put on stick. Three days he live."

"Put on stick?"

"Stick through body, stick fix in ground. All time he live, he curse. Master not know Arab language. Englishman swear—nothing. Native Indian swear—nothing. Arab first-class language for swear. And this man curse better than other Arab, because he good man, religious man, know Kuran all same Moolah. Body rot; eyes drop same like fat in sun. Still he curse. Tongue black, hang out of mouth. Man no hear, but tongue move till he die. He curse still. He say that horse carry curse. Where he go, that go. What man get that horse, he ruin, die, go to hell. Then he die. Little time, king's brother poison king, get horse. By-and-by mad Arab man kill him in masjid. All people much frighten. Then wicked man he say, 'I take horse, go Malsein, sell Feringhi Kafir.' Then that Arab that tell story laugh; all laugh plenty. Then I come in ship with master. When I go stable, I hear Abdool Rizak talk with Arab man, and I know same horse. So I say master, 'No buy.'"

He stopped. Holles knew the injustice of what he was going to say, but the impotence of his anger drove him to spee

"And why in the name of Satan couldn't you tell me? Why didn't you tell Wybrow?"

"Master laugh if I tell. Wybrow Sahib he say, 'Ghulam Mohamed, you dam fool.' How I know master not change mind if Wybrow Sahib no buy? I lend him eight hundred rupees for buy."

Holles did not speak. The man went on:

"Wybrow Sahib die cholera. Sykes Sahib soon make carpet in Khooshbund Jail. Riddell Sahib under hill in Nynee Tal. Mellish Sahib bury in sea off Perim. Master go home alive. Sick now, well by-and-by. Master give leave, I say wise word of Persian poet—

> "Little bit peach flower blow on wind over garden wall to me.
> I go in peach-tree garden, then I pick flower how many I please.

"So beautiful Missy Sahib come Malsein, all same one little bit flower. Master he go England, then——"

Holles laughed out. A couple of natives passing looked round sharply. It was like the cry of a tortured animal.

"Well, good-bye, Mr. Ghulam," he said, putting out his hand. "You did all you could, and I'm very much obliged to you."

WESSEX PHILOSOPHY.

TO add a new province to literature is no mean achievement, and this Mr. Hardy has done. The easy course for the plain man who commences novelist is to make his tale a tale of one or two cities already known to geography. For greater freedom, he may lay his scene "at the town of —— in Blankshire;" but the streets of that town of happy endings are deep-worn with the feet of earlier generations of novelists. It is a fortunate inspiration which creates "a local habitation and a name" out of the void. The architect of Thrums may well be proud of his achievement. The deviser of Barsetshire, with its pleasant parsonages and its cathedral city, the scene not of one but of several stories, stands—mainly by virtue of that county—almost in step with the greatest novelists of the Victorian age. But to create Wessex was a yet greater task. For Mr. Hardy has not merely given the world a new province: he has peopled it with a race new to literature.

The agricultural labourer has played but the smallest part in fiction. But in Wessex all the population lives by the land. They have the right savour of the soil. It is a land of villages. Of most of these might be said what Mr. Hardy says of Little Hintock; they are "of those sequestered spots outside the gates of the world, where may usually be found more meditation than action, and more listlessness than meditation; where reasoning proceeds on narrow premisses, and results in inferences wildly imaginative." The villagers "belong to that class of society which casts its thoughts into the form of feeling, and its feelings into the form of commotion." Yet it is possible to glean some fragments of philosophy from the felicitous perversions and appropriate absurdities of their conversation.

The two centres of village life are the church and the inn; and round these crystallises the villagers' philosophy. The combined effect of the two institutions is seen in the immortal Mr. Poorgrass.

"'Well, I hope Providence won't be in a way with me for my doings,' said Joseph, again sitting down. 'I've been troubled with weak moments lately, 'tis true. I've been drinky once this month already, and I did not go to church a' Sunday, and I dropped a

curse or two yesterday ; so I don't want to go too far for my safety. Your next world is your next world, and not to be squandered off-hand.'

"'I believe ye to be a chapel-member, Joseph. That I do.'

"'Oh, no, no ! I don't go so far as that.'

"'For my part,' said Coggan, 'I'm staunch Church of England.'

"'Ay, and faith, so be I,' said Mark Clark.

"'I won't say much for myself ; I don't wish to,' Coggan continued, with that tendency to talk on principles which is a characteristic of the barley-corn. 'But I've never changed a single doctrine; I've stuck like a plaster to the old faith I was born in. Yes ; there's this to be said for the Church, a man can belong to the Church and bide in his cheerful old inn, and never trouble or worry his mind about doctrines at all. But to be a meetinger, you must go to chapel in all weathers, and make yerself as frantic as a skit. Not but that chapel-members be clever chaps enough in their way. They can lift up beautiful prayers out of their own heads, all about their families, and shipwracks in the newspaper.'

"'They can—they can,' said Mark Clark, with corroborative feeling ; 'but we Churchmen, you see, must have it all printed aforehand, or, dang it all, we should no more know what to say to a great person like the Lord than babes unborn.'

"'Chapel-folk be more hand-in-glove with them above than we,' said Joseph thoughtfully.

"'Yes,' said Coggan. 'We know well that if anybody goes to heaven, they will. They've worked hard for it, and they deserve to have it, such as 'tis. I'm not such a fool as to pretend that we who stick to the Church have the same chance as they, because we know we have not. But I hate a feller who'll change his old ancient doctrines for the sake of getting to heaven.' "

But the attachment of the peasants to their church does not blind them to the imperfections of their pastors. Mrs. Dewey complains that the new vicar calls at unseasonable hours. Her husband, more tolerant, discusses his sermons :

"'His sermon was well enough, a very excellent sermon enough, only he couldn't put it into words and speak it. That's all was the matter wi' the sermon. He hadn't been able to get it past his pen.'

"'Well, ay, the sermon might be good enough, for, ye see, the sermon of Old Ecclesiastes himself lay in Old Ecclesiastes' inkbottle afore he got it out.' "

Mellstock village, the home of this acute critic, was, in the matter of church attendance, a shining example among the villages of Wessex; a virtue which it owed chiefly to the attractions of the

old-fashioned string choir, which, until Parson Maybold displaced it, exclusively occupied the gallery—a position which commanded a bird's-eye view of human frailty.

"The gallery looked down upon and knew the habits of the nave to its remotest peculiarity, and had an extensive stock of exclusive information about it; whilst the nave knew nothing of the gallery people, as gallery people, beyond their loud-sounding minims and chest notes. Such topics as that the clerk was always chewing tobacco except at the moment of crying Amen; that he had a dusthole in his pew; that during the sermon certain young daughters of the village had left off caring to read anything so mild as the marriage service for some years, and now regularly studied the one which chronologically follows it; that a pair of lovers touched fingers through a knot-hole between their pews in the manner ordained by their great exemplars, Pyramus and Thisbe; that Mrs. Ledlow, the farmer's wife, counted her money and reckoned her week's marketing expenses during the first lesson—all news to those below—were stale subjects here."

From the church to the public-house is a natural transition in the villages. The inn, indeed, has entered into the whole life of the people. In Tess's time even the off-licence had become so accustomed as to lead to a recognised modification of social habits; and it was in the bedroom at Rolliver's that the villagers, who found it too laborious a task to reach the fully-licensed house, "The Pure Drop," assembled—"being a few private friends asked in to-night to keep up club-walking at my own expense." But Tess lived a generation later than the other heroines of Wessex. In earlier times it was only at the inn that the peasants "sought beatitude," and, like John Darbeyfield, endeavoured "to get up their strength." The attempt was excusable before the days of the seven men of Preston, on account of the peculiar potency of the Wessex beverage. In the West cider held sway; but elsewhere the favourite liquor was Casterbridge ale, of which it was said that "anybody brought up for being drunk and disorderly in the streets of its natal borough had only to prove that he was a stranger to the place and its liquor to be honourably dismissed by the magistrates, as one overtaken in a fault that no man could guard against who entered the town unawares." It was doubtless this liquor which was the standard in the county, and inspired the indignation Mr. Spinks felt at watered cider, which unhappily was found to be too common. "'Such poor liquor,' said Mr. Spinks, 'makes a man's throat feel very melancholy, and is a disgrace to the name of stimmilent.'" It must have been

this Casterbridge ale which overcame Mr. Poorgrass upon a memorable occasion. So much was he affected that Gabriel Oak accused him of being as drunk as he could stand:

"'No, Shepherd Oak, no! Listen to reason, shepherd. All that's the matter with me is the affliction called a multiplying eye, and that's how it is I look double to you—I mean you look double to me.'

"'A multiplying eye is a very bad thing,' said Mark Clark.

"'It always comes on when I have been in a public-house a little time,' said Joseph Poorgrass meekly. 'Yes; I see two of every sort, as if I were some holy man living in the times of King Noah and entering into the ark . . . Y-y-y-yes,' he added, becoming much affected by the picture of himself as a person thrown away, and shedding tears; 'I feel too good for England; I ought to have lived in Genesis by rights, like the other men of sacrifice, and then I shouldn't have b-b-been called a d-d-drunkard in such a way!'

"'I wish you'd show yourself a man of spirit, and not sit whining there!'

"'Show myself a man of spirit? . . . Ah, well! let me take the name of drunkard humbly—let me be a man of contrite knees—let it be! I know that I always do say "Please God" afore I do anything, from my getting up to my going down of the same, and I am willing to take as much disgrace as there is in that holy act. Hah, yes! . . . But not a man of spirit? Have I ever allowed the toe of pride to be lifted against my person without groaning manfully that I question the right to do so? I inquire that query boldly!'

"'We can't say that you have, Joseph Poorgrass,' said Jan emphatically.

"'Never have I allowed such treatment to pass unquestioned! Yet the shepherd says in the face of that rich testimony that I am not a man of spirit! Well, let it pass by, and death is a kind friend!'"

The native of Wessex boasted a "very talented constitution," and even Casterbridge ale did not permanently affect him. Very different, indeed, from the morning headache of the town toper was the recollection of that ale, now extinct, lost in the multitude of modern hop-substitutes. "'So I used to eat a lot of salt fish afore going,' said Mr. Coggan once, in recollection of his courtship, 'and then by the time I got there I were as dry as a limekiln—so thorough dry that that ale would slip down—ah, 'twould slip down sweet! Happy times! heavenly times! Such lovely drunks as I used to have at that house.'" Coggan was a connoisseur of intoxication. "'For a

drunk of a really noble class,' he continued, 'that brought you no nearer the dark man than you were afore you begun, there was none like those in Farmer Everdene's kitchen. Not a single damn allowed; no, not a bare poor one, even at the most cheerful moment when all were blindest, though the good old word of sin thrown in here and there at such times is a great relief to a merry soul!'

"'True,' said the maltster. 'Nature requires her swearing at regular times, or she's not herself; and unholy exclamations is a necessity of life.'"

This, doubtless, is the root of the matter; the basis of the whole philosophy of expletives. Yet, even in Wessex, modern squeamishness was invading; so that the policeman in the witness-box reduced the "good old word of sin" to a bare poor initial. Henchard, the Mayor of Casterbridge, found the abbreviation detestable. He exhorted the witness to "out with the word like a man," or leave it out altogether; yet it is to be feared that so must have vanished the point of old conversation as of a modern play. It was a small matter; for the virtue of abstinence from speech—not mere flashes of silence, like Macaulay's—but silence profound and unbroken on all subjects —was deeply appreciated Under the Greenwood Tree.

"'Yes; Geoffry Day is a clever man if ever there was one. Never says anything, not he!'

"'Never.'

"'You might live wi' that man, my sonnies, a hundred years and never know there was anything in him.'

"'Ay; one o' those up-country London inkbottle fellers would call Geoffry a fool.'

"'Ye never find out what's in that man; never. Silent? Ah, he is silent! He can keep silence well. That man's silence is wonderful to listen to!'

"'There's so much sense in it. Every moment of it brimming over with sound understanding.'

"'A can keep a very clever silence—very clever truly,' echoed Leaf. 'A looks at me as if a' could see my thoughts running round like the works of a clock.'

"'Well, all will agree that the man can pause well in conversation, be it a long time or be it a short time.'"

For more enlivening diversions than this Carlylean gospel of nothingness, the Wessex folk turned to dancing, music, and those pageants of still life, those universal occasions for the display of emotions which in less acute forms are ever private—weddings, christenings, and funerals. "'Dancing,' said Mr. Spinks, 'is a most

strengthening, enlivening, and courting movement, especially with a little music added.'" And dance they did ; not your formal square dance or your gliding waltz, nor your stage minuets, but the good, honest, and perfectly interminable country-dance, with many violent bumps and jumps in it, till the "very fiddlers as well as the dancers get red in the face." But in this bemused and bemortalised Arcady dancing is found to be tiring, as well as "enlivening," when the limbs are less young than once they were, and the dancer has experienced that "loss of animal heat" which Mr. Stevenson finds a sufficient explanation of all the cooling emotions of middle age. "'You be bound,' says Fairway, 'to dance at Christmas because 'tis the time o' year ; you must dance at weddings because 'tis the time o' life. At christenings folks will even smuggle in a reel or two, if 'tis no farther than the first or second chiel. And this is not naming the songs you've got to sing . . . For my part, I like a good, hearty funeral as well as anything. You've as splendid victuals and drink as at other parties, and even better. And it don't wear the legs to stumps in talking over a poor fellow's ways as it do to stand up in hornpipes.'"

But it must not be supposed that death begets no more serious thoughts in the labourer. Indeed, the inevitableness of death is far more impressed on his mind than on theirs who in the towns lead a more crowded and ample life. Its tragedy is felt, though unspoken; for the peasant is not apt, as Gabriel Oak said, in making a map of his mind upon his tongue. The pitifulness of some minor incidents of death rings in Mother Cuxsom's lament over the dead Mrs. Henchard. "'Well, poor soul, she's helpless to hinder that or anything now. And all her shining keys will be took from her, and her cupboards opened; and things a' didn't wish seen anybody may see; and her little wishes and ways will all be as nothing!'"

Occasions such as weddings or funerals, however, were rare in Wessex. The one constant and universal pleasure was music—principally in the form of choir performances ; the choir, that is, of stringed instruments, general ere the organ had attained its present equality with the prayer-book as an essential of church worship. But even in the time of Mr. Hardy's Wessex, choirs were in their decline. Their position had been injured by such mishaps as at Christmas-tide befell those choir members who, over-tired by exertions at a dance on the Saturday night, fell in the seclusion of their gallery into deep slumber during the sermon, and, when suddenly roused and called to action, plunged into the rattling tune of "The Devil among the Tailors." A similar mischance befell Father Mathew, who had hired

a barrel-organ which, instead of the desired *Adeste fideles*, produced the strains of "Moll in the Wad." But even barrel-organs assisted to displace the Wessex choirs; and, most of all, the errors of the choristers themselves in introducing clarionets. "'Time was long and merry ago now! when not one of the varmits was to be heard of; but it served some of the choirs right. They should have stuck to strings . . . and keep out clar'nets, and done away with serpents. If you'd thrive in musical religion, stick to strings, says I.'

"'Strings are well enough, as far as that goes,' said Mr. Spinks.

"'There's worse things than serpents,' said Mr. Penny. 'Old things pass away, 'tis true; but a serpent was a good old note: a deep rich note was the serpent.'

"'Clar'nets, however, be bad at all times.'"

The choir practices and carol singing gave to Wessex villages an unwontedly idyllic air. Yet the fever and the fret of all this unintelligible world vexed even these serene moments. Number seventy-eight, "a good tune," was "always a teaser;" but there was always "Old Wiltshire," "the psalm tune," said Henchard, "that would make my blood ebb and flow like the sea when I was a steady chap." And beside these joint achievements there were individual triumphs that dwelt sweetly in the memory of the musicians. Such was the performance of "neighbour Yeobright," remembered long after his death:

"'No sooner was Andry asleep and the first whiff of neighbour Yeobright's wind had got inside Andry's clarinet, than everyone in the church feeled in a moment there was a great soul among 'em. All heads would turn and they'd say, "Ah, I thought 'twas he!" One Sunday I can well mind—a bass viol day that time, and Yeobright had brought his own. 'Twas the Hundred and thirty-third to "Lydia," and when they'd come to "Ran down his beard and o'er his robes its costly moisture shed," neighbour Yeobright, who had just warmed to his work, drove his bow into them strings that glorious grand that he e'en a'most sawed the bass viol into two pieces. Every winder in the church rattled as if 'twere a thunderstorm. Old Passon Gibbons lifted his hands in his great holy surplice, as if he'd been in human clothes, and seemed to say to hisself, '"Oh for such a man in our parish!"'"

Providence, which denied all sense of music to Dean Stanley, and allowed so little to Macaulay that he is only once recorded to have distinguished any one tune from any other, granted to these peasants a fine sensitiveness of ear and voice—and even of jaw. For "'Once,' said Michael Mail, 'I was sitting in the little kitchen of the Three Choughs at Casterbridge having a bit of dinner, and

a brass band struck up in the street. Sich a beautiful band as were! I was sitting eating fried liver and lights, I well can mi ah, I was!—and to save my life I couldn't help chawing to the Band played six-eight time; six-eight chaws I, willynilly. plays common; common time went my teeth among the fried and lights, true as a hair. Beautiful 'twere! Ah, I shall r forget that there band!'"

So they passed their lives, biding in their cheerful old inn, from the cares and questionings of the new spirit. The "l sense," which is the chief lesson of the school of life, susta them, and the calm conceit which grows in the quiet places of world. Some of them, like Granfer Cantle (late of the Ban Locals), boasted an extreme excellence of understanding. (two in all the gallery of Arcadian portraits are of professed id but these are of a Shakespearean quality. Of Leaf it might said, as Hazlitt said of Slender, that he is "a very potent piec imbecility"; of Joseph Poorgrass, as of Joseph Rugby, that worst fault is that he is given to prayer, but nobody but has fault." The faults of the others are less easy to find. Their h work is stoically done. Hezzy declared that he had "defied figure of starvation nine-and-twenty years on nine shillings a wee "I've tended horses fifty years," said the hostler in The Hand Ethelberta, "that other folk might straddle 'em." Yet of discom there is nothing; the picture left upon the mind is of a peo cheerful, kindly and amusing.

But, for their author, there runs through the pleasant land of invention a stream of sadness. "The view of life as a thing to put up with, replacing the zest for existence which was so intense early civilisations," which, Mr. Hardy thinks, "must ultimately ent thoroughly into the constitution of the advanced races," has alread entered his own soul. The villagers are content to realise "th well-judged plan of things;" Mr. Hardy laments its "ill-judge execution." He finds the face of Egdon Heath "perfect accordant with man's nature—neither ghastly, hateful, nor ugly neither commonplace, unmeaning, nor tame, but, like man, slighte and enduring." Yet it was on Egdon Heath Granfer Cantle chirrupe out his eighty years, while for Eustacia love and ambition warred t the death. Wessex love is of its life a thing apart. "Heroines, says Mr. Barrie, "are strange, especially in Wessex." Their fa does not affect the serenity of its people. Mr. Hardy, in spite o his heroines and his own philosophy, has added to the gaiety o nations.

EDMUND R. V. CHRISTIAN.

BUCK-POT, SWIZZLE-STICK, AND CASSIRRIE.

THERE are some things which those who have resided by the Demerara never forget, though long years and thousands of miles are now between them and the Guianas. Conspicuous among these perpetual memories are the compositions signified by the treble title above; and indeed they have almost the dignity of institutions. A sentiment of tradition and association surrounds them, so that, while not ceasing to be meat, culinary implement, and drink, they are also something more. He must be a Demerarian Peter Bell, in whose mind their names do not suggest emotion, tender or pleasing, especially if he be on a foreign strand, just as John Bull is more than moved materially when, among strange people, he hears the phrases *Rosbif* and *pêle-êle*. They are symbols and souvenirs, arousing patriotism, as well as pandering to a hereditary partiality of palate.

Surely shall a man become a veteran colonist, if he drink creek water and live, and so also shall it be with him, if he once is possessed with a passion for pepper-pot. An entirely approved axiom of Guianese folk-lore have we here. There is, of course, small mystery about creek water. A creek is a smaller affluent of streams like the Berbice, the Demerara, and the Essequibo, and its dark and limpid flood is usually more or less cool, because, for miles upon miles of its sinuous course through forest primeval, past the rustling stems of the moka-mokas, our trumpet lilies, it moves under the shadow of a mighty foliage. Dip it up in a calabash as your bâteau glides rustling through the rustling river, and drink it with avidity, and with no subsequent evil result, and you shall not sleep with your English fathers in the yew-tree's shade, but beneath the palms of *Le Repentir*, where repose the Demerarian dead. When you have taken a long deep draught of that russet beverage innocuously, creoles begin to have some hope of you, that you shall be as one of themselves, and in time a city father.

Hope, however, is changed to certainty if, at an early date of your tropical residence, you come under the dominion of pepper-pot.

From that fascination shall you hardly, if ever, escape ; not though all the *chefs* in Europe, marshalled to magnificent effort by some new Mirobolant, should combine to tempt you out of the pleasant thraldom. A man cannot lightly part with his gastronomic freedom. Certain good stories are told in the Land of Mud which serve to illustrate the despotic sway of pepper-pot.

Some years ago, an Englishman who had been resident in Guiana returned to Southampton. Scarcely had he got well inside the portals of his hotel than he incontinently asked for pepper-pot. He had learned to love the dish during his sunland exile. His requests were vain, not only in Southampton but in London, and his importunity astonished the waiters as much as that of young Twist surprised the famous Bumble. "Then," said he at last, in despair, "I will go back ;" and he returned to Demerara by the next Royal Mail boat. It is further related of a respected old colonist, a native of Britain north of the Tweed, that he was able, through the intelligent devotion of his cook, to maintain a pepper-pot for years. (I will explain directly what may be difficult in this statement for the uninitiated.) A new cook arose, unhappily, who scarcely grasped the extent of his master's partiality for this peculiar and perennial dish. He stole the floating ingredients and destroyed the pepper-pot. As a result, the hardy Scot nearly succumbed to an apoplectic attack. When he was sufficiently recovered he had no mercy on his faithless servant, who had committed a sin locally unpardonable. These anecdotes, which hail from the home of pepper-pot, serve to show that it is held in no common esteem. No similar story is told about crab-backs, for instance. The only thing comparable to the first of the incidents mentioned, is the statement of one of our notable travellers that, in his most remote wanderings, home sickness only took the form of an intense desire to have once again a cut off the joint at Simpson's. But that, again, is *Rosbif* ; to which, on its poetic side, I have compared pepper-pot.

With so much for prelude, let me come to the severer task of definition.

Pepper-pot or buck-pot is properly the national tribal or racial dish of the Indians or "Bucks" of Guiana. The secret of its composition they communicated to European settlers. Hence we have its alternative name of buck-pot. The very vessel in which it is made is native to the soil ; nay, 'tis the soil itself, for its material is colony clay In shape it bears a close resemblance to a flower-pot. It is without handles, and reposes generally in a saucer appropriate alike to its dimensions and to its dignity. The clay of the pot

tempered sufficiently to support, without injury to the vessel, the action of the fire in cooking.

Having described the cooking utensil, I come to the *recipe*. Our pot is duly cleansed, and with all the solemnity of the perfect, and therefore painstaking and conscientious cook, water is poured in. To this we add fresh beef and salt pork, a little sugar and a little salt, and some chilli peppers, similar to those which Rebecca Sharp consumed for love of Joseph Sedley. At this stage of the proceedings we gently lift the pot off the saucer of state, and place it on the fire to stew. Presently it is what I have heard described as half-boiling; and this somewhat vague moment, as it seems to me, is chosen for the ladling in of the cassareep, so that it may be duly coloured and flavoured. The hue of the liquid is almost at once transformed into a reddish brown, comparable to that of the russet-coated horse-chestnut. After the addition of the cassareep—the vital principle, in the whole—the pepper-pot is boiled till the floating meat is thoroughly cooked. It is now ready for consumption. At breakfast or dinner it is placed beside the master of the "benab," or of the house, and he helps himself to such tit-bits as he wants, much on the "so dispoged" principle of Mrs. Gamp. Now I come to the notable fact. If care is taken to add fresh cooked meat to the pot it will last like the widow's cruise of oil, and, indeed, barring accidents, to the crack of doom itself. This statement may seem exaggerated, but I have reason to believe that it does no more than justice to the preserving potency of cassareep.

If you go up to the clearings of the wildwood, to the hills which lie towards the sources of the rivers and the creeks, there shall you see the "Buck" women busy in the manufacture of cassareep. Their spouses have much too exalted an opinion of themselves to aid in such unworthy toil. They care only to strain their graceful limbs, and toss their long straight black hair, as they pursue in the chase the labba and acourie, the deer and the wild-cow; or when they send with swift paddle the woodskin, darting past the quivering reeds and lilies of the creek shore. In the benab village they recline languidly in their grass hammocks, and watch nonchalantly their toiling wives and daughters. That is their version of

Men must work and women must weep,

and so they contrive to feel in very truth lords of creation.

The Indian fair take the root of the bitter cassava—by the way the root of the sweet cassava is valued as a vegetable—and grate as finely as they can; this means not quite so finely as

nutmegs, for both root and grater are large. The product of this process is placed in a clay vessel, and water is added to it. The women then stir it industriously, and, as a result of this stirring, the "Buck" secures three commodities. First, he obtains starch, which sinks to the bottom of the vessel; secondly, meal, which floats, and is serviceable for griddle-cakes, a cross between dry toast and biscuit; thirdly, the water which is strained off forms the basis of cassareep.

Woe overtakes the thirsty Guianese goat, if it but dips its parched tongue in the water that has been strained off before it has undergone further treatment, which, however, is very simple in character. The "Buck" women merely add sugar to it, and put it on the fire to boil till it becomes a syrup, not unlike treacle in appearance. Thus at last we get cassareep, the sustaining principle of pepper-pot.

If Raleigh in his voyages to Guiana ever had occasion to put up at an Indian village, the "Bucks," as soon as he had rested his limbs, wearied with the march, under the troolie-leaved roofing of their benabs, hastened to offer him pepper-pot. Probably it did not contain salt pork and fresh beef like the modern colonial buck-pot. Of that, indeed, we may feel tolerably certain. Its more solid ingredients would be instead, the flesh of labba, acourie, wild cow, wild hog, and venison. So sempiternal is this concoction, that it is not beyond the bounds of possibility, that a traveller of to-day might make his meal out of the very pot over which the founder of Virginia smacked his lips, if that Admirable Crichton of a sea-king, poet, and courtier, could do anything half so commonplace. With his pepper-pot he probably ate cassava-cake, formed of the meal mentioned above, and fried in a griddle-pan, from three to four feet in circumference. As to the labba and acourie, which he may have puzzled over, I may mention that both animals are rather larger than a rabbit, and that their flesh, in flavour, resembles veal.

There is a good deal to be said for buck-pot. It will not spoil if you are late for dinner, and one original cooking goes a very long way. It is an Indian achievement, which the haughty "buccra" emulates. Yet, as I have said, the new-comer to Demerarian waterways should bethink him well ere he regards it with too partial an eye. Pleasant is the land of the lianes, of the Victoria Regia, and of the orchid; of the katinga and of the bell-bird; but if the English immigrant would prefer to rest "beneath the clover sod," at the end of his life's journey, kind-hearted creoles will warn him to take heart of grace, and turn his back on the fascinations of pepper-pot.

With the swizzle it is otherwise. If a man grow too tenderly attached to it, his colonial career may be abbreviated rather than prolonged ; but let me leave moralising, and come to more prosaic fact.

The air was full, on a day I well remember, of all the oppressively abounding plant and insect life of the tropic underwood. Suddenly, beneath a mighty tree, where there was space for tolerably free movement, Pauli, my "coloured" huntsman, takes out his knife, and, bending down, crops a long, straight stalk. "Swizzle, sah," he says, as he turns and holds up his prize. Pauli, let me here observe, had, together with four Indians, accompanied me for days past in wanderings amid the lovely recesses of the Sunland forest. A half-breed, a cross between Indian and negro, he stood, sinewy and tall, well over six feet. Among his many accomplishments three may be mentioned. He was a dead shot with a rifle, played the violin very creditably, and drew the longbow with entire coolness, much attention to detail in mendacity, and with a certain humour. Broad-shouldered he was also, and I have watched him with "hadmiration mingled with hawe" lift into my bâteau from the river-steamer a cask containing a hundredweight of ice, as though that cask were a two-days' old baby. To return, however, to his observation. I was gratified and excited at it, and with not a little curiosity my eyes hasten to light upon the plant he is holding in his hands, for, far and wide throughout the western tropics, the swizzle is a name of power, and the musical ring of its manufacture is a liquid melody welcomed everywhere, beneath the tall wallabas of the bush, and in the city, on all shores, from the Virgin Islands to the Pomaroon, from Dominican Roseau to Port Royal.

The swizzle-plant has a long, perfectly straight stem of hard wood. This stem, for its most sacred uses, should not be thicker than an ordinary pen-holder. There grow from it, at points some few inches apart along the stalk, straight, hard twigs. Three or four of the twigs usually radiate from each joint in the stalk, and almost at right angles to it. The stem is cut immediately below one joint, and just under the next one above it. When the bark is peeled off we have our swizzle-stick, nine or ten inches long, with which the Demerarian butler will work wonders, and make such music in his pantry that the languid listeners in the verandah shall scarcely suppress the smile of contentment developing on ordinarily impassive features. But I must deal more at length with the conditions under which the swizzle is consumed in Guiana, as they help to constitute the poetry of the potation, when seen, at least, through the mirage of memory.

I will let the past reassert itself, and be as though it were the present, without barrier of intervening time.

The day has been very hot, so that all the world of Demerara has hastened, between five and six, to its sundown lounge and promenade on the sea-wall to listen to the booming of the ocean surge on the strand, as it mingles with the strains of the militia band, or else to the Botanic Gardens, whose beauties may be approximately gauged in the photographs, always on view at Kew. We have returned from coquetting with the sunset breeze, and are sitting, during the fast-fleeting gloaming moments in our verandah or gallery, one of us half in and half out of a hammock, the two others in American chairs, such as grace the decks of Atlantic "liners" so plentifully in time of fair weather. The jalousies are up, the windows are open, and in on the breeze is softly borne the scent of jessamine and other pleasant fragrance of the gloaming. Without, we catch glimpses of waving palm branches high overhead, while the tall slender trunks are broken by grey roofs, half embowered in a luxuriant greenery. It is too early for fireflies, and the bats have not yet begun to flit in and out through the gallery and the adjacent apartments, as they will do a r on, when the lights are lit. Occasionally the darkening sky is marked with the flight of carrion crows, our city scavengers. Now and then, one or other of us varies the scantily and languidly broken silence by patting viciously that portion of the face or hand on which the creole mosquito may have lightly perched, preparatory to the dainty insertion of bloodsucking proboscis, probably through not being up to date, and so unaware that his better-informed comrades are assembled round the full-blooded folk who, fresh from Europe, and with still undamaged livers, are now cooling themselves in the verandahs of the Tower and the Kaieteur, Georgetown's more famous hostelries.

It is a quiet, dreamy moment, that one

> Between the dark and the daylight
> When the night is beginning to lower.

There is about us an air of languorous warmth suffused with a suggestion of coolness, and fraught with that sense of melancholy and charm combined, which belongs to half-lights. We are Englishmen waiting for dinner, and so practical; four thousand miles from home, and dimly recalling days long past, when we might venture to stretch ourselves without incurring the discomfort of profuse perspiration, and so sentimental.

Suddenly a sound breaks in upon our ears, at which every countenance betrays some symptom of agreeable relief and pleased

expectancy. For an instant there is a spasmodic outbreak of brief chat, and then we settle down into a comically restrained alertness. The sound breaks in upon the ear once more, near, very near at hand, a murmur as of cascades rustling in some neighbouring mountain glen, and in an instant imagination and the force of association carry me to the recesses of the old volcanic Eifel, or to the slopes of Slieve Donard. The butler, more ebon in hue than the oncoming night, is now seen entering the gallery, his mien solemn and stately, and in his hands a tray, on which reposes, rising kingly above three smaller crystal vessels, a large glass jug, made glorious with restless pink foam. Recumbent there upon the tray, unconscious of its apotheosis, is our little plant friend of the underwood, but, of course, stripped of its bark for the requirements of civilisation.

But, what has the butler been doing? If we put back the clock five or six minutes, we can peep over his shoulder and watch his labour in his room. He has uncovered the blanket-swathed ice in the refrigerator, where it was placed by cook this morning, on her return from the ice-house and the market, breaks off a piece about the size of a mango, and then puts the larger block to bed again. He wraps the fragment in cloth, and proceeds to hammer it with a wooden mallet. When it is no more than frozen water-dust, he empties it into the glass jug. Swiftly he adds three teaspoonfuls of white sugar thus blending sweetly the pole with the equator. Wistfully, for he is both human and honest, he uncorks a black bottle, labelled "Schiedam," and judiciously measures out three wineglassfuls of a white, transparent liquid. These, with the same quantity of water, go to join the ice and sugar. Last of all, he opens a flask hailing from the Orinoco and containing world-famed angostura. Of the angostura he pours into the jug just three teaspoonfuls. Everything is now ready, and James gravely takes the swizzle-stick from its place. The end, with the amputated twigs attached, he buries in the mixture he has just compounded. The smooth stem he presses gently, but firmly, between the palms of both hands, his fingers outstretched, and imparts to it a rotatory motion, constantly increasing, till the foam, produced by the whirling twigs, almost reaches the top of the tall glass. This task accomplished, he goes off with his burden to the waiting "buccras" in the verandah.

The second sound our three loungers heard was also due to James, who, immediately before his entrance into the gallery, put his tray down on the dining table, and gave a finishing swizzle to the contents of the foaming, frothing beaker, so that [illegible] bubble when it met his master's gaze.

The glasses are filled. The three white men rise from chairs and hammock. They nod and murmur under their breath a hurried chin-chin. Then, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, the swizzles have vanished, and three sighs of satisfaction and regret go and lose themselves in the gallery creepers as James retires.

The loungers sink back into their resting-places once more, tranquil in body and in mind. They have not only enjoyed a cool drink and the fillip to the nerves, but they have almost discharged a social function. That chin-chin over the swizzle has been repeated about the same time by hundreds of thirsty colonists. There has been unity of purpose, as among pious Moslems who turn their faces Mecca-wards for evening prayer. So, though you may transplant the swizzle, it is, like the swizzle stick, racy of the soil. It is not the same thing drunk fifty degrees north, as where tradition, environment, climate, and bodily temperature harmonise with it.

Now we come to cassirrie.

It was a glorious Sunland morning, and the creek was all alive with birds of brilliant hue. Over the darkling water there floated, vagrant as tissue-paper on a street-breeze in London, huge butterflies of sapphire blue, like tiny bits of heaven that had fallen through the greenery of the umbrageous wallabas. They flickered aimlessly and lost along, but shunned, the glimmering stream. We landed at a rude pier of rough logs, and made our way by a plant-infested path, all a-buzz with bees and multitudinous insects, up to the Indian village.

The benabs were dotted about anyhow in an open clearing, and every woman in the place was busy, much too busy to heed me and my men as we strolled in and out among the dwellings, watching them curiously. Some were lying in hammocks taking it easy, others were seated on pieces of felled timber, but all were similarly engaged. Every mouth was working leisurely on something within it, and now and then out of every mouth, whether the gummy one of age, or the white-toothed one of artless and unsophisticated youth, was ejected something which fell into a receptacle close at hand. I thought possibly they were guilty of a weakness, popular with our seafaring men, and were indulging in "quids." But the colour of the glistening balls of substance, which were shot dexterously forth in a continuous shower from between the lips of the venerable and the lovely, led me to the conclusion that my first hurried inference was wrong. So I turned to Pauli, who was discoursing volubly in Arawack, to the evident entertainment of a group of unclothed, or partially clothed men and boys, and asked him to explain to me the significance of the strange spectacle, whether it was an act of worship or a gre-

garious form of dissipation. In a few words he gave me to understand that I was gazing upon a liquor industry, which, however, it would be a gross abuse of terms to dub a manufacture, for the well-shaped hands of the forest fair were as idle as idle well could be.

"Wha' yo' see deh, Boss," said Pauli, "is de makin' ob cassirrie, an' you drink enuf ob him, fo' suah yo' be like old fadder Noah when he lan' off his voyage, an' go an' fogit altogedder dat he a patriarch. Mos' makes me angry to tink ob, Boss, fo' if he no make a big fool ob himself, me an' you would hab de same beautiful white cullah. Now, sah, we wait till we meet in Hebben, fo' we know each udder brudders an' cousins, gran'children ob good old fadder Adam. It cassirrie, sah, or something like it, dat get in dat fine ole shipbuildah's head."

So the mischief was out; the ladies of this Arawack village were fabricating an intoxicant, but how, that was the question. Briefly, and in my own words, I will give the outcome of my inquiries. The women I saw before me were chewing the root of the cassava, and, when they had squeezed it between their dexterous jaws till it was mere pulp, they shot it forth into calabashes, which every now and then were emptied into a capacious woodskin. After this it is allowed to ferment, creek water being added, and when a certain time has elapsed it becomes, if not a drink fit for the gods, at least a very palatable beverage of a slate colour. I remember a wood-nymph offering me a bowl of it one day on the verge of a tropical glade, and very refreshing it was, for I was thirsty and the atmosphere around was oppressive with heat. I think, indeed, that I should have quite enjoyed it, but for the haunting reminiscence of that forest scene in which the dusky handmaidens seemed to vie with each other in a chorus of diligent expectoration. As for its intoxicating qualities, I cannot, of course, speak at first hand, but I should imagine a man must consume a great deal of it to become thoroughly drunk.

In any case it is the main feature in those great Indian tribal debauches, the Paiworrie feasts. Then the men and women gather to the village, which is to be the scene of the mild Bacchanalia, from the adjacent woodland clearings and waterways, much as the peasants of the neighbourhood flock into a German village which is celebrating its "Kirmess," or the Cornish folk go up to St. Just feast, or Madron feast, as the case may be. Dissipation is pursued in the same gregarious way in the islands of the South Seas, and in Fiji and Samoa and elsewhere. They revel in the equivalent of the Paiworrie feast. Our Arawacks set themselves to work with most persistent industry to put away the store of cassirrie, and after two or three days'

persistent drinking they manage to arrive at a state of comatose stupor, to which succeeds a deep and heavy slumber. There the whole village reposes, indifferent to every sight and sound. The period of revelry is at an end, and on the morrow, or when they have slept off the slow intoxication, they will return to their old ways; the men to the skilful chase or to fishing, the women to their domestic duties and the small husbandry of the forest village.

If it be objected to cassirrie that the circumstances of its production are somewhat revolting to a fastidious taste, it should be remembered that we are not too refined in such matters here at home. I will say nothing of that good old English custom of the loving cup, though where the revellers who thus fraternise are mustachioed, or, say, wheezy aldermen, the imagination shudders at limitless distressing possibilities. Then look at the system in vogue in many of our public-houses. The heel-taps in the glass of Hodge, or of any other intelligent citizen, are poured into the marble or pewter sink, and thence descend into the barrel to be retailed to customers who are either confiding or not "too nasty particular." And after all there is little really to repel in the lips of those gentle, clean-living children of the wildwood.

It is possible, however, that the day of cassirrie is done, so far as the Guianese Indians are concerned. Everywhere on the main forest streams the Portuguese rum-shop keeper is intruding, and rum is an offering for the hospitality readily accorded him, which the voyager makes, and it is an offering thoroughly appreciated. The only Indian who, during my own journeyings in the Sunland forest, showed a "contumelious lip" at the suggestion of rum was His Majesty Quatoo, King of the Arawacks. When Pauli approached him on the subject, he drew himself up into as haughty an attitude as his scanty attire—a short blue-striped shirt and a straw hat—would allow, and said: "No rum, me prefare geen;" and the dusky monarch had to be appeased with Schiedam.

Although, also, the swizzle is particularly dear to Demerara, it is rather the pre-dinner fillip of the rich than the beverage of the poor, the "wanity"—to quote Mr. Stiggins—of the haughty white than the delectation of the genial and mimetic Quashie. Quashie, in the Guianas, gets most of his alcoholic excitement from rum or cheap wine. I remember that we invested in a fowl for dinner, and that we were surprised about meal-time by the utter quietude of the kitchen. There we went in some apprehension of a *contretemps*, and found the dead domestic bird roasted literally—no poetic exaggeration—to a cinder. We sought for cook, and discovered her recumbent

at the bottom of the kitchen stairs. We shook that mulatto woman till she lifted her white turban off her arm, and showed us a deadly, drowsy brown face.

"What's the matter with you, cook?" we cried in alarm.

"Weyine, sah; weyine, ma'am," she groaned, and "weyine" was all we could get out of her. She had been to the Portuguese rum-shop, and now she was a proof of the correctness of Solomon's observation that "wine is a mocker."

Moreover, "buck-pot" is not the only culinary specialty in which the Demerarian excels. There is, for example, foo-foo soup, which has for its basis pounded plantain. It counts many and devoted admirers. "Now," a distinguished local doctor—I fancy it was Dr. Manget, the late respected surgeon-general of the colony—used to say to the convalescent; "now, you may take foo-foo soup;" and the wan features of the invalid would, of course, be irradiated with a smile of rapt delight. And besides foo-foo soup there are crab-backs, where the dorsal portion of this most toothsome of things submarine is made to contain the neatly picked flesh of *cancer* deceased; and is most delightfully seasoned *à la créole*. And who, that has ever tasted it, will forget the charm of the nicely-browned grilled plantain, reposing in a napkin beside him at breakfast? And then a good mango is a good mango, and he who has learned to appreciate it does not allow it readily to pass out of memory; though, by the way, that comes rather among things eaten than among things cooked.

Even then description fails quite to convey all that these darlings of the Sunland palate signify, unless one has partaken of them amid their proper environment. Buck-pot is consumed generally with the morning breeze tossing the gallery creepers full in view of the breakfaster, while the sable handmaid, attired in white beside his chair, would look a look of mute reproach if he seemed to despise that good old creole dish. And I have shown how justice only is done to such attraction as may be inherent in the swizzle. With regard to cassirrie, the place to drink it is under the troolie shelter of some benab, hot from a long perambulation through the forest paths, and out of a bowl from the hands of a dusky, soft-eyed fay who has helped to make it.

I have mentioned Pauli more than once in this paper. I have reason to believe that he is dead, and that his stalwart form will no longer adorn the sylvan clearings. He has passed, as Mr. Leland would observe, into the *ewigkeit*; yet who knows? for did he not say when last we met on the southern shore, "Boss, I hope I meet you

in hebben"? and, for aught I am aware, such mutual surprise may be in store for both of us.

Association goes far with men. And as I have written of buck-pot, swizzle-stick, and cassirrie, the southern atmosphere has seemed to be about me, the murmur of the underwood or the swaying of the palm branches, and again I hear the woodland nymphs musically calling to each other.

FRANK BANFIELD.

THE ENGLISH SONNET AND ITS HISTORY.

SOME very able writers have recently devoted themselves to a study of the sonnet, and have published their reflections Whether it is that the genius of the workers who have cultivated the sonnet's "scanty plot of ground" in recent years has imparted to it a fresh access of beauty and significance, or whether the general tendency to overrate the importance of everything exotic and artificial is to be credited with a share in the awakened interest, it would be difficult to say; but the fact is patent. And it is a fact by no means to be mourned over or deprecated. An enthusiasm for any form of literature has its manifold benefits; and any excess or extravagance due to novelty or adventitious circumstances is sure to be corrected in good time. The fair-sized bundle of literature we have before us is proof enough of the existence of this enthusiasm, of remarkable activity in production, and of keen critical curiosity and ready commentary and exposition. Mr. Theodore Watts, who, by finished and felicitous poems in this form, has done so much to show that the sonnet is adequate for the expression of present-day thoughts and fancies, has also in the course of his articles and essays in the *Athenæum*, the "Encyclopædia Britannica," and elsewhere, thrown out many happy hints and suggestive references alike as to the laws of the sonnet, its true functions and capabilities, and the points from which it should be judged and studied. To him doubtless is due not a little of the stimulus whose results we see and welcome. Others, amongst whom are included Mr. John Dennis, Mr. David Main, Mr. Hall Caine, Mr. S. Waddington, and Mr. Ashcroft Noble, have furthered the impulse by their tasteful anthologies and thoughtful essays; and Mr. William Sharp[1] and his publisher, Mr. Walter Scott, have taken the most decided step yet made to recommend the sonnet to the widest circle of readers. Mr. Sharp has collected and arranged his sonnets with no little labour

[1] *Sonnets of this Century*, edited and arranged, with a critical introduction on the Sonnet, by William Sharp. London: Walter Scott.

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[illegible] "The [illegible] Review, Vol. xxxviii.

must turn from the critics to the poets for our enlightenment. Once more we find that the poet's work outgrows and overshadows, in a sense, the critic's measuring-rod, the more that we study it ; and the non-literary reader might well be excused if he turned from the subject in disappointment and disgust. Nevertheless Wordsworth was right :

> With this key
> Shakespeare unlocked his heart ; the melody
> Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound ;
> A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound ;
> With it Camoëns soothed an exile's grief ;
> The sonnet glittered a gay myrtle leaf
> Amid the cypress with which Dante crowned
> His visionary brow ; a glowworm lamp
> It cheered mild Spenser, called from Faery-land
> To struggle through dark ways ; and, when a damp
> Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
> The Thing became a trumpet ; whence he blew
> Soul-animating strains—alas, too few !

With this great fact in our eye, we may proceed to consider certain points with a clear conscience. First of all, our idea is that Mr. Hall Caine is, notwithstanding his fine taste and critical sagacity, utterly at sea, and is attempting an undesirable thing, when he is fain to prove that the sonnet is indigenous to England; that it sprang up independently, and, as it were, spontaneously, and as the necessary and only true artistic form for the embodiment of certain thoughts, moods, or fancies.[1] These are days when the law of evolution must be applied to literature as well as to other things. There cannot but be rejoicings and congratulations when the brotherhood of nations and races is strengthened by the sense of a large law of "give and take" even in the dawnings of literary development, as well as in other forms of life. There can be no doubt that the Italian influence was too strong in the morning-time of English literature to make his contention possible or probable. Dean Plumptre's careful and ingenious articles on Dante in the *Contemporary Review* some years ago, which formed the nucleus of the great work he afterwards published, would be of the utmost value if only on this ground. Notwithstanding the striking contrast in the genius and temperament of these two great men, Dante and Chaucer—the one so sensitively subjective, and the other so healthily objective—he shows by the most acute and careful parallels and similarities of phrases and expression,

[1] *Sonnets of Three Centuries*, with Introduction and Notes by T. Hall Caine. Elliot Stock. 1883.

to go no farther, that the influence of Dante on Chaucer was very direct as well as indirect. It was so distinctly traceable and direct indeed, according to him, that any amount of suggestion as to special forms on those who followed, such as Spenser and Wyatt, might well be looked for. Of Petrarch the same, and in a still more emphatic tone, may be said. This point has been worked out by another writer to whom, for the moment, we must be indebted. He says :

"Dante is not a mystic in the commonly accepted sense of the word, but rather the exhauster of mysticism. His vision is not limited by ideas ; hence the falsity of making him the originator of certain cosmic schemes of things, when he merely fixes facts of belief he already found recognised, and links them with spiritual facts and affinities men constantly overlook. He is, indeed, one of the sternest realists. He will accept nothing for its appearance till he has tested it by the deeper and non-apparent. It is noticeable how intensely direct, clear, and realistic he is in all that pertains to detail —in his language, his method, his imagery. No poet is more practical, or, in other words, economical. He wastes nothing. He puts aside the soft, graceful, melting forms which were so sought after by the poets of his own time and former poets, and writes as though he were consciously giving a lesson in literary husbandry. The poems of the 'Vita Nuova,' for the very reason that they were partly meant as puzzles to the poets of his time, give fewer direct evidences of this remarkable clearness and directness of style, but the fifth sonnet, 'Cavalcando l' altr' ier per un cammino' ('Riding along a path the other day'), and in which he describes his meeting with Love, 'in abito leggier di peregrino,' is a remarkably fine specimen. . . . Dante is not to be named in the same breath with men like Bembo, the Edgar Poe of the Petrarchans, Moresini, Vittoria Colonna, Varchi, Casa, and the rest. His mission was higher. He calls men back from the fanciful and sensual to the real and true of spirit and life ; from self-satisfied brooding over the sentiment, if not even the sensual delights, of love, to its soul and inmost significance. With him we might almost say every word stands for a fact, a thing ; and these were never separated by the poet himself, though they were so to such a frightful extent by his followers, who only caught hold of the outer garment of Dante, his pure spirit escaping from their grosser touch as did Joseph from the wife of Potiphar. The trivialities and subtle sensuous suggestions of Da Majano, and the mingled puerilities, coarse wit, the *sboccata ciarla* (foulmouthedness) of Cecco Angiolieri, who nevertheless would assert his right to

claim some relationship with the master, are surely sufficient proof and illustration of this. . . . Chaucer got much from Boccaccio, but yet more from Dante, though in a measure unconsciously. If from the former he derived the form and manner of some of his poems, he got from the latter and the classics together that determined truthfulness and clear healthy tone, which kept him from ever becoming merely sentimental, or artificial and pruriently sensuous, as were Boccaccio and sometimes Petrarch. Chaucer is true to nature; he healthfully resists all influences which would weaken him there. He combines the open health of the ancients with the garrulous realistic simplicity and love of inner meanings which mark Dante's less known works. In the 'Knight's Tale' (imitated from Boccaccio in point of form), the 'Court of Love,' and the 'Legend of Fair Women,' there are touches showing that Chaucer there deals with love very much in the Dantean spirit, although he has, at the same time, some of that cunning insinuation and that fascinating sweetness which have given rise to the expression, 'the sweet pain of love.' Chaucer, indeed, reflects several of the characteristics of mediæval poetry which Dante casts aside with indifference or indignation. I venture to assert notwithstanding that Chaucer would have been in a very peculiar sense different, had he not been in several ways powerfully influenced by Dante. At the same time Chaucer must have seen too clearly the inherent weakness of the unreal elaborated glitter of Petrarch for stooping to conscious or sustained imitation of him, and he had far too keen an eye for life and nature to follow implicitly in the track of the romancer; indeed he has himself, in two of his tales, inimitably ridiculed both the spirit and manner of the mediæval romance. . . . The Eastern element—with its languor, laboured imagery, and glittering superficial refinements of fancy—did not accord with the rude, strong, eager life that was then awakening, like a giant refreshed, throughout Europe; so that the Provençal poetry had the most serious fault any poetry can have; it did not even truthfully reflect the life it professed to enlighten and to illustrate. Later writers, following Petrarch rather than Dante, laid hold on this to atone for lack of individuality and strong insight; and the same hazy moonlight orientalism prolonged itself through Tasso, Ariosto (in a measure), Guarini, and Marini, till it almost lost the little virtue it had in the cloying sweetness of Metastasio. Spenser conveyed a good deal of the element into English; and it visits us now and then even in Tennyson, who, with rare flashes of insight, yet dreams and broods, and exhibits something of that love for separate images and conceits

which reminds us of the love-struck maiden of the middle ages dreaming over her embroidery frame. . . . De Quincey somewhere says that Spenser and Milton are *not* of any Italian school. As to Milton this may be quite true. His vast reach of Italian reading, his fine taste—pure as ever maiden's was—and his great assimilative power, rendered him like a bee, flitting from flower to flower, and often extracting sweetest honey from the most unpromising. Dante, Petrarch, Tasso, Pulci, Bembo, Guarini, Boiardo, and Berni even were laid under contribution; and it would be no easy matter to say from which Milton derived the most. But amid all his devotion to the Italians, Milton preserved a certain elevated serene individuality, looking down from a clear height on those from whom he borrowed, as indeed he did upon most things. With Spenser, however, the case was in some degree different. He circles round Petrarch and Tasso, though his orbit is a little eccentric, owing to a certain attraction towards the severe sphere of Dante, from which, however, his more dreamy and fantastic spirit recoils with circling sweep back to the laboured sweetness and metrical grace of the Petrarchans. This devotion to Dante, though it never very directly asserted itself, had the effect of keeping Spenser from sympathising with or assimilating any of that ribald indecency which in Boccaccio Petrarch could justify and excuse. In later writers it became repulsive, and would be so to such as Spenser, though from some of these Byron occasionally drew inspirations. . . .

"Dante shows himself the true mediæval antique, in that, while he seizes and perpetuates what is best in the Oriental element, as ensuring music and refinement of form, he weds it to a healthful naturalness and truth to life and fact. For having given to Western literature some few additional graces of form, the mission of the Oriental element proper was ended; and the man who most successfully embalmed these very forms was the same who once for all purged the Italian from the chief vices of the Oriental spirit—of its brooding languor and dreamy flowing softness of outline."

Dean Plumptre rejects the idea of any direct knowledge of Dante by Shakespeare (despite the powerful reasons for the opposite opinion given in "Blackwood's Magazine" for June 1884 and June 1885), yet he writes thus: "In the early poetry of the Tudor period, with which Gunthorpe forms a connecting link, Petrarch had perhaps a more commanding influence—as seen in the sonnets of Wyatt and Lord Surrey—than Dante; but the latter writes his 'Restless State of a Lover' in *terza rima*, and Puttenham, in his

'Art of Poesie' (i. 31), names both these writers as having studied also in the school of the author of the 'Commedia.'" Dean Plumptre urged, as one of his objections to the idea of Shakespeare having any direct knowledge of Dante, that Shakespeare was no Italian scholar, and that there was no English translation of the poems of Dante then; but many studied Italian poetry in those days in England, and much was done by copies, and surely it is not unlikely, seeing Chaucer's tributes, not to speak of the tributes of others, that Shakespeare should have heard repeated or had read manuscript translations of parts of Dante and Petrarch.

We may thus set it down that there are two coincident waves of influence from Italian literature to be noted in that of England—the one tending to formal completeness, fancy, and mere musical fascination; and the other to truth to nature, fact, and life. Chaucer is the grand channel of the latter; through him England owes a long line of realists and nature-poets in many forms; through Spenser and Surrey we may trace the flowings of the other wave—and naturally they are the channels of metrical rule, invention, and fantasy. In Shakespeare, as we may say, they flowed together; in his early poems and plays the latter tendency is most prominent, and in his later work the former; in the sonnets we see the process of contest and victory of the later in process; in his riper plays the process is completed, and fancy and the tendency to egotistic musing subdued. The sonnet, undoubtedly, is one of the deposits of one of these waves; and in the hands of later poets it has become like the poet laureate's shell that has taken "the wear and polish of the wave."

Having made clear our general position thus far, we can now the more soberly and assuredly proceed to offer some criticisms on later writings on the sonnet; and first we shall deal with some things in Mr. Sharp's volume. We have two special remarks of a qualifying nature to make. (1) Considering that Mr. Sharp has so much of worth to communicate to us, we regret that he should in some things have been so facile, expansive needlessly eloquent, and selfassertive; and that he should not in some points have taken more pains to verify his statements, which he could very easily have done. (2) Next, we regret that Mr. Sharp has not been more catholic in his sympathies, and travelled further afield sometimes in search of specimens.

1. Before going further we shall try to make good our charge under the first head, that Mr. Sharp's assertions are not always in harmony with easily ascertained facts. We shall confine ourselves to

one point in illustration, though there are others. We find Mr. Sharp writing thus:

"The occurrence of a rhymed couplet at the close of the sonnet is rare indeed in Italian literature: I cannot recall a single example of it among the classic masters of the sonnet, and even in later times I fancy it would be difficult to find a single good Italian example worthy the name with this termination. But it does not follow that a closing couplet is equally unpleasant to the ear in English, for in the latter practically all sonnets are what the Italians call mute—that is, the rhyming terminals are in one syllable, while in the language of Petrarca and Dante they are trisyllabic and dissyllabic—a circumstance materially affecting our consideration of this much-debated point. . . . But notwithstanding the differences of terminal structure, it is open to question if the rhymed couplet-ending be not almost as disagreeable to the English as to the Italian ear. One of the chief pleasures of the sonnet is the expectancy of the closing portion, and when the ear has become attuned to the sustained flow of the normal octave and also of the opening lines of the sestet, the couplet comes upon one with an unexpected jar, as if some one had opened and banged-to a door while the musician was letting the last harmonious chords thrill under his touch. There has been a good deal written on this point, and Mr. Hall Caine and others have succinctly pointed out their reasons for strongly objecting to it. It is, moreover, perhaps the last point on which sonneteers themselves will agree—the last redoubt to be held before the victorious assault of the critical enemy. Continuous study of the sonnet has convinced me that, while many English poems in this form, even by good writers, are markedly weakened by rhymed couplet-endings, there is one sonnet-form where the closure in question is not only not objectionable, but is absolutely as much the right thing as the Petrarcan type is for the octave. . . . Thus, no sonnet commencing with the two-rhymed solid octave should ever have a sestet with a rhymed couplet-ending, and no sonnet composed in three separate quatrains should close in any other way."

Now, with points of taste or preference we have no right whatever to find fault. Here, surely, *Chacun a son goût*, if anywhere. But Mr. Sharp is not content to rest there; he ventures on bold assertions which can be tested by the facts; and, in direct opposition to his assurance that he cannot recall a single example of a rhymed couplet-ending among the [Italian] classic masters of the sonnet, we undertake to present him with many—with a large number even from Petrarch and Dante—for him to study and reflect upon. We

ould furnish him with any number more from Guido Cavalcanti, ranceschino, Cina da Pistoja, and Dante da Majano, not to speak f Moresino, Cecco Angiolieri, and others, but refrain, because uestions might be raised whether or not they are classic masters f the sonnet. Here is Sonetto LXXIII. of Petrarch :

Quando giugne per gli occhi al cor profondo
L'immagin donna, ogni altra indi si parte,
E le vertù che l'anima comparte
Lascian le membra quasi immobil pondo.

E del primo miracolo il secondo
Nasce talor, che la scacciata parte,
Da se stessa fuggendo, arriva in parte
Che fa vendetta, e 'l suo esilio giocondo.

Quinci in duo volti un color morto appare,
Perchè 'l vigor che vivi gli mostrava,
Da nessun lato è più là dove stava.
E di qûesto in quel dì mi ricordava
Ch' i' vidi duo amanti trasformare,
E far, qual io mi soglio in vista fare.

Of this sonnet we shall make bold enough to offer the following ymed translation, adhering strictly to the form of the original :

When thro' my eyes into my heart's profound
You send your noble image, all else goes ;
And all the powers that in my soul do close
Lapse, and my limbs like moveless weights are bound.

And from that marvel springs another ground
Of marvel, for the chased-out part that flows
Or fast flies from itself, thwarted, bestows
On Exile easing, with Revenge's bound.

Two faces hence put on one deadly hue
For lively vigour that erst did them grace,
And neither here nor elsewhere holds its place ;
And this remembered I in piteous case
When I beheld two lovers how they grew
Just as my face then was to gazer's view.

The final tercet of Sonetto CXXXIII. of Petrarch—one of the very finest and most perfect—is this :

Cosl sventura ovver colpa mi priva
D' ogni buon frutto, se l' eterno Giove
Della sua grazia sopra me no piove.

Sonnet LXXIV., on the Death of Laura, has a rhymed couplet-ending : "pietate—beltate." And there are others.

Sonnet XXX. of Dante has a final rhy

whole sestet, because it is of importance to see that the rhyming couplet was written of set purpose:

> Onde la sedia poi rimase vuota:
> Tu che salisti quando quegli scese,
> Pigliando assempro mie parole nota,
> E fa' che impari senno alle sue spese.
> Poi che justizia vedi che mi vendica,
> Deh non voler del mio tesor far endica.

Sonnet XLV. has this couplet-ending:

> In trarre a me 'l contrario della vita;
> Come vertu di stella margherita.

Sonnet XLIX. has "fele," "fidele," for final rhyming couplet; L. has "vede," "mercede;" LX. has "gravitate," "mandate;" LXIX. has "disnore," "muore;" LXXI. has "duro," "epicuro;" LXXII. has "futuro," "sicuro;" LXXIV. has "spira," "sospira;" LXXV. has "caro," "avaro;" LXXVI. has "affine," "meschine;" LXXXI. has "danno," "fanno;" LXXXIII. has "tutafronte," "conte;" LXXXV. has "percosse," "rimosse."

Cino da Pistoja, we may add, has rhymed couplet-endings with such rhymes as these: "desiri," "sospiri;" "disnore," "muore;" "dolore," "cuore;" "piove," "trove;" "monte," "fonte;" "coraggio," "moveraggio;" "traggia," "selvaggia;" "via," "pria;" "spinta," "vinta." The 9th sonnet of Guido Cavalcanti has for final couplet the rhymes "dolore," "amore." The whole series of sonnets by Franceschino on the passions, to be easily found in the "Rime di Diversi Antichi Autori Toscani," have rhymed couplet-endings. There is a set of sonnets too between Cino da Pistoja and Onesto, in which the rhymes throughout the whole set are identical, the closing couplets invariably ending on companion rhymes to "arte," "farte."

As the Italian sonneteers of Dante's time were much in the habit of writing sonnets in reply to each other, using identical rhymes to those in the sonnet to which they replied, and thus laying a heavy tax on ingenuity of a certain kind, we are sure that other sonnets would be found by other writers cast in exactly the same set of rhymes. Cecco Angiolieri, besides his addresses to Becchina, was apt at answering the serious efforts of other poets thus, and often in a very light bantering vein. But we do not profess that our search has been exhaustive; we have simply turned over a few pages of a very well-marked and annotated edition of "Rime di Petrarca," by Bagioli; of Dante's "Vita Nuova" and "Rime," and of some volumes of the "Parnaso Italiano;" and having found what we wanted, did

not go further afield. Mr. Hall Caine, whose objection to the rhymed couplet-ending is so decided that he declares it is as offensive to his ear as the couplets at the end of scenes and acts in some Shakespearean plays, declares, by way of finding countenance to his objection, that only one of Petrarch's sonnets has this ending, and that the others are more of ballatas ; but we have shown that this is hardly correct, though from it Mr. W. Sharp might have taken warning.

Mr. Sharp, in his tabulated list of variations of the sestet of the Italian sonnet, does not at all recognise the couplet-ending, which we hold that he ought to have done ; and when he comes to formulate the results of his researches, he writes thus under his third head :

" Its sestet or minor system may be arranged with more freedom ; but a rhymed couplet at the close is *only* allowable when the form is the English or Shakespearean."

Now, we hold that the rhyming couplet at the ending is sanctioned by Italian use : that, when you have passed from the strict arrangement of the rhymes *a*, *bb*, *aa*, *bb*, *a*, and allowed a system of rhyming on alternate lines, as Petrarch and others did, and also permitted such accommodations as repeating the same words for rhyme in the octave, as is the case in the sonnet we have translated from Petrarch, you have come very near to suggesting the Shakespearean form. At all events it is clear that close study finds a sufficiently strong precedent for the rhyming couplet-ending, whatever critics may choose to urge against it nowadays. Thus, from the other point of view, that of variations and of modifications, we find even that the English or Shakespearean form of sonnet was anticipated or prepared for even by the "classic masters of the sonnet" in Italy, and that no ground is afforded for Mr. Hall Caine's theory nor for Mr. Sharp's too dogmatic assertions.

We must now turn for a moment to Mr. Theodore Watts. It was with no slight feeling of surprise and disappointment that we found him—usually so careful and cautious—in his article on the Sonnet in the new edition of the " Encyclopædia Britannica," saying decisively that: " the form of the octave is invariable in the Petrarchan sonnet, while the form of the sestet is absolutely free." As implied in what we have already said, this is certainly not the case. It is very far indeed from being the case. Even Petrarch indulged himself in some rare freedoms in this respect. We could present a list that would perhaps prove wearisome, but the following from it may suffice to establish our contention.

Sonnet XLIII. of Petrarch is alternately rhymed, that is, in two

quatrains, the rhymes being thus arranged: "distrugge," "stesso," "fugge," "promesso," "adugge," "presso," "rugge," "messo."

Sonnet LIX. is also, in the octave, two quatrains, and the rhymes are these: "mezzo," "sospiro," "rezzo," "desiro," "mezzo," "respiro," "mezzo," "giro."

Sonnet CLIV. is also in precisely the same form. Rhymes: "tomba," "disse," "tromba," "scrisse," "colomba," "visse," "rimbomba," "scrisse." In Sonnet CLXXV. the first half of the octave is a quatrain, while the second is in formal order. The rhymes: "Idaspe," "pendice," "caspe," "fenice." The octave of Sonnet CCXXII. is in two quatrains; rhymes: "vidi," "dolcezza," "nidi," "sprezza," "apprezza," "lidi," "bilezza," "stridi." In Sonnet XXXVII. the fifth and eighth lines end with the same word, "fora." Sonnet XVI. is not rhymed; it has only the same words repeated: "parte," "luce," in the octave; and in the second tercet the ending words of lines are repeated: "morte," "desio," "sole."

In Dante's sonnets octaves of V., VI., and VII. are quatrains. Sonnet V. has for rhymes: "more," "gioia," "Amore," "noia," "core," "appoia," "tremore," "moia." VI. has for rhymes: "mente," "dona," "sovente," "persona," "subitanamente," "abbandona," "solamente," "ragiona." XI. is also two quatrains; rhymes: "core," "dormia," "Amore," "conoscia," "onore," "ridia," "signore," "venia." Sonnet XIII., beginning "Vede perfettamente ogni salute," rhymes: "salute," "vede," "tenute," "mercede," "virtute," "procede," "vestute," "fede." Sonnet XXVII. also has two quatrains. In Sonnet XXXVII., which also has quatrains, the word "parla" is repeated through the octave, and "nomo" is repeated once. Sonnet XXXIX. also has two quatrains. Sonnet LI. has also two quatrains for octave.

There are also varying rhymes in second octave of sonnet to Guido Cavalcanti, in which he imagines a pleasant voyage for Guido, Lapo Gianni, and himself, with their three ladies.

So also Guido to Dante, where he reports, in a feigned vision, the successful issue of Lapo Gianni's love, is, in octave, two quatrains.

Dino Compagni's sonnet to Guido Cavalcanti, reproving Guido for his arrogance in love, is in octave, two quatrains. In the same form are the two halves of octave in his sonnet to Guido Orlandi in praise of his lady; so is Dante da Majano's sonnet, in which he craves interpreting of a dream of his. So also Cecco Angiolieri's Sonnet in absence from Becchina.

The octave of Sonnet LI. of Dante, already referred to, is as follows:

Io maladico il dì ch' io vidi imprima
La luce de' vostri occhi traditori,
E 'l punto che veniste in sulla cima
Del core a trarne l' anima di fuori :
E maladico l' amorosa lima
Ch' ha pulito i miei motti, e' bei colori,
Ch' io ho per voi trovati e messi in rima
Per far, che l' mondo mai sempre v' onori.

Mr. Rossetti translates it exactly, save for the transposition of mes in the second part :

My curse be on the day when first I saw
The brightness in those treacherous eyes of thine—
The hour when from my heart thou cam'st to draw
My soul away that both might fail and pine.
My curse be on the skill that moved each line
Of my vain songs,—the music and just law
Of art by which it was my dear design
That the whole world should yield thee love and awe,
Yea, let me curse mine own obduracy
Which firmly holds what doth itself confound—
To wit, thy fair perverted face of scorn :
For whose sake love is oftentimes forsworn
So that men mock at him ; but most at me
Who would hold fortune's wheel and turn it round.

The third of Lord Tennyson's "Sonnets to a Coquette" is pre-ly after this form of Petrarchan sonnet :

Wan sculptor, weepest thou to take the cast
Of those dead lineaments that near thee lie?
O sorrowest thou, pale Painter, for the past
In painting some dead friend from memory?
Weep on ; beyond his object Love can last ;
His object lives : more cause to weep have I,
My tears, no tears of love, are flowing fast,
No tears of love, but tears that Love can die.

I pledge her not in any tearful cup,
Nor care to sit beside her where she sits—
Ah pity—hint it not in human tones,
But breathe it into earth and close it up
With secret death for ever in the pits
Which some green Christmas crams with weary bones.

In the sonnet "O beauty, passing beauty, sweetest sweet," we e the further justifiable form of octave in two quatrains, but with ying rhymes, and in the first of the sonnets on "Love" we have o quatrains, with varying rhymes, and a closing rhyming couplet. e third of the sonnets on "Love" follows the model of the Italian nets referred to, in which the first half of the octave is a quatrain

the second in the more common form; only, in this case, the rhymes are varied, and there is a rhymed couplet-ending. Having reached this much, under clear and undoubted Italian justification, it will surely be admitted that it was but a step, and a very slight step further, to the Shakespearean form of sonnet, which found such exquisite illustration in the hands of the elder Tennyson, Charles Turner; though it is very remarkable that when he was moved to definite careful revision—which he only too seldom was—his tendency was to remodel towards the pure Petrarchan form, as is very finely illustrated in the history of his Sonnet XXII. of the volume of 1830: "See'st thou her blushes," which is much changed in form before it appears in the volume of 1873, under the title "A Blush at Farewell." We here see very distinctly an attempt to pass from the modified Shakespearean form to the true octave and sestet, though the law of limiting rhymes is still not strictly observed. But just in the degree that the form of 1873 is, in our opinion, superior to the earlier one, it approaches to the pure form of Petrarchan sonnet; and this is, indeed, very curious in the case of a man so apparently indisposed to be self-critical or to sacrifice much for niceties of technical form merely.

"The Evening Cloud" of Professor Wilson, which we have seen criticised as though it had no claim to rank as a sonnet, is, in the octave, after the model of Petrarch's Sonnet CCXXII., referred to on a former page, though with license of a third rhyme in octave.

THE EVENING CLOUD.

A cloud lay cradled near the setting sun,
A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow,
Long had I watched the glory moving on,
O'er the still radiance of the lake below.
Tranquil its spirit seemed, and floated slow,
Ev'n in its very motion there was rest,
While every breath of eve that chanced to blow
Wafted the traveller to the beauteous west.
Emblem, methought, of the departed soul,
To whose white robe the gleam of bliss is given,
And by the breath of mercy made to roll
Right onward to the golden gates of heaven,
Where to the eye of faith it peaceful lies
And tells to man his glorious destinies.

Here we have the union of an octave loosely after an Italian model, with a further quatrain on different rhymes and a rhymed couplet-ending, and precedent for this could be found, so that we have a specimen of the sonnet from which the Shakespearean was the next step. In Wordsworth's sonnet, "I grieved for Buonapar

the second part of the octave is a quatrain—but it is justified fully by Italian models:

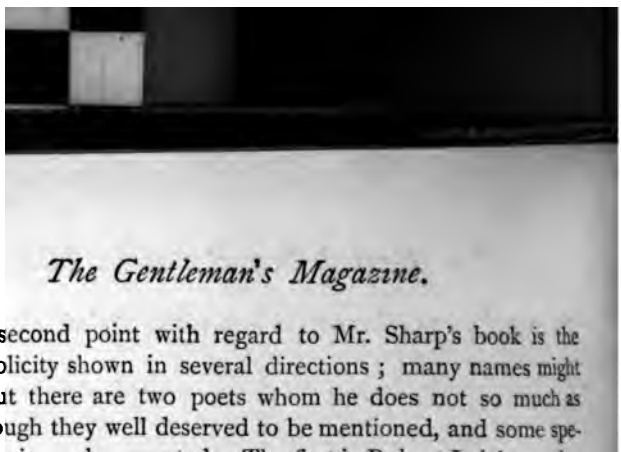
> 'Tis not in battles that from youth we train
> The Governor, who must be wise and good,
> And temper with the sternness of the brain
> Thoughts motherly and meek as womanhood.

If Mr. Sharp had only had ordinary regard to his own language, that might have sufficed to help him. If he had glanced at Mr. Symonds's translation of the Sonnets of Michael Angelo, he would have found that Mr. Symonds ends a considerable proportion of them with the rhyming couplet. And in his Sonnets on "The Thought of Death" and others, Mr. Symonds quite justifiably, in view of such models as we have referred to, uses the same allowable variation.

Mr. Sharp's schemes regarding the sonnet seemed to broaden and multiply before him as he proceeded, and he has not yet finished, so that any hint of pause or warning as to the *facts* of sonnet form and development may be the more welcome, if they even yet reach him in time to enable him to approach to greater correctness in his next essay.

"Comparatively brief," says Mr. Sharp, "this introductory Essay must be, not attempting to be anything more than a broadly executed free-hand sketch, certainly not a complete and minutely finished study. The latter I hope in some measure to accomplish in a new large-paper edition of this book, which will be published some six or eight months hence—and also with the addition of the sonnet's history in Italy, Spain, Portugal, France, England, and Germany, in a forthcoming volume entitled 'The Hundred Sonnets of Europe.'"

The *Spectator* found that "so long as Mr. Sharp is historical he is not only instructive but interesting. . . . What there is of pure criticism generally carries our assent; and we think, to mention one point only, that Mr. Sharp settles the vexed question as to the propriety or impropriety of the closing couplet in a way which will commend itself to the judgment and—what is of more consequence—to the ear of most sonnet-lovers. His argument, briefly stated, is that the character of the sonnet's close should depend upon its opening; and that while the couplet-ending is out of keeping with the genius of a sonnet built on the Petrarchan model, it gathers together and clinches, so to speak, the three quatrains of the Shakespearean"—which was all straight and satisfactory in itself; only, not so very long before, the *Spectator* had come forward to justify absolutely rhymed couplet-ending.



2. Our second point with regard to Mr. Sharp's book is the lack of catholicity shown in several directions; many names might be given, but there are two poets whom he does not so much as mention, though they well deserved to be mentioned, and some specimens of their work presented. The first is Robert Leighton, that true genius in his own line—exquisite in pathos, and homely without a touch of that prosaic detail which ruins so much in present-day poetry; who could rise to lofty heights of thought and speculation, and yet never fail to touch the common fibre of the heart, and who wrote a few of the most exquisite sonnets in the language.[1] Here is one:

WRITTEN ON MAY MORNING.

O wherefore should I write, when these my lines
  May ne'er be read—if read forgotten quite?
Wherefore the earth encumber with dead signs
  That to the generations give no light?
Hark! from yon sunny cloudlet come the notes
  Of one that carols not for me or you,
But that the spirit of creation floats
  Into his heart and gushes out anew.
Green earth! sweet air! blue sky! what worshipper
  Can hold his voice on this all-beauteous day?
Young May is in the meadow playing her,
  And all the world a-wooing is young May.
She doth bewitch her lovers; whoso yields
Unto her spell straight "babbles of green fields."

That is in the Shakespearean form; here is another, in a different vein, in the Petrarchan:

NEAR DUNBAR.

Here Cromwell stood, that dark and frowning night,
  Hemmed in upon this desperate tongue of land,
  The sea behind, the sea on either hand,
And, fronting him, the foe on yonder height.

What chance for Cromwell in to-morrow's fight,
  If thus the order of the battle stand?
  He was but captain, the supreme command
He knew was His who to the most lorn right

Oft gives mysterious victory; and so,
  Armed with this faith, of fear he never dreamed.
  For ever with that man a Power there seemed,
That conquered first the judgment of the foe,
  Then gave an easy field. So would it be
  With all who owned as deep a trust as he.

And that remarkable youth—as much humourist as poet—Thomas Davidson, the Scottish Probationer (*i.e.* Licentiate of

[1] See *Records and other Poems.* Kegan Paul & Co.

United Presbyterian Church), the account of whose all too early death would inexpressibly sadden us were it not for the brave and cheerful and solemnly humorous way in which he met it,[1] wrote one or two of the most perfect sonnets of recent years, not to be turned away from even with the sweet taste of Keats and Wordsworth and Matthew Arnold in the mouth. They are so true to the experience, so simple yet so stately in their style, and so rounded and complete yet without trace of effort. Their very simplicity adds to their power. The first we give is, in point of technique, the most finished, but both are worthy of any anthology.

LOVE-SONNET.

(*Begun for the New Year—finished on St. Valentine's Eve.*)

There is no date in Love's eternal Year,
Saving its first,—O deeply loved and long!
Nor shade invades the sunshine clear and strong
Which ever dominates its azure sphere.

Yellow the woods grow—yellow and winter drear,
Storms trample down the infinite leafy throng,
Even as my fortunes, yet the spirit of song
Lives in me, and the warmth of hopeful cheer.

There is no winter in this love of ours!
Thinking whereon, when with least clemency,
The winter of the world and fortune lowers,
Straightway that summer's noon breaks in on me
Which has no ending or decline, whose flowers
Are of the soul and share her immortality.

A SICK MAN TO THE EARLIEST SNOWDROP.

From off the chill and misty lower verge
Of Autumn, when the flowers were all gone past,
Looks that were prayers o'er Winter did I cast,
To see beyond thy fancied form emerge.

Thy advent was my dream, while storms did surge,
And if Hope walked with me 'tween storm and blast,
With phantom snowdrops her pale brows were graced,
Thy presence now, and my heart's fulness urge

This word of welcome, emblem of all meekness
Yet in thy meekness brave and militant
Leading flower-armies from the bloomy South
Hard on the heels of Frost and Cold and Bleakness!
O when I spied thee in this yearly haunt,
"Life! life! I shall not die!" brake from my mouth.

[1] See his "Memoir, Letters [illegible] by James Brown.

Compared with selecting a sonnet or two from the volumes of well-known writers, and already familiar to the poetry-loving public—Mr. Dante Rossetti, Mrs. Browning, Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Matthew Arnold, Miss Mathilde Blind, Mr. Andrew Lang, *et hoc genus omne*—what a service were it to recover effectually for the public the strays of sonnet literature which, from adverse circumstances, have lost their proper protectors, and lie hidden—buried—in magazine tomes! Notwithstanding this volume of Mr. Sharp's, admirable as it is in many ways, this profitable task still awaits capable hands disposed perseveringly to carry it out.

One last word must be devoted to the sonnets introduced to us in the American edition of Leigh Hunt's "Book of the Sonnet." Our transatlantic poets do not fail in delicacy, grace, and clearness of form. It is enough to refer to the sonnets of Bryant and Longfellow, of Mr. Russell Lowell, Mr. Stoddard, Mr. Aldrich, Mr. Paul Hayne, and Mr. Stedman. Some of these specimens are marked by fine thought, chaste fancy, and careful attention to form. They are certainly not put to shame by the earlier English sonnets gathered together by Leigh Hunt and Mr. Adams Lee. One American sonnet which has struck us—though evidently suggested by Wordsworth—may be quoted:

> What is a sonnet? 'Tis the pearly shell
> That murmurs of the far-off murmuring sea,
> A precious jewel carved most curiously.
> It is a little picture painted well.
>
> What is a sonnet? 'Tis the tear that fell
> From a great poet's hidden ecstasy;
> A two-edged sword, a star, a song—ah me!
> Sometimes a heavy-tolling funeral bell.
>
> This was the flame that shook with Dante's breath,
> The solemn organ whereon Milton played,
> And the clear glass where Shakespeare's shadow falls:
> A sea this is—beware who ventureth!
> For like a fjord the narrow floor is laid
> Deep as mid ocean to th' sheer mountain walls.
>
> RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

One remarkably felicitous effort of Mr. Stedman, too, we should have quoted if space had allowed. Mr. Stedman has not written many sonnets, but he excels in thought, proportion, and symmetry.

ALEXR. H. JAPP.

WHEN WE TWO PARTED.

THE river was flowing down towards the sea in the October twilight, the last faint gleam from the setting sun tinging its waters with a ruddy glow. The osiers rustled in the breeze, and a boat went dropping softly down with the stream. Not a cloud was in sight, yet suddenly the sky overhead became dark and a shadow fell upon the water, while the air was filled with the noise of myriads of beating wings, as a flight of swallows wheeled round and round, then darted down among the osier beds with a sound like a rushing wind.

Night after night they had gathered thus, only to disperse again in the day; but on the next morning, when the first breath of dawn stirred amongst the reeds and the light mists began to roll away from wood and meadow, they rose on the wing, no longer darting hither and thither as fancy directed, but, obeying the mysterious signal that summoned them forth on their journey, they banded close together and set out towards the sea.

Swifter than the river itself, swifter than the boats that went rocking on its waves, they flew steadily on their course, following the trackless road with no chart or compass to guide them.

"How much further have we to go?" asked one swallow of her mate.

"Many, many miles!" was the answer. "Do you not remember how long the way was by which we came?"

"No: I remember nothing. The thought of our nest in the eaves, of the long summer twilight, of the cries of our little ones, has blotted out all memory of what came before. Let me return!"

"You cannot return," said the swallow. "Summer does not last for ever. In a little while the ground will be covered with frost and snow, and the cruel winds will tear the leaves from the trees. I know, for the sparrows told me. We must hasten on while there is time, to the land where snow never falls."

"But we shall never find the way to that land! There is nothing but sky above and sea beneath."

"Did we not find the way here? And shall we not find the way back again? Fear nothing; only keep close to me."

Mile after mile and mile after mile they sped on their way, through winds and clouds, through sunshine and through storm.

"My wings are weary," she said at last. "I cannot fly any longer. I shall sink into the waves."

"Nay, nay," answered the swallow, "we are going to rest. See, there is a ship beneath us: we shall settle in the rigging, and you will soon feel strong again."

The birds had already slackened their speed, and now they poised themselves above the ship, and with a circling motion descended slowly upon the rigging, amid the delight and surprise of the passengers, who were ready to welcome any incident in the monotony of their voyage. There was one, however, who took no more notice of this than he did of their other interests. The Emigrant, they called him, for he told them that he had chosen emigration because he had no link left to bind him to his native land: and there was a sombre weight upon his brow, and a look of sadness in his eye, that checked their friendly advances.

But now, having rested their weary wings, the birds began to think of flight. One after another they rose in the air, wheeled round and settled down again: till at last they all gathered together and set out once more upon their airy voyage. All, that is to say, but one. The swallow and his mate had been separated as they settled down upon the ship, and fear of the curious strangers around them prevented him from regaining her side.

And now, as he flew forward once more, she followed him with eyes of despair, for her wing was broken, and with all her efforts she could not rise from her perch.

No one noticed her at first. All eyes were fixed on the flock of birds already fast disappearing from sight, and one among the passengers, a born musician, lifted up his voice and sang:

Oh! swallow, swallow, flying, flying south,
Fly to her and fall upon her gilded eaves,
And tell her, tell her what I tell to thee.

Oh! tell her brief is life, but love is long,
And brief the sun of summer in the north,
And brief the moon of beauty in the south.

His voice floated out upon the waters, and the bird on the rigging made one last effort to follow in the track of her companions. She fluttered a moment in agony, and then dropped helplessly on the deck at the singer's feet.

The Emigrant started forward and lifted the tiny creature in his hands, while the rest of the passengers clustered round.

"It often happens," said the captain coolly, when he saw what was going on; "they dash themselves against the rigging when they light. Better kill the poor little thing at once and put it out of its misery."

"No!" said the Emigrant, raising his eyes for a moment from the little quivering bird that lay in his palm.

There was a strange look on his face, and his fellow-passengers wondered at him, while the captain shrugged his shoulders and walked aft. He said no more, but with skilful fingers wove a nest of straw and wool and laying his charge within it sat down to watch by its side.

With dim and failing eyes the swallow looked up into the sky, and yearned once more to feel her wings pulsating through the wide waste of air. If only she could fly, how eagerly she would hasten after the mate who had left her alone in her anguish!

But suddenly in the clear sky overhead a little black speck appeared; nearer and nearer it came, till at last with a plaintive cry it darted down upon the edge of the nest. It was the swallow's mate, and the Emigrant hardly dared to draw his breath; but the little heart beat only for the one it loved, and no human spectator had power to frighten or disturb it.

Softly he fluttered down by the side of the wounded bird and called to her in loving accents, "Why are you here? I missed you, and I have come back to fetch you."

"I cannot come; my wing is broken, and I shall never fly again."

The passengers would have gathered round to look and wonder, but the Emigrant drove them all away. Hour after hour he sat by the side of the nest, guarding it jealously from every intruder, and listening to the twittering of the birds until it seemed to him that he understood their language of love and sorrow.

The swallow stretched his wings over his mate as though with the warmth of his own heart he could hinder the cold approach of death; he cried to her as though his voice could penetrate the veil of darkness that was creeping round her. But all his efforts availed nothing; feebler and feebler grew the notes that answered to his own, fainter and fainter the heart that beat against his breast, till at length with one last flutter the little bird lay still and silent for ever.

The swallow needed no one to tell him that life was gone. Mournfully he drooped his head over the tiny form as he took his last

farewell, and rising on the wing hovered circling over the nest; then spreading its wings he flew sadly away over the waste of desolate waters.

The Emigrant leaned upon the rail watching the bird's departing flight, and the passengers seized the opportunity of surrounding the nest.

"How could it find its way back to the ship?" said one.

"I cannot tell," said another, "nor how it will find its way now after its lost companions."

"And how could it know that its mate had been left on board?" asked a third.

So they wondered and questioned, but the Emigrant paid no heed to their idle talk; tears were rising fast in his eyes, and as he turned away to hide them he murmured once more the singer's words:

> Oh! swallow, swallow, flying, flying south,
> Tell her that's life, but love is long!

MARY BRADFORD-WHITING.

BUSSACO IN 1810.

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF A CARMELITE FRIAR.[1]

THE great misfortune which happened at Almeida [2] was soon known all over Portugal, and on August 31, 1810, the French army, commanded by Massena, continued its march in the direction of Viseu.

The Anglo-Portuguese forces under the English General Lord Wellington were encamped on the slopes of the Estrella mountains, but, not being strong enough to oppose the French advance, they retired as far as the bridge of Murcella; and so rapidly was this movement effected that nothing was heard of it at Bussaco until just before the troops began to arrive.

On the afternoon of September 20, one of Lord Wellington's aides-de-camp knocked at our gate, and the moment it was opened he said, "I wish to see the convent at once. The General-Commanding-in-Chief slept last night at Lorvão, and will be here tomorrow about this hour. The French are already at Tondella."

Having first told the prior, we showed the officer over the convent. He selected the best of the unoccupied rooms for the General, and ordered it to be whitewashed and scrubbed; then, after drinking some wine, he set off in great haste for Lorvão. Orders were given to prepare all the other rooms, and the day ended with much alarm on our part at the prospect of having to put up with such things as had never before been heard of in this convent.

The advance of the French being confirmed the following day, the prior gave orders for the administration of the Holy Sacrament, that the consecrated wafer might be consumed, and no irreverence be suffered by the great God whom we adore day and night.

[1] *Diary of Events at the Convent of Bussaco in September and October*, 1810. Written by José de S. Silvestre, friar of the convent and eye-witness of all that occurred. Translated, by the kind permission of Senhor J. Martins de Carvalho, owner of the original manuscript.

[2] The explosion of the powder magazine, which caused the death of 500 persons and the surrender of the fortress to the French.

At 8 A.M. the Quarter-Master-General arrived, and gave in a list of fifty officers for whom it was necessary to find quarters. This list was signed by the Commander-in-Chief and was accompanied by an order not to supply any further accommodation without instructions from him. The English troops then began to appear, and their numbers increased so fast that in an hour the convent and grounds were crowded with officers and baggage. The General arrived about the same time and was shown his room; but though it was the best he objected to it because it had only one door, and chose another which had two doors but was not so well lighted; this one he ordered to be scrubbed, and while it was drying he inspected the ground and roads as far as Mortagua.

The officers of the staff took possession of all the cells except that of brother Antonio dos Anjos, which no one would have because he had filled it with all the potsherds, rags, and old iron he could pick up. The prior also, from motives of policy, was allowed to remain undisturbed.

While the convent was thus occupied the friars slept in the church, sacristy, library, pantry, and wherever they could find room. The cloisters were invaded by persons of all sorts and conditions—an event which had never happened since their foundation; and the General having given orders that the bells should not be rung during the night, we had to assemble for matins at eight o'clock in the evening.

During his stay at the convent Lord Wellington got up at 5 A.M.: at seven he went out to inspect the camp and troops, returning about 4 P.M., and dined at five. He sent us a message not to be alarmed, as he would let us know as soon as it was necessary to leave. The prior, however, to be on the safe side, ordered the oldest friars to set out at once, and despatched a cart laden with valuables to Coimbra.

About midday on the 23rd the noise of firing near Mortagua announced the approach of the enemy, and burning houses could be seen in the same direction. The English officers watched what was happening, and seemed very sad.

The firing continued next day, but with little effect, as only our outposts were engaged, and the main body continued to retreat.

A large number of peasants were engaged in making a broad road along the crest of the ridge in the direction of Murcella, and in repairing the one which passed through the convent grounds, so that artillery might ascend without difficulty.

On the 25th the French advanced to Moura, a village not more than half a league distant; there they halted and detached forces

which took possession of the heights on both our flanks. The allied army responded to this movement by taking up a position along the summit of the range on each side of the convent. The hill-tops were occupied by artillery, and a battery was placed within our grounds, so as to command the Sulla gate in case the enemy effected an entrance. The wall on both sides of this gate was knocked down to half its original height, and loopholed for musketry. Two regiments were held in readiness to repel any attack, and a barrier of oak trees was placed on the outside ; so that we were prepared for anything that might happen, though in the end none of these defences were required.

The regular life of the convent was entirely interrupted by the many disturbances around us.

On the morning of the 26th the General ordered all his baggage to be removed. This caused us great alarm, and some of the friars made ready to leave. At midday, however, the baggage was brought back, and the General ordered dinner. This comforted us a little.

The French appeared in large numbers on the opposite hills, and gradually drew nearer. One column marched into Moura, and others occupied the neighbouring pine woods. At 2 P.M. our artillery and riflemen opened fire, the latter from the slopes of the hills. This continued for a couple of hours with but little effect, except that an English general was severely wounded. The following day Lord Wellington asked for a stretcher, from which we concluded that the wounded man had either died or was so ill that he could not be taken to Coimbra in any other way.

Before daybreak on the 27th the French army was in motion, and, advancing rapidly under cover of a dense fog, they broke our line near Santo Antonio do Cantaro ; but, another regiment coming to our assistance, the gap was closed, and all who had passed through were either killed or taken prisoners.

The other French division occupied the village of Sulla, and had ascended the height until close to our batteries, when the fog lifted and allowed them to be clearly seen. Owing to a hot fire from our artillery a great part of this column retreated rapidly down the hill, and our riflemen hissed them loudly, which caused much amusement to those who heard it. The firing was continued on both sides until 4 P.M.

The following morning, after having confessed and said Mass, I went out with another priest to see the battle. At the door we met a peasant weeping bitterly. I asked him what was the matter, and

ever else they asked for. One thing surprised us immensely, and this was that although many were dying and others were in great danger, yet none asked to be confessed, nor did they speak of Jesus, as is so natural and right for an afflicted Christian to do.

Beresford, whose head-quarters were at Santa Eufemia, slept at night in our library, and the General, who had been taken prisoner, was sent to Coimbra with his wife and secretary. The artillery fire was continued on our side, but the enemy scarcely replied, and there was little bloodshed. Colonel Trant came to confer with Lord Wellington, and it was rumoured that he was to take back reinforcements; but this did not prove true, and in the evening he started for some place beyond Agueda, where his militia were encamped.

Towards 11 P.M. the French retired very quietly in the direction of Mortagua, then turned towards Boialro and struck the Oporto road at a point not guarded by our troops. An English officer commanding an outpost noticed the movement, though only by chance, as the night was very dark. On receiving his report, the General instantly got up, and at midnight set out with the whole army for Coimbra. He sent us notice that we should leave at once, and this advice was followed by all except Friars Ignacio, Antonio, and myself. It was very dark, and raining hard, so we put off starting until the morning.

I arose very early to see what the troops were doing, and met several regiments retiring in great haste. When all had passed, we went to look at the French camp; but only some cavalry pickets, scattered at intervals along the road, were to be seen, and these gradually retired, until the last had disappeared. A squadron of English cavalry had remained to watch their movements, and the commander now despatched a small force along the Mortagua road for the same purpose. Shortly after passing Moura this party came upon seventy wounded Frenchmen, who had been abandoned by their comrades, and felt such pity for them that they mounted them on their horses and brought them back to the chapel of All Souls, which lies just outside our wall. This pious work occupied them the whole day.

The English set fire to an immense quantity of powder, and the explosion caused great damage to our property; it knocked down a wall immediately in front, uprooted trees, and broke a large window in the church.

The vedettes retired early next morning, after charging us to give water to the Frenchmen who were in the chapel, to avoid the peasants who did nothing but rob and murder, and to bring in more wounded who were still lying in the wood.

I started at once to see about these latter, and at my request two Portuguese officers accompanied me; but on arriving at the Sulla gate they let me go on alone, saying it was too far; however, near the village of Moura I met three men who agreed to go with me. A short distance further on we found twelve French soldiers lying close to the roadside. They were so badly hurt that not one of them could raise himself; some had their legs broken, and three of them were dying, worn out with pain and cold, with hunger and thirst. The moment they saw us they raised their hands to Heaven, sobbing and crying out, "Oh, Mother of God! Mother of God! Water, for the love of God!" I asked the peasants who had come with me if they would go for water, and they replied most certainly not—that it was not likely they were going to do good to their enemies. Hurt by their inhumanity, I did all in my power to arouse feelings of compassion in them, but in spite of my efforts they did not move a step, and I declared that as they would not help me I would go for the water myself. Taking some bottles which the men had brought with them I started down the hillside. Seeing how determined I was they began to relent, and one of them went with me. On my return I distributed the water amongst the wounded, and as they had no food except some maize which grew close by, a peasant gave them a piece of black bread which he had in his pocket. I wished to take one of the soldiers back with me, but he had lost so much blood from a wound in his head, that even when leaning against me he was too weak to walk, and was so overcome by this slight exertion that he fell senseless to the ground. Being unable to render further assistance I returned to the convent, and after midday again set out with a supply of water, bread, wine and fish. I carried one of the wounded on a hand-cart as far as Moura, being helped by a poor old man from Lobão. Two of the villagers had joined us, and I impressed on them that they should give the Frenchmen water, and, if possible, take them to some place of shelter. This they did four days afterwards, being driven to it by my constant importunity; but by that time three of the unfortunate men had died. I helped to move the survivors to a room where they had abundance of straw to lie on, and were supplied by us with food until they were able to join their comrades in the chapel.

In the early morning of October 1 we were alarmed by the report that the French were at Villariça, a village not more than a quarter of a league distant. While discussing this news with the priest who had remained with me, the latter said he was at a loss to know how to get rid of the two officers I have already mentioned; th

were a captain of Militia and a lieutenant of the Rifles. It was now more than a week since they had introduced themselves, with much show of friendship, and we were supporting them without being either their friends or debtors. After considering the matter, I said, "I see how it can be done without offending them. As the French are at Villariça, let us give out that we wish to shut up the convent and leave this neighbourhood, lest we fall into their hands ; we will then take a walk over the hills, and when it seems good to us we will return." He approved of my suggestion, for we had no intention of leaving the convent, having been warned that as soon as we did so it would be plundered by people from the neighbouring villages, and possibly even the French might not treat us as badly as that.

I went at once to the officers and told them to fetch whatever belonged to them, as we intended to close the convent and could not allow anyone to remain inside. As they did not wish to leave they began to argue the point, saying that the French would not come here, that they were not even at Villariça, and that the boy who had spread the report ought to be well beaten. My reply was that they should get ready immediately, as most decidedly we were going to shut up the convent and take refuge in a safer place. When the farm servants heard this they declared that it was not possible for them to go with us, as they were engaged in baking bread and could not leave it. I told them secretly of my plan, which they applauded, for they also were tired of these officers, who did nothing but collect all the powder and muskets they could lay hands on, while they ate and drank at our expense ; they therefore threw their coats over their shoulders and urged us to depart without delay. The officers said we must breakfast first, but I replied, "There is no time for that; take a sip of wine and nothing more. Let us get away from here at once."

While they harnessed an old horse to carry the things they had collected, I went to the cellar to have a drink of wine, but was interrupted by the noise of horses outside. I shut the door quickly and went to the yard gate, whence I saw a number of cavalry soldiers advancing towards me. At first sight I took them for English, but on looking more closely at their shakos I saw they were French. They marched slowly past without addressing a word to me, at which I was much surprised. In the middle of the troop were three officers, who beckoned to me, and when I got near, one of them took off his shako and bowed politely. He then said, "We have come to take charge of the stores of food which the English left behind."

"The English left nothing here but a large quantity of powder, to which they themselves set fire when the last party evacuated the place," I replied.

"At what hour did this take place?" he inquired.

"At night," I answered; then they laughed because they saw that I was speaking the truth, for they had heard the explosion. They further asked if there were any troops in the woods and how many friars there were in the convent. I told them that no troops remained, and that there were only three friars here, all the others having left in accordance with orders received from the English General.

They still insisted that there must be large stores of food here, as they had been told so. I assured them that it was not the case and that they had been deceived. On this they remarked, "To-morrow another French officer will come here to find out whether you speak the truth." These words caused me no little uneasiness, and I said to the officer, "If you will dismount I will show you over the whole convent." He was quite pleased, and told me that I need not be in the least anxious, as they had no intention of harming either our persons or property and would give us an official document which would ensure us good treatment in case any more French troops should visit the convent.

My comrade the priest and the two persons we had planned to get rid of now joined me. The lieutenant was at once made prisoner, but was allowed to retain his sword. The other officer escaped notice, as he was not in uniform and had torn the gold lace off his cap without being seen.

I was again asked what provisions we had, and replied that the dough was ready to be baked and that there was a little corn and wine, which I showed them. They thereupon asked for sacks, which having been brought, they sent some bushels of corn, a great pitcher of wine, a basket of maize bread and fifty salt codfish to the soldiers who had remained near the chapel where the wounded still lay.

One of the officers chanced to notice a large iron bolt on the door of the oilstore, which he requested should be opened at once, thinking something valuable was hidden there. The first thing he saw inside was a basket of very salt mackerel; of these he gave some to a soldier who was standing by, and ordered others to be cooked with all haste. I told him they were much too salt, and that without being first soaked in water they were not fit to eat. He replied that it did not matter, he wished to have them cooked at once. His attention was so entirely taken up with the fish that, without examining any further, he asked me to show them the way to the dining-room

d them something to eat. I explained that, as there ything ready, they would have to wait until our usual ner. This they declared was quite out of the question, ur they were to meet the General at Coimbra; adding that ed their food underdone, like the English.

them maize bread, as the other was not yet baked, wine, nd the aforesaid mackerel. While at table they asked e, cheese, and preserved fruit, but were satisfied with my at we had none of these luxuries.

were finishing their meal an orderly came to say that a armed peasants were collecting outside our walls. The me to reason with them, and recommend them to go , cultivate their fields, and leave fighting to be done by begged that the orderly might come with me, and we er as far as the gate, where he asked me to wait while he companions, who had remained near the chapel. Pre- turned and said it was all a mistake and no peasants een.

nade his report to the officers he rejoined me, and begged a little wine into his bottle; this I consented to do, but the cellar door was opened all the other soldiers crowded ed them to go out, but they objected to do so until their also filled. On this I shouted in an angry voice to one of ds, "Call one of the officers to drive out these men!" s they began to go, but sadly. The Captain came and place in an instant, and I at once locked the cellar door. asked for some food to take with them, and we gave owls and two partridges. They begged us to supply the ith bread, wine, and broth; to protect them from the d that one of us should stay with them at night. A lay a servant slept for two nights in the chapel, but the not go any more, because the wounded men themselves servant was sufficient.

way to the gate a soldier came to say that he had found nmunition in one of the servants' rooms. He then went nd broke up six guns, emptied out a keg of powder in the rew all the cartridges he could find into a bowl of water. force was about to march someone called out that a on amongst the bystanders was a captain. Hearing this fficers asked him if it was true, on which he turned pale, what to reply. We explained that he really was a captain, Militia, and had no men under his command. They said

to him, "We must take you with us." He did all in his power to avoid going, even saying that my companion was his cousin and he could not leave him, but the priest replied, "Go, go; do as these gentlemen wish," so he was obliged to accompany them.

I now begged them to give me the document they had promised, and having been provided with ink and paper, they handed it to me written as follows :

"Au nom de l'humanité.

"Je prie et supplie tous les militaires françois qui viendront au Couvent Bussaco, de ne rien exiger ni des pères ni des paysans des villages voisins. Soixante blessés françois seroient victimes de la moindre violence. Ces pères se sont obligés à fournir des vivres aux blessés jusqu'au moment de l'évacuation.

"Le 1er d'octobre, 1810.

" . . . offr au 3me régt. d'Hussares."

They asked me for a written declaration which would satisfy the General that we had undertaken the care of the wounded, and I made it out in these words :

"We, the friars of the Convent of Bussaco, hereby certify that sixty wounded French soldiers have been under our care since the retreat of the English troops. We promise to continue to look after them, and to supply them with the best food we possess.

"Bussaco, 1st October, 1810."

After saying that we might expect another detachment next day, they took leave of us with the same courtesy they had shown on their arrival, and returned by the road along which they came, the two prisoners having to accompany them on foot. These French did not demand money from anyone, nor were they in the least rude, although they found arms and ammunition in the convent.

Between eight and nine o'clock next morning, as I was standing at the gate of the court-yard, I saw some fifty soldiers slowly ascending the hill. When they came near I advanced to meet them and handed one of the officers the document which had been given to me the previous day. After reading it and speaking to his comrades he returned it, saying that there was no need to be alarmed as they had only come to make a list of the wounded, whom they wished to move to the hospital. Having dismounted, and posted guards at the end of the court-yard and at the door leading to the convent, they accompanied me to where the wounded were lying, and the whole party, consisting of a captain, lieutenant, sub-lieutenant, and a Spanish doctor, conversed with me by the way.

Having examined the sick, the doctor asked for hot water to wash

their wounds, and we returned to the convent to get it. On our arrival the lay brother came up to us, looking very pale, and said, "The soldiers have done much damage to the church, and have even torn my waistcoat in looking for money." When the officers joined us I told them what had occurred and took them to the church to prove my statement. They all appeared very sorry, but said nothing until I had finished; then they asked me if I could point out the culprits. My companion said that a sergeant who had come to his assistance knew who they were. He was accordingly sent for and ordered to bring them in. After a short delay he returned with three soldiers who were without shakos, arms, or belts. The officers pointed out the damage they had done, and one of them beginning to deny his guilt, the lieutenant seized him by the collar and threw him backwards on to the steps of the high altar. A second also tried to excuse himself, but the sub-lieutenant, snatching up a piece of board, gave him such heavy blows on his back that, fearing bloodshed inside the church, I caught hold of his arms and begged him to stop. The third culprit did not say a word and escaped punishment, but he was as white as a sheet. The officers were profuse in their apologies and recommended me to write to the General, who would, without doubt, do all in his power to make amends for the outrage.

After a pause the Captain asked me whether, as a favour, the officers could be given just a little bread and wine. I replied "Certainly, sir," and led them to the dining-room, where we supplied them with the best food we had. One of them mentioned that he had not tasted bread for a month; and when I inquired what they lived on, he said they were obliged to eat the same grain as was given to the horses, grinding it between their teeth as best they could. When they were ready to start, it was found that the peasant whom they had brought as a guide was lying on the ground and groaning incessantly. On being asked what was the matter he put his hand on his chest and declared that he was in such pain that he could not stand up. I suggested that the doctor should examine him, which he did, and then told me to make an infusion of elder flowers. The other officers mounted, and laughed more and more as the man's groans became louder. The fact was that he did not wish to return with them. Another peasant agreed to show the way, and they promised to send him back as soon as they could find anyone to take his place. They then bade us adieu most politely and took the road which led across the summit of the hill. Scarcely were they out of sight when the sick man jumped up, and asked, "Have those devils gone away? They jeered enough at me. May they have Barabbas for company!"

this we all burst out laughing, and he, having rapidly recovered from his illness, made off without saying good-bye to anyone.

The French continued their march to Coimbra, and thence to Lisbon, so that we saw no more of them.

During the time that our army had its head-quarters here we provided beds for most of the officers, and divided all the bedding we possessed amongst them. A General who slept in the Bishop's chapel was lent a table cloth, two brass lamps, and a great copper-pitcher to hold water—all these we lost. Lord Wellington was given our best napkins and four dozen candles; besides which, we supplied the endless demands made by the other officers. Even to the soldiers and fugitives we gave salt and whatever else we could spare. Quantities of our bread, cheese, wine, and oil were consumed by the troops, but when Lord Wellington sent a message that he would pay for it all, and begged to know what sum the prior wished for, the latter replied that the only thing he wished for was the peace of the realm.

The loss and damage suffered by the convent was very great. Almost everything supplied to the officers had disappeared, at least nothing remained that was of any value. Our maize was cut for the horses; the soldiers and other people picked our beans as long as one remained; our cabbages were taken, and the troops and camp followers did not stint themselves in firewood, which they cut in our woods. Doorways were made in our walls, and, besides the plunder taken from the church by the French soldiers, a chapel was broken into and a chalice and some other things were stolen.

When the French had retired into Spain, the English commander—Wilson—encamped here for two days, and was supplied with everything he required for his bed and board. The soldiers were given bread and much besides; yet, in spite of this, they stole all our oranges, broke into our store-room and helped themselves to more bread, also wine, a basket of eggs, a tin of honey, and many other things to which they took a fancy. In fact, wherever they went they behaved as badly as, or worse than, the French.

These troops were Militia; and whereas their conduct ought to have been better, it was far worse than that of the regulars.

Colonel Trant had the wounded sent to Oporto soon after the capture of Coimbra. During the twenty days they remained here they were supported by us. As there were so many of them we were obliged to give only a small ration to each, so that all might have a share. However, but for us they would, undoubtedly, have died or been murdered by the peasants.

Before Lord Wellington's arrival no English came here, though they passed continually along the road close to the convent; but after the battle the hitherto unknown name of Bussaco became famous all over the country. Not a week now passes without a visit from English officers who are either going to or returning from the front, and all are enchanted with the place. These visits cause us great expense; but if at last we obtain the peace and security which are as necessary and desirable as our very existence, we shall consider the money well spent.

May the God of Hosts grant it to us without delay, for His glory and our joy!

Translated by W. VIVIAN.

PENAL SENTENCES.

WE propose, in this paper, the following divisions of our subje and we shall hereafter see the manner in which the eig sections, taken together, form a complete whole :

(1) The rights of the State to punish individuals.
(2) Penal equivalency.
(3) The general nature of penal sentences, in practice.
(4) The effects of sentences on the individual thereto subjected
(5) The reformatory influence of penal sentences.
(6) Sentences treated as adequate and inadequate.
(7) The penology of bigamy.
(8) General prison summary.

We proceed to deal with our first division, viz. the rights of t State to punish individuals.

(1) Discussions on this point have generally proved unsatisfacto if not interminable. It has never yet been satisfactorily decided to how far the State is justified in depriving its individual membe of their personal liberty, and reducing them to the position of slav at the expense, it may be, of the health of the prisoners, and t undoubted risk of the community as a whole. By the State comprised the legislature of the kingdom—the Houses of Parliam and the Royal Assent—and it is in the various codes of crimi ethics that our laws may be said to exist and to assert their pot tiality. What is a crime in one country is lawful in another, and very hard and fast international code of laws can be postulated binding on several civilised countries at the same instant of ti though from time to time a certain conformity may be obser in the criminal ethics of various nations. The more serious c of crimes, such as murder, burglary, &c., are recognised by civilised people as being criminal, and such offences are tre in various ways by individual nations. Thus, murder is dealt sometimes by the death penalty, sometimes by prolonged impri ment, according to the laws of the land in which the crim committed, and the same holds true when laws against morality considered, each country having its own peculiar tenet in

practical administration of the law. An eminent judge writes: "Societies are stronger than their individual members, and do as a fact systematically hurt them in various ways for various acts and omissions. This practice is useful under certain conditions, and injurious under other conditions. What these conditions are is a question for legislators." So that if we agree with these remarks above quoted we must admit that the responsibility rests with the legislature, and not with the individual units of the community; in other words, if we deem the law and its methods of punition to be unfair, we must blame the Houses of Parliament collectively, and not the nation as a whole. It seems to us that the question of *expediency* affords the best solution of the problem, as no sane person will argue that crime should be left unpunished and unnoticed, as a burning matter of urgency combined with *expediency*. The State punishes crime with a view to the reformation of offenders; secondly, as a means of safe detention for a certain class of criminals who are dangerous when at large. It will be generally admitted, then, that the State has a right to mulct offenders against the law in penalties to a variable extent, and that in so doing she is but following in the steps of all nations who can lay any claims to civilisation. As to the methods adopted for the maintenance of peace and security by the prosecution and conviction of offenders, we shall have to speak on these points further on, under section three.

(2) Penal equivalence may be defined as a system of penal payments for offences committed. Thus, a fine may be inflicted penologically equivalent to the crime committed, or rather misdemeanour. The nature of the case may demand that something more disagreeable to the offender against the law than a pecuniary loss be the equivalent of the crime in question. Thus, a term of imprisonment may be passed, representing a certain amount of manual labour, which is to be accomplished before the State will grant a receipt in full that the penalty has been paid. A man steals a sum of money, and he is convicted and sentenced to six months' imprisonment with hard labour. This man repays to the State the value of the article stolen by his labour in prison. He may not be profitable to the State, everything taken into consideration, but such prison labour as he is capable of performing represents so much gain, which latter he is compelled to hand over for the good of the country. There is, then, a principle of restitution at work in all penal sentences, though the prisoner may be a loss to the State so far as the expense of keeping him is concerned, still, as much is got out of him as possible. The erection of a magnificent prison, like that of Wormwood Scrubbs,

is a practical illustration of convict labour applied in a profitable direction, and there are many more. We see, then, how the legal code diverges from the civil action "sounding in damages" to the criminal procedure terminating in penal slavery; restitution holds in both cases, and if the offender does not compensate the individual, he serves the State, to make such reparation as health and abilities permit of.

(3) The general nature of penal sentences as practically applied. Imprisonment may be of three kinds: simple detention for a period, imprisonment without hard labour, and imprisonment with hard labour. A sentence of penal servitude of course is a form of imprisonment with hard labour, as we shall see. The most important species of imprisonment is the last mentioned, subdivided into a hard labour and a penal servitude sentence. Let us discuss the first mentioned, viz. imprisonment with hard labour. This may extend from one day to two years. During the sentence continuous work must be performed, the class of work depending to a certain extent upon the length of the sentence. If the duration of sentence admits of it, a useful trade will be taught, such as tailoring, bootmaking, and many other varieties of technical labour, and it is obvious that a short-sentence prisoner cannot be expected to master a trade in a space of a few weeks, hence the prisoner undergoing a nine or twelve months' sentence will acquire the greater knowledge of the prison trade. He may be employed in the bake-house, for example, and become a proficient baker. We say here, from personal observation, that every opportunity and facility is offered to prisoners by which they may acquire some form of technical knowledge, which ought to and in many instances does benefit them on discharge. Let it be borne in mind that all this means enforced labour, obtained from men who frequently dislike work of any kind outside prison, and it will require no argument on our part to convince the reader that a prisoner may be most industrious in prison and most idle when free. Hence, a large number of discharged prisoners return again and again to prison life, simply for this reason, that the innate tendency to idleness cannot be eradicated by any system of prison discipline or detention. Penal servitude extends from three years to life. Here we meet with the gang system of labour, in which the convicts are formed into parties and work together on the public works, building, quarrying, stone dressing, though, of course, indoor work is also carried on at the same time, as in the ordinary local prison. Almost every trade finds a representative in a large convict prison, and a considerable amount of Government work is accomplished. The

discipline in a great convict prison may be expected to be somewhat more rigorous than in a local prison, and it is so, the precautions taken against escapes, and the general routine of convict life, rendering a penal servitude sentence one to be dreaded. A convict counts his time by years, a hard labour prisoner by months or days, hence repressive measures are more needed in a convict establishment than in a local prison.

(4) The aggregate of the effects produced by a sentence of imprisonment with hard labour or one of penal servitude cannot be lightly estimated, when the peculiarities of individual temperament are considered. We have to deal with various points before arriving at any conclusion as to the sum total of effects, mostly of a repugnant nature, felt by those undergoing a penal sentence. Firstly, we must inquire as to the habits of life, education, and social position belonging to the sentence; secondly, the nervous organisation, physique, and general surroundings of the prisoner; in short, we must determine the personal equation of each penal recipient before coming to any conclusion as to the depth to which the prison iron will enter into the man. It is evident, and an established fact, that the prisoner's antecedents will greatly influence the load which he has to bear. Contrast the ordinary labourer, under a sentence of three years' penal servitude, with the man of education and *quondam* social position, and see them working side by side in the stone yard. The one inured to manual labour, unconscious of social degradation, the other learning to do a day's work with his hands, keenly alive to his fall from the social ladder; and both are under the same routine, both subservient to the prison officials, attend the same chapel, and wear the same dress and the broad arrow branded thereon. It is admitted by prison authorities that the regular criminal often makes a good prisoner, he being from previous experience thoroughly versed in the duties which fall to his lot, and, knowing that resistance is futile if not dangerous to his personal quietude, obtains full marks and an early ticket-of-leave, which may be forfeited by a re-conviction before expiration. Formerly, before the introduction of the star class, prisoners were indiscriminately mixed together; now, however, prison eclecticism is to the front, and a returned licensee will not be placed side by side with a first offender. Allowing due consideration to be given to the points mentioned above, it is evident that penal sentences of equal duration and gravity convey, to those undergoing the same, diverse experiences so far as mental and bodily suffering is concerned, representing to one prisoner a state of unpleasant restraint, and to another a load of misery and despair.

(5) The reformatory influences of penal sentences vary much in each individual case. It may be stated once and for all that prison life does not and cannot eradicate vicious habits, systematic idleness, and a leaning towards the walks of crime, which latter is a most common feature of the regular criminal. It was but yesterday we read of a man charged at a London police court with attempted pocket-picking, and, strange to say, this prisoner was recognised by a warder from Holloway Prison as having served a sentence of seven years' penal servitude, followed by a life sentence. Yet here we have a convict on ticket-of-leave for a life sentence arrested for attempted robbery. This is doubtless an extreme case; nevertheless, there are many such instances constantly to be found both inside and outside of prison, exhibiting a state of hopeless depravity which nothing but death will terminate. It is difficult to give accurate statistics as to the exact proportion of re-convictions, the criminal classes being very skilful at disguising their prison identities, in spite of a systematic recourse to photographic art. Still, we can say this much, that re-convictions are most common more particularly amongst the lower grades of criminal types. There are two great divisions of prisoners—those who will probably never be seen again at a police court, and those who will appear again and again till old age and failing health put a stop to criminality. In the first class will be found prisoners of some social standing, men who have fallen suddenly by reason of some vicious habit, such as gambling, betting, and speculation generally. In the second, those who have a strong heredity of crime, born of criminal parents, reared in the society of evil companions whose glory lies in robbery, violence, and malicious pleasures, and frequent appearances at police courts. These men, and women too sometimes, care nothing for prison in comparison with the pleasure they derive from a life of crime. So that it must be understood thoroughly that prisons serve for two distinct aims and ends—to punish those who will probably reform, and to keep in safe custody those who will never be anything but pests to the public, and such are better in prison away from soiling the society on which they would prey, and comparatively harmless in their power to contaminate one another under the searching gaze of the prison officials.

Thus far, then, and no farther, can we trace the success of penal sentences as applied to the two classes of prisoners mentioned: the one very hopeful, the other absolutely hopeless, in spite of all the earnest endeavours made at the very portals of the large prisons by the St. Giles's Mission and kindred societies, who offer employ-

ment to discharged prisoners, and yet so often meet with an ungracious return, the prisoners returning once again to the cell.

(6) Sentences may be termed adequate when the gravity of the punishment coincides with the gravity of the crime for which the sentence is awarded, inadequate when the two do not balance, the sentence exceeding the crime or *vice versâ*.

Thus, A, a clerk, is convicted of forging a bill of exchange; his previous career has been blameless; the sentence is eighteen months' hard labour; the possible sentence might have been penal servitude for life.

B, a letter-carrier, is convicted of stealing several letters containing postal orders; his previous career has been very good; the sentence is three years' penal servitude.

C, a trustee, converts a sum of money to his own use, thereby defrauding the trust estate; his previous career has been blameless; the sentence is three years' penal servitude. Now, consider these three cases and see how far they may be called adequate sentences.

Most people will agree that the sentences are not too severe, the three prisoners having each been placed in a position of trust, especially B and C, the former as a public servant, so that we are satisfied as to the adequacy in each case. Consider the following. D, a labourer, throws his wife down, gives her a kick on the head which proves fatal, the victim dying a few minutes after. The defence is drunkenness; the sentence, six weeks' hard labour, is passed by a very eminent judge still on the Bench. Is this an adequate sentence? Reason answers in the negative; and it is scarcely necessary to remark that the issue caused great astonishment in court. E, tried at the same sitting, was found guilty of the manslaughter of a woman with whom he lived. The prisoner was under the influence of drink and kicked the victim in the back, instead of on the head as in D's case. The sentence was five years' penal servitude. Need we comment on this remarkable instance of judicial sagacity or endeavour to connect the variation of the two sentences with the locality in which the kicks fell? The sentence passed on E was adequate, as he was liable to penal servitude for life; that on D is a glaring example of an inadequate sentence. But space denies us the privilege of adding further illustrations. It is but right to state that these cases of penal inadequacy generally have origin in the magisterial courts rather than in the assize chamber, so that penal servitude sentences are not often passed in defiance of right and reason, unless it may be at quarter sessions, an assembly of magistrates being a *sine quâ non* for the legal mandate of penal servitude.

(7) Bigamy is a felony, and the maximum sentence is one of seven years' penal servitude. Now, it is absolutely imperative that offenders against the marriage laws should receive severe treatment, and that the sanctity of marriage, and the irrevocable ties connected therewith, should be maintained. Consider a few points relative to the legal dissolution of marriage and we find some anomalous results. A, a married man, wishes to marry B, but he dare not in face of the penal consequences. What then does A do? He commits adultery with B or with some other woman, ill-treats his wife to establish the necessary cruelty, and on being sued in the divorce court a decree *nisi* is obtained, and A is now free to marry B. In other words, to save himself from the convict prison, A is guilty of a heinous moral and social offence, after the completion of which act he is on the high road to the attainment of his ends, if he can but induce his wife to sue him; if she does, then he is free to marry, and is in the eyes of the law blameless. Is not this moral bigamy, if not something worse? and how often this device is resorted to the divorce courts testify, and yet it is legal, absolutely and entirely. Cases have occurred in which the marriage ceremony has been performed on the day after a decree *nisi* has been pronounced, if not on the self-same day. True, men and women should not be guilty of such offences, but the very existence of counsel and the Bench demonstrate that they are, not rarely but commonly. So that our law allows a would-be bigamist a smooth road for escape, especially where money is of no consideration, the less wealthy having the police court to act as a deterrent, the richer portion of the community steering safely through the criminal shoals, and reaching their haven, the divorce court. We are therefore drawn to the conclusion that it is merely a question of wealth, simply the balance at the banker's, which determines the felon or the honourable man. As to what reforms are needed, or as to the steps to be taken in this direction, these we leave to the legislature, having called the reader's attention to a somewhat startling, if not repulsive, moral felony.

(8) The subject of penology has been briefly touched under seven sections, and it remains for us to enunciate a few final considerations. We have seen that the State has a right to inflict penal sentences upon its members, that such sentences are tantamount to a system of exchange or penal equivalency, that there are various systems at work in the carrying out of such sentences, which fall upon the individual thereto subjected in greater or lesser degrees, that reformation may or may not result from imprisonment, that adequacy and inadequacy are to be met with in the application of sentences, and that bigamy *exhibits* curious latitudes when considered morally and actually. Let

us now deal with one or two important factors in connection with penology, and these are the general state and condition of our prisons. We find, not from the reports only but from personal observation extending over many years, that the health of the prisoner is a matter of careful thought, and that many men are in a hygienic sense more healthy in prison than when free. Here we are considering the cases of men and women who, if left to themselves, love a life of dissipation and debauch, resulting in impairment and loss of bodily soundness, which undergoes complete renovation under penal discipline, and it should be remembered that habitual criminals are given to many vices. Our prisons are essentially clean, much more so than the houses of poor and rich alike.

We do not meet with bad drainage, imperfect ventilation, poisonous water, and dirty filters in the prison. If, then, the medical needs of the prisoner constitute a never-ceasing solicitude on the part of the authorities, in like manner we find evidences that the spiritual welfare engages attention. We find that various denominations receive recognition, and that even beautiful buildings are erected for the carrying on of devotion; for example, the chapel at Wormwood Scrubbs prison should arouse emulation in the minds of free men, as an example of prison architecture, designed by the surveyor-general of prisons, Sir Edmund Du Cane, and carried out entirely by convict labour to its completion. A great deal has been said and written upon the personal characters of the subordinate prison staff. There can be no doubt that of late years considerable improvement has taken place in the selection of the warders, and that every effort is made to obtain thoroughly reliable men of tried integrity and morals, as a glance at the schedules will show, the inquiries made as to the antecedents of the candidates being most searching. It is true that the great majority of prison warders are drawn from the army and navy, but this should be no *a priori* detriment, remembering the nature of the duties required, and the practical impossibility of expecting men who have never been drilled to handle large groups of prisoners with facility and with a routine drill peculiar to the prison service. Such men fall into barrack life with ease, and in many cases it is absolutely necessary that they should do so, some convict stations being extremely isolated and lonely. We have briefly alluded to the fact that the moral and bodily needs of prisoners receive care at the hands of the officials, and we now touch upon the difficult question as to the profit and loss to the State involved in our penal system. It may be finally summarised that every prisoner proves to be a distinct encumbrance to the community, so far as the balance sheet containing his

net gains and cost of maintenance is concerned. It amounts to but a few pounds, it is true, per head of the entire prison population, nevertheless the loss is a fact, and indisputable, and we need not look far for the explanation. The cost of the prison staff, from the central department down to the minor officials, offers a reasonable solution of the problem. To secure a good staff adequate remuneration is essential, and the service, though well paid, offers but few attractions to the normal mind, the life being one of incessant routine and constant anxiety, though to some persons it offers facilities for the study of human nature absolutely transcendental, and, to such, routine is a desideratum. Again, in the consideration of official salaries, the fact of enforced labour must be borne in mind, rendering the duties of supervision more arduous in prison life than outside, as warders are expected to get as much work as possible out of their men, and this coupled with rigid discipline, the maintenance of absolute silence at all times, and orderly behaviour. A distinct loss must be expected from short-sentence prisoners —applicable especially to local prisons, in which many tramps undergoing sentences from fourteen days to one month are constantly passing in and out, and for whom really profitable labour cannot be found, the sentences being too brief to admit of a prolonged course of technical instruction, as is applied to prisoners in penal servitude with a minimum of three years to serve.

The manufacture of uniforms and boots for the prison staff and the police, of the prison dress, and suits of clothes for discharged prisoners, necessitates a certain amount of technical skill, resulting from prolonged instruction. It is evident from the most desultory examination of prison statistics that economy is carefully studied, the closing of many local prisons and the amalgamation of district establishments into central county ones having effected much saving, though against this we are compelled to notice the increase in the cost of transport from outlying railway stations, the diminution in cost of the prison staff certainly covering any increase in this direction. It were well, indeed, if prisoners awaiting trial at court-houses could receive adequate accommodation, if overcrowding were a thing of the past, and principles of decency and hygiene allowed a footing, though the efforts of the Howard Association and their indefatigable secretary, Mr. W. Tallack, have called attention to these evils. It is a notable irony that the unconvicted prisoner should, previous to his entry into the dock, be subjected to such evils, which a conviction entirely removes.

G. RAYLEIGH VICARS

HOPE.

THOUGH years, long years, have passed away
Since you and I, my darling, met,
And Time with ever-flowing tide
Has made the gulf between us wide,
And life for me has seen its day—
Think not that I forget.

'Tis not to man the power is given
To guide the mystic course of Fate;
Poor thing of clay, he can but bear
Those ills that fall unto his share,
And, if his surcharged heart be riven,
In patience watch and wait.

And thus have I, in fondest hope
That, though my blessing be deferred,
Yet might I win the wished-for goal,
Find rest unto my weary soul,
And dream—ah! dear delusive trope!—
That Time alone had erred.

JOHN SANSOME.

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

CONCERNING one of your most intimate friends it is difficult to write while suffering under the shock and blow of his recent and unexpected loss. Yet I would consecrate a few words to his memory, if I may. It is not wonderful to me that, in such brief notices of him as I have seen, his friends have preferred to dwell on his personality rather than on his writings. For there was admittedly an exceptional charm about that. Although, indeed, what he was to his friends only they can know, and yet they cannot, even if they would, reveal. He has expressed himself with fulness and adequacy in his books, for he was an extraordinarily diligent as well as a fluent writer. Tennyson sings of the artist, "His best he gave, his worst he kept." With that utterance I do not thoroughly sympathise, though I think it may be true of the pure artist. But some men—and those, as I believe, the finest—cannot put their best into their books; though, perhaps, they may contrive to keep some of their worst out. When I first knew Symonds at Clifton, I suppose about twenty years ago, he was unquestionably more entirely a *writer* pure and simple, an academic student, than he became afterwards; and yet he was never altogether so, for at Clifton he took part also in movements of public utility connected with the social and municipal life of the town, besides taking a warm interest in the education of its great school, and devoting much time gratuitously to assisting promising youths there, both in their prescribed work and in their general self-development. He was always, moreover, in touch with life from the point of view of bodily beauty, his sense for which was unusually vivid and intense. What can be more actual and palpable than the descriptions in his various books of Greek and Italian statuary, or of youthful athleticism, whether ancient or modern? The words themselves give the effect of statuary, only that they burn and move, and have colour. For rhythmical prose of this kind I know nothing equal to a passage in his latest book on Walt Whitman, which I quote:

"The sublimest attitudes of repose imply movements determined by specific energy. There is a characteristic beauty in each several

kind of diurnal service, which waits to be elucidated. The superb poise of the mower, as he swings his scythe ; the muscles of the blacksmith, bent for an unerring stroke upon the anvil ; the bowed form of the reaper, with belt tightened round his loins ; the thresher's arm uplifted, while he swings the flail ; the elasticity of oarsmen rising from their strain against the wave ; the jockey's grip across his saddle ; the mountaineer's slow, swinging stride ; the girl at the spinning-wheel, or carrying the water-bucket on her head, or hanging linen on the line, or busied with her china-closet : in each and every motive of this kind—and the list might be indefinitely prolonged, for all trades and occupations have some distinguishing peculiarity—there appears a specific note of grace inalienable from the work performed."

There are similar passages in his latest books, "In the Key of Blue" and "Life in the Swiss Highlands." One is an account of Swiss athletic games ; another, a portrayal of the scene in a small *Gasthaus* at Chur, where some athletes came in to drink and converse, and the author, over pipe and wine and book, observed them, finally joining in their social convivialities by special invitation from them. The figures crowned with wreaths here stand out in extraordinarily solid and vivid relief, as indeed does the whole scene ; one might almost be reading a supplementary chapter to Plato's "Symposium." It has something of Alma-Tadema's actuality, but more animation, more life ; and the observation of the writer is steeped in the associations of classical Pagan literature ; that is the medium through which he sees the athleticism of to-day, and his descriptions are full of allusions to—almost they seem personally reminiscent of—life in the ancient world.

Nor were these merely æsthetic descriptions from the pen of an outsider. Symonds was disposed to agree with Browning's "Cleon" that he who could personally realise such athletic and out-of-door conditions of life in full vigour of body was more to be envied than he who could only reproduce them in art. But in the best art a mysterious vital sympathy seems involved, and such a taste for bodily exercise was native to Symonds, though ill-health and devotion to the student's desk forbade its free development ; yet in later life he practised mountaineering, sleighing, and tobogganing in the snows of his Alpine home with skill and boldness. Indeed, I believe the character of my friend to have been incalculably developed and enriched by his enforced residence in comparative solitude for so many years among the Alpine snows, and the free, independent, shrewd, un-book-learned, and still unsophisticated peasantry who inhabit that part of Switzerland in which he lived—of whom, indeed, he made

comrades and fast friends. The state of his lungs obliged him to live there; and at Davos Platz, the fortunes of which his recommendations may be said to have made, he built himself a house, buying property in the place, and taking an active interest in the local affairs of the *Gemeinde*. He went there originally, as he has himself told us, only on his way to the Nile, but found so much benefit from the air that he remained, and this gave him many more years of life, for his case was already regarded as desperate when he left England for Egypt. But though cultivated friends commiserated him for having to live in exile, and though he sometimes even pitied himself, yet on the whole I am persuaded, as I believe he was also, that ample compensations existed, and that he gained far more than he lost in that mountain seclusion. Many disadvantages there doubtless were in the absence of libraries, and of that converse with the learned which a learned man sometimes desires; also the place was dull for his family and did not agree with all of them; still, many distinguished friends came from England to see him, even in winter.

His nature probably was not originally a devout one, and it had been thrown into violent reaction by the grim and dismal saturnalia of otherworldliness, in connection with which an ancient female relative in his childhood had oppressed, scourged, and fettered him; so he once told me; although from his father, the celebrated doctor, he derived much of his liberal culture and love of art, in addition to a good house at Clifton and a moderate fortune. But among the mountains, during the long solemn winters at those altitudes, in converse with the mountaineers, his character took on a new earnestness and depth, his thoughts width and profundity; yet he had always been a brave man, fighting strenuously with a fate which would have consigned some valetudinarian rich men to the degradation of enforced indolence and mere frivolity; but he fought a long life-battle with one of the most painful of diseases, and died in harness, having produced many books of high value in prose and verse; some of them monuments of industry and a treasury to the student, all of them alive and aglow with the spirit of poetry. Yet his nature, ever eager, swift, and bright, was immeasurably deepened, so it seemed to me, by those year-long communings with nature and simple, frank companions, fresh elemental persons in touch still with their mother earth, and the pure heavens, sun, moon, and stars. A certain grim and wilful tenacity of purpose, a certain irritability even, may have been noticeable occasionally in his later years, for which the keen, icy mountain air, and possibly his long withdrawal from that urbane and genial atmosphere for which collegiate and literary coteries are

so celebrated (?), may have been partly responsible; but, rather, I think that there was a nervous irritability entailed upon him by the large and lifelong demands he had made upon his nervous store in every direction, emotional as well as intellectual. Even as a boy his appetite for intellectual labour and study was voracious, a schoolfellow has told me, and I know it was so later. He was not compelled by the material necessities of his position to labour for money; it was the love of labour and knowledge, or the ardent interest he took in his chosen subjects, that kept him at work. Even when his friends paid him a short visit, he would spare them as little time for lounging, recreation, or conversation as the busiest professional man; but he made up for this by sitting up late conversing, one might almost have said carousing, for he drank freely of the country's excellent Sforzato and Sassella wines with his peasant friends, or with his friends from England, his conversation being brilliant and varied to a degree, ranging from subject to subject with ample and exact knowledge of each, the fruit of accurate, assiduous, and prolonged study. But now and again he would spare a day for an expedition of pleasure with his guests, and as a host he catered admirably for their amusement. He was an excellent Latin and Greek scholar, besides knowing Italian literature intimately, with sufficient proficiency too in French and German. In many arts he was (of their theory at least) master, which rendered his criticism of painting, sculpture, and other arts always intelligent and worthy of respect. He had his faculties at his fingers' ends, and did not labour for expression, which made composition probably easier to him than to many others. But with all his head-work (and he transacted besides much business of a practical kind) he was also, as I have said, intensely emotional; his friendships were numerous, and frequently ardent, which necessarily caused inward conflict, when the ideals established, and conventionally respected in the community of which he was a worthy and honoured citizen, seemed to clash with the impulse that was free, pleasure-loving, and pagan. Now, such a life proved necessarily an exhausting one to a man of precarious health, who was often prostrate for weeks with terrible lung-inflammation attacks, one of which ultimately carried him off. His was, I think, one of the bravest lives ever lived; yet he has complained to his intimates more than once that "life was a wild beast to him," that he was now and again weary of contending with it. But this was only in moods of depression, when vitality ran low, for as a rule he was all fire and light. "Bright spirit" is the expression used by two friends independently, who have written

to me since his death, one of whom conversed much with him just before his last illness in Rome.

Certainly he wore out, and did not rust out. When I was his guest at Davos, those who were in relations of service with him among the natives spoke of him to me with enthusiastic affection. He had lately established a gymnasium there for young Swiss athletes. And in Switzerland, no less than in Italy, many a young man could tell of benefits received from him, sometimes taking the shape of substantial assistance in the pursuit of their chosen professions.

But such conflicts of feeling as I have alluded to are inevitable where a born Greek—or rather, should one say, a Renaissance Pagan?—inherits the self-restraining instincts of Christian asceticism, and is responsive to the conscience of the social organism, of which his daily life and career as a useful citizen form an integral and prominent element. Such a conflict is very strikingly portrayed in his later works of poetry—for instance, in "Stella Maris"—in which he narrates the passion of a cultivated, intellectual man for an utterly beautiful animal, a girl of the people, with whom, from his own sense of what is fitting, he would share more than mere lust for animal beauty, since he deems that this should be accompanied always by a more completely human relation of ardent attachment and sympathy; but she, who is only mercenary and vain, can give no more out of her shallow nature than response to passion, whence comes bitter remorse, and a sense of sin—that very sense of "sin" which, when felt on account of the violation of some law deemed binding by a normally moral or religious man, such a one as the hero of this poem might have branded with scorn as Philistine or Puritan! Yet this man, too, has his solitary ideals, while deliberately violating laws sanctioned by the general conscience of his community; he, too, when he has fallen short of them, can experience that distinctively Christian sense of sin. Even the immoral man cherishes his moral casuistries, on which he insists, thus paying homage to virtue. Is it not so, indeed, with all of us? These hesitations, doubts, despairs, and burning desires, mingled with speculations about human destiny and the problem of the world, are analysed with the utmost subtlety in a series of poems, "a sonnet sequence," to which the author has given the titles of "Animi Figura," and "Stella Maris," in the volume entitled "Vagabunduli Libellus" [for these sets of sonnets should be read consecutively. They grapple with the problems of the age, as well as with the moral difficulties which must arise on the abandonment of ancient faiths], and an authoritatively revealed code of moral laws bound up with

these ; while the poetry has a vigour, condensation, and pregnancy of phrase, partly derived by Symonds from those Italian models which he, a rarely rivalled translator, has so well translated—Michael Angelo, and Campanella. Of the sonnet form he was a master, and the poems have that beauty of natural description with which most people are more familiar in his prose ; but it is subordinate to the human interest of his theme. The second volume named, however, contains other meditative poems and verses descriptive of the author's Venetian home, as well as of the high Alps. I consider the poetry of Symonds to have been quite unjustly underrated ; but it is almost impossible, if a man has established a reputation in prose, to get a hearing for him in verse, the absurdity of which let Milton, Dryden, Cowper, Gray, Byron, Shelley, and Arnold prove. I shall say without reserve how highly I have always esteemed my friend's poetry, for I cannot think it sufficient reason for refraining that he has so generously and openly, regardless of unpleasant consequences, praised my own, even though it requires almost as much moral courage to commend what is unpopular with a literary clique as would be required in a duelling country for a non-duellist who should refrain from fighting, or in a non-duelling country for a duellist who should think it a duty to fight.

I admit, however, that Symonds' earlier volumes of poetry were not equal to the two last. They were, indeed, full of fire, colour, and light ; they contained gorgeous description, and occasionally tender sentiment ; but as a rule they were, perhaps, too much the books of a man of the study, verses that might have been derived from those of others, almost too facile and fluent in their phraseology and versification. Yet they contained a few most notable poems, such as "Callicrates, a tale of Thermopylæ," "In the Syracusan Stone Quarries," "Le jeune homme caressant sa chimère," and the "Valley of Vain Desires." In the subject of comradeship, as also in that of flesh wrestling with spirit, Symonds ever found a real personal inspiration. "Callicrates" is deep and warm in sentiment, pure in outline, moving and pathetic. But poems like "Antinous," on the other hand, beautiful for sensuous description as they are, made me call him once "the poet of pageant, the Veronese of verse"; they are overloaded with gorgeous detail, there is too much glitter, too little tenderness and human interest ; they leave you cold, dealing almost exclusively with externals. On the whole, there can be no greater testimony to the fruitful disturbance and upturning of the deeper and richer spiritual soils in him, for the purpose of finer and rarer germinations, by the shares of sorrow,

varied human experience, and inward conflict, than the superiority of those later poems, in their substantial as well as in their formal qualities, over the earlier.

Of his prose writings I have little space to speak ; they are better known than his poetry, very voluminous, and cover an extraordinarily large field. He was a discriminating, but very catholic and generous critic, who enjoyed the beautiful wherever he found it, and whose taste led him rather to appreciate the good points than to gloat over his own "fine taste," as evidenced in the ready detection of defects; even the more or less conventional and unindividual verse of a minor poet he could say a gracious word for, if it were nicely put together. His long histories of the "Renaissance in Italy," his "Life of Michael Angelo," and his "Predecessors of Shakespeare" are monuments of erudition and industry, containing much that is of permanent value to the student, as well as many brilliant pages. Perhaps he was at his best in the short study or essay, in that unique kind of essay particularly which he made his own, combining the narration of some historical event or moving episode of private life characteristic of its epoch, with the described environment of natural scenery in the midst of which it occurred, all being portrayed by the loving and graphic pen of a poet, who was a master of language and of picturesque style. His translations from Benvenuto Cellini and Carlo Gozzi could not be bettered. Among his best essays are the charming descriptions of perilous sleigh journeys made by himself and his daughter Margaret in mid-winter in the Grisons ; and his daughter has added in the same volume some similar papers of her own descriptive of travel and adventure, which are very nearly equal to those of her father. While surely for those who, comparatively ignorant of the original language, would become familiar with the spirit of the great ancient and mediæval literatures, no books can be superior to the author's essays on the "Greek Poets," and on "Dante." Perhaps, however, the "Essays, Speculative and Suggestive," are the ripest and maturest examples of his prose, both for mellow wisdom and chastened splendour of style, seldom redundant and over-luxurious in epithet, as in his earlier writings he sometimes was.

Symonds has in his latest book, that on Whitman (by far the best study of the great American known to me), expressed his debt to the American for the liberation of his mind from old trammels and prejudices, from those academic limitations that beset the man of culture. Upon Whitman's ideal of comradeship, passionate attachment of persons of the same sex to one another, expressed in Whitman's series called "Calamus," Symonds has particularly dwelt.

He holds, as Whitman held, that though unquestionably liable to gross abuse (as indeed was the chivalry of mediæval custom also), such feelings, having a root in nature because innate in certain temperaments, may be exalted into a source and buttress of national strength, as they were once at least in the instance of the ancient Theban Legion ; in this Dorian mood he believes that such affections have been, and still may be, noble, as well as ennobling ; though in Greece, and particularly in Rome, the sentiment was often base and brutal enough in the forms it assumed ; yet of course he was not blind to the dangers involved. My friend, indeed, was an acknowledged leader in that Neo-Renascent or Neo-Pagan movement generally, which has distinguished the latter half of the present century ; and by some in consequence his teachings have been deemed, I believe, dangerous, or of doubtful tendency. Nor do I deny that they may have proved so to persons whose natures are ill-balanced and over-informed with sensibility in certain directions. But on the whole I should contend that they have been fruitful for good in liberalising thought, liberating conscience, making for culture in the highest sense, inspiring intellectual interest and enthusiasm of an elevated kind for the historic progress of our race, as well as for many noble arts in which, at least so far as theory went, he had become, as I have observed, proficient through assiduous study, not to speak of many national literatures which he had sympathetically assimilated. In the catholicity of his culture and vivid interest, Olive Schreiner once said to me that he reminded her of Goethe. In his latter work he emphasises also the importance of diffusion, "of joy in widest commonalty spread," insists on giving all the opportunity for self-culture, so far as is possible, as well as on the worth of the so-called "common people." Symonds was a man whose native dignity and capacity, as well as vast erudition and ability to make the best use of it in conversation, made him at home in the highest (conventionally so misnamed) as well in the lowest company ; but his sympathies went out in later life to the masses rather than to the classes, literary or aristocratic.

The Puritan, and the Ascetic, of course, will not allow that mere intellectual and æsthetic treasures are true inward wealth at all, apart from their bearing on sexual morality, or their reference to transcendental approval or disapproval by other spiritual beings, and to our future destiny in another world. But this I cannot admit. That which quickens and enlarges the human heritage here and now is of the utmost importance ; nor can this fail to benefit us permanently and essentially, by feeding faculties and capacities that have their

root beyond sense, though sense may be concerned in their exercise. Even if the influence of Symonds be not directly moral in the ordinary meaning given to that word, it is vitalising in many directions, helps to make and keep the soul alive. And it seems as arbitrary as it is mischievous to confine this phrase "making alive" to sensibilities toward the unseen, or restraints on the natural desire of soul and sense for beauty. Yet the writings of Symonds are distinctly moral, in so far as they make for courage, endurance, perseverance in labour, conscientious perfection of craftsmanship, enjoyment of life, faith and acquiescence in the will of God, or Divine order, as right and sound at heart, if we could only know the whole of it in all its bearings.

The strict and narrow bigot is apt to look only upon one aspect of a teacher's doctrine, and judge him according to that which he individually regards as exclusively important; but this is a serious and provincial error of the "unco' guid"; his influence must be estimated as a whole; and indeed I think that when we have learned to regard the human race as one solidary organism, we shall be disposed to judge a teacher, or an artist, according as he is able to supply some distinctive element of value which may be lacking in another, since all members and organs have not the same office and function, but each may contribute his share to the support of the Body.

Yet concerning sensual excess Mr. Symonds has spoken thus decidedly: "We have no reason," he says, "to apprehend that personal licence should result from a system of purely positive ethics based upon that conception of our relation to the universe which science is revealing. On the contrary, we may expect from the establishment of such a system, a code of conduct more stringent in all that can concern the well-being of the individual than any that has yet been conceived. In the future, sensual excess will surely be reckoned a form of madness, and what we now dignify by the name of vice will be relegated, shorn of Satanic lustre, to the lazar-house."—"Greek Poets," second series, p. 398.

At the same time, the sense of sin in connection with certain actions may be explained by the fact that either instinct or experience pointed them out as injurious to the race under certain circumstances; but these being changed, they may no longer be injurious; rather they may have become beneficial, and yet there may be a survival of that sense of sin in the conscience. But no virtues or vices are absolute; they are relative, and the social *Index Expurgatorius* needs revision from age to age. The Pagan ideal needs now chemical combination with the Christian, that a third may emerge.

The Neo-Pagan movement is in fact a reaction against the sour and mischievous Puritan view of life, which pronounces pleasure, or certain arbitrarily reprobated pleasures as displeasing to a jealous God, who severely exacts personal worship from his subjects, and punishes the slightest deviation from his arbitrary laws with disproportionate penalties, who bids us treat this earth as a mere unreal and momentary ante-chamber, fraught with allusive illusions, in our passage to a real, never-ending state of existence beyond the grave. If any enjoyments be permitted apart from those of devout worship, it may only be in the manner and measure allowed and appointed by special revelations from Heaven. But the independent exercise of reason and information of conscience are strictly forbidden. That is as true an account of Protestant Puritanism as of the mediæval ecclesiastical asceticism, against which the first renascence of learning and religious reformation were a protest. So that the idea of "sin" as a personal offence against a personal spirit of like passions with ourselves, only still more jealous of honour and service due—an infinite being, moreover, offences against whom deserve infinite punishment of the most terrible kind—became set in the human conscience; and again particular sins were arbitrarily invented by the human imagination—so rationalistic freethinkers, at least, believed—and lay as a heavy burden, grievous to be borne, upon mankind, killing harmless and healthful joy, involving the race in gloom and mutual hatred, for the supposed honour of a supreme being, created by foolish and corrupt man in his own image, concealing and blaspheming the very God. For such a sense of sin, therefore, Neo-Paganism proposes to substitute, not, as has been erroneously supposed, our whims and irresponsible impulses of the moment—though we look to a future time when love will be its own unerring law, and "joy its own security," and though that may have been the corruption of the principle effected for their own purposes by vicious or merely frivolous persons of the latest decadent school—but Reason, enlightened by science and modern discovery, as well as the utilitarian experience of the past, consolidated into an organ, and educated into a moral intuition, that shall decide impartially for or against the dictate of desire in a particular case. That is the modern shape to be taken by the old Greek σωφροσύνη, or sense of what is ideally beautiful and fitting in conduct, human society being regarded by science as one great organism of which the component cells are individual persons. The individual is to be fully satisfied on condition that his satisfaction does not injure the Body; that is the criterion of moral health for the individual and for society. So

at least I interpret the idea of Symonds as expressed especially in the last chapter of his second series of "Essays on the Greek Poets," and elsewhere. The keystone of his position appears to me happily denoted in the following sentence from that chapter: "The problem of the future will be, not how to check appetites, but how to multiply and fortify faculties." I need hardly point out that this is the diametrically opposite position from that of Pessimism, whether Eastern or Western, which represents that, since every new desire involves more pain, the great object is to kill all desire, and so cease at last from the curse of existence, which is its offspring, returning to the abyss of unconsciousness, whence we so unfortunately have arisen. On the contrary, the faith of Symonds, like that of Whitman, in the cosmic divine order is immense, their cosmic enthusiasm in their best moments exalted. My friend told me that when he sat by the white dead form of a beautiful one dearly loved, his faith was absolute that all was right with her as an integral element of the divine universe, though he could not see his way clearly to dogmatise about her individual and personal survival; that the divine, and permanent, and real in her survived he was certain. This no doubt was much the position of Spinoza. But I think the hope of Symonds for individual survival became more definite and distinct toward the end of his life. Even the sonnet sequence of "Animi Figura" shows that; certainly in Whitman, as I understand him, there was a strong and definite conviction to that effect. "My feet are tenon'd and mortis'd in granite." Probably this multiplication and fortifying of faculties is likely in part to occur through the development of what seems a sixth sense in connection with such phenomena as are dealt with by hypnotic experiments and psychical research; though in these Symonds was little interested. He had the utmost reverence for the character of our Lord, and even in the essay I speak of proposes His career as a criterion of conduct, the absence of which he admits in that stoicism of Marcus Aurelius which he so much commended. And indeed, though he had less affinity intellectually with doctrinal Christianity than myself, unorthodox as I am, he has now and again used a friend's privilege by reproving me for the unchristianity of my temper in resenting with undue heat conduct which I regarded as a personal slight. Often has he urged upon me faithfully that the consciousness of good work done, for instance, is sufficient reward to the artist; so that I have had occasion to recognise how much more Christian, how much more indifferent to fame, and less assertive he was than myself. So far he was like Shelley, not

heart his mortal remains now lie in the Roman cemetery. He possessed indeed much of his urbane and "sweet reasonableness."

But I must add here that to me Neo-Paganism, though I am in strong sympathy with its revolt in favour of reason, emancipation of conscience, and recognition of the essential dignity of the body, appears to leave out in its reaction elements peculiar to Christianity, so important to human life that they have given a distinctive character to modern civilisation—the significance of sorrow and suffering as educational, and the triumphant claim put in for the lowest and narrowest, the most degraded and despised, among mankind, that they are all equally children of God with the highest, most aristocratic, clever, or religious of the race; nay, that they are, in some sense, even especially blest. This teaching has led to the championship of those who are weak and lowly by the strong, to the peculiar care bestowed on the poor and oppressed, which is distinctive of our Christian societies, to the liberation of nationalities and the "common people," to the asylum for orphans, the hospital for disease, organisations for the vindication of woman's rights, and children's. This is the spirit of the New Testament, the salient feature in the teaching of Christ; moreover it is, as I believe, the very fountain, strength, and mainspring of modern democracy; although Agnostic secularism may now prefer to deny its own origin, and claim scientific discoveries concerning human heredity, and fraternity, for sufficient motives of its philanthropy. These are powerful auxiliaries, no doubt. But it is rather the conviction of a universal Divine sonship, and brotherhood with One who has been by the world regarded as, in a special sense, the Son of God, which has hitherto furnished the chief impulse and inspiration toward human service. It is Christianity, rather than the scientific teaching that our material bodies are the foundation and substance of our conscious selves, and that we "perish like the beast," arising from the dust, and returning thither. Science suggests, on the contrary, such maxims as "Devil take the hindmost," "Let the weakest go to the wall," "Eliminate the weak and ailing for the benefit of a stronger and more beautiful race," taking her cue and lesson from nature. Cosmic enthusiasm may be indebted to Pagan ideals, to modern poetry and to modern science, but the enthusiasm of humanity was inspired by Christ. Slavery owes its abolition to Christians. Howard and Mrs. Fry are the early reformers of our criminal code, as of our dealings with the criminal class. That this spirit has now permeated secularism one is glad indeed to admit. But is it assuredly wise to repudiate the rock whence we are hewn, to refuse the spiritual

food that fed our fathers, even though it may be right to take that food in a different form? Science is materialistic, hard, positive; religion, poetry, and philosophy give us ideals, aspirations, with boundless vistas and hopes for Humanity, not merely as bound up with the Kosmos, but as contributing a constitutive element to the very Kosmos itself. Having thrown off superstition, let us now return to religion. The world awaits a new synthesis of knowledge and faith, a reconciliation of Pan with Christ. The antagonism was justified; but the reconciliation is now demanded. Neo-Pagan æstheticism interests itself too exclusively in the brilliant, beautiful, and clever, averts its face from one-half of human fate; turns away impatiently, and with a fine shudder of horror, from the feeble, diseased, infirm, and old; while a St. Elizabeth of Hungary or a Sister Dora makes herself their minister.

Neo-Paganism is hard and indifferent, lacking tenderness, and so attains to some fitful Kosmic enthusiasm by ignoring the waters of Marah, the terrible bitter facts; while a Christian, passing through the valley of Misery, may make it a well. Or else Neo-Paganism confounds good and evil by a pseudo-realism, whose perverted and decadent instinct revels in filth and loves the mire, by a moral anarchy that makes selfish unregulated whim its only law, denying the obligation of human service and social function. But this can only result in a paralysing and degrading pessimism, with retrogression of the race, and renouncement of our spiritual heritage. We need faith in the immanent God, who is indeed our very selves, eliminating by transforming the evil, educating, developing, conforming us to the Ideal. But the self-emptying, crucified human God is an integral factor in this idea. Nor could Whitman have seen an aureole around the heads of average, or even degraded men and women, if the aureole had not first been seen around the head of Christ.

Well, my friend now "knows what Ramses knows"—much more than we, under these limiting conditions of earth-life, can possibly know.

Two very true and close friends performed the last sad offices of love for J. A. Symonds in Rome. His daughter Margaret, who was in close communion and thorough sympathy with her father, was with him in his last illness. His wife and another daughter, as well as his sister, Mrs. T. H. Green, arrived in time for the funeral, the body having been embalmed to give them time to arrive from Switzerland and from England respectively. One of the friends in question was Angelo, a Venetian gondolier, his servant, a very fine fellow, whom he brought over when he paid a visit to me at Brighton

last summer. The other was an Englishman residing at Venice, summoned by Miss Symonds to Rome when her father became dangerously ill. This English friend writes to me: "Angelo and I helped to put him in his coffin, and drove with him across Rome in the night at 3.30; it was quite dark, but as we came near the Protestant cemetery the dawn began to glimmer above the buildings of the Palatine, and through the arches of the Colosseum; a rare bird woke and twittered in the cypress trees; long wreaths of white mist wavered close to the ground." Then the mortal remains were placed in the mortuary. On the day of the funeral Rome was full of music, soldiers, royalties, for it was the day of the arrival of the German Emperor; all the streets were beflagged, and the sun was incessantly radiant. The letter adds: "He lies one pace away from Trelawney, and within reach of a kiss from Shelley's *cor cordium*, a most lovely spot in that most lovely cemetery. The birds sang incessantly all through the funeral."

But "you may bury me," said Socrates to his young disciples, "if you can catch me." In Rome he lies, "which is the sepulchre, oh, not of him, but of our joy."

> Peace, peace! he is not dead, he doth not sleep—
> He hath awakened from the dream of life—
> . . . He lives, he wakes—'tis death is dead, not he.

RODEN NOEL.

THE PASSING OF BALDUR.

LOW on the ship he lies
  Circled with fire;
Red glow the sunset skies,—
  Flames darting higher,
Glance in his sightless eyes
  Nigher and nigher.

'Neath him the billows lie
  Blood-red and bright;
Sea-birds above him fly
  Bathed in the light;
Sunset along the sky
  Lingers through night.

Northward the breezes bring
  Murmurs of blame;
Sea-voices muttering
  Whisper his name;
Waves that would quench it spring
  Over the flame.

Far in the pallid west,
  Faded, forlorn,—
While on the water's breast
  Daylight is born—
Baldur the loveliest
  Passes from morn.

ARTHUR L. SALMON.

TABLE TALK.

The Poets and Nature.

MR. PHIL ROBINSON must shortly exhaust the subject of the use the poets make of natural objects. After giving us "The Poets' Birds" and "The Poets' Beasts," he now supplies "The Poets and Nature,"[1] or, in other words, the poets' reptiles, fishes, and insects. Mr. Robinson has read carefully a large number of poets, those especially who have dealt most with natural history, and has made copious extracts. His commonplace books must be "a sight to see." From these stores he has produced three volumes, combining happily quaint fancy, penetrative insight, sound judgment, and great erudition. It is fair to hope that the treasure-house is not yet empty, and that further works of a similar class, and of equal merit, are forthcoming. The author acknowledges warmly enough in his preface the favour with which he has been received, and in his gratitude accepts as a compliment the manner in which certain writers have translated him to their own books a page at a time without any acknowledgment; and finds no fault when chidden for not having done what he never aimed at doing, and what, indeed, never came within his scheme. He has, moreover, acting on the counsel given him, added to his book an index, the value of which is incontestable.

The Poets and Insects.

IN dealing with reptiles, fishes, and insects, Mr. Robinson has not aimed at absolute completeness, having purposely left out some of the poets' insects. I thus find no mention of the musquito, whose nocturnal drone and the accompanying bite must have stirred some poet to dithyrambic utterance. Wasps, too, are ignored, as are various other pests, domestic or exterior. The maggot, however, finds its place, and a portion of Southey's admirable poem, "The Filbert," pleading for the life of the maggot within it, is happily quoted. Nowise disposed to accept authority is Mr. Robinson. If

[1] Chatto & Windus.

there is one creature he will not have, it is the ant with its reputation for industry and virtue. Against the character thus gratuitously assigned it he makes fervent protest. Few morals drawn from natural history are so unfair as that which opposes to the "industrious ant the "idle" butterfly. The most rudimentary knowledge of insect life is sufficient to show how unjust and meaningless is this. Just as busy is the butterfly, when flitting from flower to flower, as the winged ant; and the unwinged butterfly—*i.e.*, the caterpillar—gets through its work with industry and despatch as exemplary as that of the wingless ant. Aggravating and disagreeable insects Mr. Robinson calls the ants, with no idea "how work ought to be done, or that there is anything in life beyond the sordid routine of getting through a job, and, if possible, saving up. All they know about sunshine is that it makes them sweat." On the other hand, "the butterflies—what gentlemen they are!" "Who," asks Mr. Robinson in delightful banter, "has ever seen a butterfly that did not do its work properly, or, on the other hand, was in such a hurry that it had not time to be civil?" On the dragon-fly he is severe, calling it "the vulture, the shark, the wolf, the everything that is poetically dreadful to the insect world."

Mr. Phil Robinson on Saurians and Snakes.

FOR the Saurian Mr. Robinson has little to say. His charity, large as it is, to the animal creation, and his admiration for most of God's creatures, will not extract from him in its behalf a word of praise. It is not, he owns, a lovable beast. He has met him "like a forest tree basking in the sun," or crawling through reeds, and there was something in the demeanour of the thing that always made him long to kill it. "It lay flat," he says, "with a sluggish affectation of humility that exasperated me, and bestirred itself with an air of helplessness that was positively monstrous." For snakes, though he takes their lives, he has a sneaking regard. His amusement, when he lived on the shores of the Great Salt Lake in Utah, was to go hunting for rattlesnakes with a forked stick. No difficulty and little, if any, danger appears to have attended the occupation. "The suicidal creature springs its alarum to let you know where it is. You then proceed to fix it with the fork, then with the heel of your boot or a stone you kill it, cutting off its rattle as a trophy." The snake in such cases has no chance whatever, and makes no effort worth calling such to escape. The only thing that prevents the sport from ranking as cruelty is that the danger to human life, and especially child life, from rattlesnakes is so great that the killing of them becomes a public

service. While lecturing at the college in Agra he saw behind him a cobra, which the noise of his voice had attracted. It was as fine a specimen as he had ever seen, with its head inflated to the full, its spectacles brilliantly white, and the sunlight striking in through the doorway across its burnished body. "My visitor," says Mr. Robinson, "had raised itself as high as it could—something less than a foot—and was swaying from side to side in accurate rhythm, as if in a trance ; and in the uplift of the head, the proud drawing back of the neck, there was a positive majesty of bearing hardly conceivable in a poor worm some four feet long." Admiration for the snake did not, however, protect its life. Turning to the class, Professor Robinson said : "It is a very sacred animal, I know, but not in a lecture room . . . besides, the Government has placed a reward of fourpence-halfpenny on its head." He tapped it accordingly on the head with his ruler while it was still continuing its sing-song oscillation, and threw it out of doors, where it was forthwith torn in half by a couple of kites.

Errors in Natural History of the Poets.

I AM sorry to find that the accuracy of the poets in dealing with nature is not exemplary. Mr. Robinson is at no pains to conceal his opinion of their inaccuracy. It is somewhat sad to find that Wordsworth, whose long residence in the country and boasted familiarity with nature should have taught him better, is one of the gravest offenders. Again and again instances of inaccurate observation are pointed out. After telling how

> My sister Emmeline and I
> Together chased the butterfly,

Wordsworth goes on to describe one butterfly that was crimson and another that was green and gold. Neither of these insects could he by any chance have beheld in Great Britain. I have often thought, with some astonishment, of the errors in natural history that the Rev. Isaac Watts was allowed in his hymns to inculcate. The statement that birds in their little nests agree, though long accepted, now moves risibility. Fancy, however, the divine, for the sake of the moral, writing—

> How sweet is the rose ! What a beautiful flower !
> The glory of *April and May*.

Not alone in this form of iniquity is he, however. Mr. Robinson shows us that there are few poets who are not offenders. Purposely, it may be supposed, our author gi[illegible]esneare.

The allusions in the bard to these things have already been superabundantly traced. Chaucer, Spenser, Milton, Cowley, and other poets are laid under contribution, and a volume of inexhaustible freshness and delight has been written. I have read it myself with unbroken pleasure, and seriously counsel my readers to do likewise.

Guy de Maupassant on Things English.

THE ignorance concerning things English exhibited by most foreign writers, especially by those of Latin race, is a matter of constant comment. We in England know less concerning French language and ways than in our vanity we suppose, and make at times sufficiently startling errors. Compared with the ignorance with regard to ourselves which prevails among Frenchmen and Belgians, we are, however, surprisingly well informed. M. Guy de Maupassant, whose recent death has begotten a full measure of sympathy, stands so high in public estimation that one is not prepared to find him making mistakes as bad as those of men who, after a fortnight's residence in Leicester Square, describe our ways, and analyse and appraise our literature. I have been reading some shorter stories of Maupassant in the lovely edition published by the Société des Bibliophiles Contemporains. One of these gives perhaps the most curious picture of manners supposedly English that the world has yet seen. The story is narrated by what we may call an insurance agent, who goes from La Rochelle to visit a wreck off the island of Ré. The tide here, as at S. Malo and other places on the French western coast, runs with extreme rapidity, and the visitor is cautioned not to stay long. While alone on board he is startled by the arrival of visitors. They prove to be English folk—two girls, young and pretty, and their father. Conversing with the elder girl, by whom he is favourably impressed, our hero forgets the time, until he finds, with affright, that the wreck is moving with the advancing tide. Escape, but for an unexpected rescue which arrives, would be impossible, and the hero's efforts are devoted to sheltering and fortifying the maiden of his preference. When the last gasp is at hand the girls and their father stand up and slowly and solemnly sing "God save the Queen!" Not unnaturally, the narrator looks upon the proceeding at first as somewhat *bizarre*. Ultimately he is reconciled to it, and sees in it a kind of appropriateness and beauty. Were not the proof so easily obtained, I should scarcely expect to be believed in this statement. All is told, however, in solemn earnest; and Maupassant, who takes himself seriously, will doubtless be so accepted by his public.

Completion of the Rougon-Macquart Series of Novels.

M. ZOLA has enjoyed the rarely-accorded privilege of witnessing the completion of what he regards as his life labour.

> The best laid schemes o' mice and men
> Gang aft agley,

says Burns, and few, indeed, are the cases in which a man can survey from without, perfect in every detail, the edifice it has been the ambition of his life to raise. Such triumphs are, of course, not unprecedented. Clarendon or Gibbon, looking at his completed history, must have felt the glow of triumph ; and the pious monk, when he had finished some task of transcription of, say, the "Legenda Aurea," wrote on the final page "Explicit, laus Deo," or some other expression of contentment. A task such as M. Zola has accomplished is, however, more ambitious and more difficult than the compilation of a history or the transcription of a chronicle. In monkish days, moreover, the devotion of very many successive years, or even a lifetime, to a solitary task was more common than it can now be, when so many portals to knowledge or reputation are open to the worker. The labour M. Zola has accomplished can only be compared to that contemplated, and in part executed, by Balzac in his "Comédie Humaine." Much less ambitious than the scheme of his avowed master is that of the author of the score volumes beginning with "La Fortune des Rougon," and ending with "Le Docteur Pascal." It is none the less sufficiently extensive, and its completion is a matter on which M. Zola is to be congratulated.

"Dr. Pascal."

IN "Le Docteur Pascal," of which an English translation by Mr. Ernest A. Vizetelly has just seen the light, the history of five generations of the Rougon-Macquart family is summed up, and the family tree is given as an illustration to the volume. The close of the action takes place in the same place as its opening, namely, in the imaginary and happily-named Provençal town of Plassans. It is obviously impossible to deal with a scheme which extends over a score volumes, and aims at illustrating, through the vices and crimes of a single family, the story of the Second Empire from the *coup d'état* to Sedan. Each successive tale has, in the author's estimate, the value of an historical document, and the last, summing up the whole, preaches the lesson of the influence of heredity as exemplified in the various members of the family. A great thinning of the various members naturally takes place. Mad and paralysed, Adélaïde Fouqué, otherwise Aunt Dide, dies of fright in an asylum at the age of 105. *Maxime expires as the story closes*, and Serge Mouret—l'Abbé

Mouret—is spoken of as at the point of death. Charles Rougon, the son of Maxime, perishes at the age of sixteen by bleeding from the nose. For Antoine Macquart is reserved the most appalling of fates, seeing that he dies of combustion practically spontaneous, the result of alcoholism. One more victim to the "scythe of death," as in the translation it is called, is Pascal Rougon, the hero of the concluding story and the biographer of the family. His death is the result of heart disease. Death thus exacts a fair toll from the characters, thirty-two in all, who constitute the family. Dr. Pascal, with his disinterested labours and his sexagenarian love for his niece —a new Abishag to a scientific David—is intended to be the most sympathetic. Clotilde, his mistress, who still lives, is also a lovable creature, though vague and colourless. She has, by Dr. Pascal, a child unnamed as yet and but three months of age, concerning whom is the pregnant inquiry, what will it be?

M. Zola.

"IT'S dogged as does it," says an old proverb. Doggedness certainly is responsible for the accomplishment of M. Zola's task. In the possession of an end for which he resolutely strives has lain, as M. Zola has himself stated, the secret of his force. Undeterred by any obstacle, conventional or sentimental, he proceeds to that end with a passionlessness recalling that of his great master Balzac, and with a taste for coarseness more resolute, since less justifiable, than that of Rabelais. Into the moral questions M. Zola opens out I will not enter. His taste for dragging his readers needlessly through sewer and cesspool is a matter for regret. Neither immorality nor uncleanness is there in his latest work. The relations between Dr. Pascal and Clotilde, though unfamiliar and repulsive here, beget no great scandal on the continent. For the rest, the story is pathetic, harrowing even, and the central figure appeals to one with the directness of a Père Goriot or a Cousin Pons. One is occasionally reminded of Ibsen, and the latest work has a measure of the provinciality with which the Norwegian poet is charged. In more than one respect "Doctor Pascal" reminds one of "Ghosts." The questions of heredity discussed are the same; there is a like amount of moral obliquity; and there is the curious fact that in both cases a hospital is erected as a means of hushing up family scandals. These things are, of course, public property, and no charge of borrowing is brought against either writer. The resemblance, in fact, constitutes merely a proof that those who diagnose our diseased nature find, as was to be expected, the same symptoms.

SYLVANUS URBAN

THE

GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER 1893.

WHAT BECAME OF RAMESES THE FOURTH?

BY A. L. HARRIS.

I HAVE frequently been asked by friends how it is that Fitzgerald and I never speak now; why, in fact, in place of being the cronies we once were, we each, whenever we meet at the club or elsewhere, assume an air of stony unconsciousness and become temporarily unable to see an inch beyond our respective noses.

This state of affairs has succeeded in exercising the minds of various friends and acquaintances in no small degree, and I even feel myself that a certain amount of explanation is due; and as I cannot, in the present unpleasant condition of affairs, trust Fitzgerald to make it, as I feel sure he would give, if not an erroneous, at least a mistaken version of the matter, I must take the responsibility of the task upon my own shoulders. Before doing so I should wish to state clearly, and once for all, that under the circumstances I can scarcely blame Fitzgerald, though I deeply deplore the course he has taken, for it is entirely the fault of Ram—— of the third individual, who will be referred to in proper order. Above all things let us be methodical, and let everything be done decently and in order.

To begin with, I go back to a letter received by me from Fitzgerald himself some considerable time ago. He was then, and had been for some months past, travelling on the Continent, having visited Spain, Greece, Algiers, Constantinople, and various other parts of the globe too numerous to mention. He was, you must know, an ardent antiquary and a collector of everything that was hideously ugly, practically useless, and more or less battered and damaged.

But in spite of the difference in our tastes—for I like everything as new as possible and with the latest modern improvements—we had always been fast friends, and the only difference which had ever risen between us had been caused by his trying to palm off upon me a wretched, filthy, discoloured lamp which he had rooted out somewhere in the neighbourhood of Houndsditch as having belonged to one of the Five Foolish Virgins!

But to return to the letter, which was dated from Alexandria. I need not quote it word for word, but it will be sufficient for all purposes if I mention that, after a few unimportant sentences, it went on to say that he had had the great and unexampled good fortune to become the possessor of a most valuable and unique specimen of ancient art, whereby his collection of curios would be enriched beyond his fondest anticipations. Without going into any further particulars on the subject, or stating what the article in question was, he informed me that, intending to return home himself by a more circuitous route, he had decided, with a view to its greater safety and preservation, to ship the affair home—whatever it might be—and forward it on the first opportunity to me, who, he knew, would, by reason of our old friendship, be willing to give it house-room until his return. Of course I would—Fitzgerald had no occasion to doubt it for an instant, though we *had* disagreed slightly on that one other occasion about the lamp, which was now reposing in a velvet-lined casket and regarded by its owner as one of his most treasured acquisitions.

But wait a minute; there was a postscript, which ran as follows: "If you find the packing-case take up too much room you can open it and stand the enclosure up on end in a corner out of the way." Evidently it was something bulky this time—an old master or a broken-nosed Venus—but it was nothing to do with me. Let the thing come, whatever it was!

And it did, towards the end of the next week, with an amount of bumping and banging that seemed calculated to bring one side of the house down. It took two men in a violent state of perspiration to carry the packing-case into the house and into my rooms, which were on the first floor. It was a large oblong concern and took up an inconvenient amount of space. At last it was stowed away, but not before one of the men had remarked (how correctly he was not aware) that it was "a dry job," to which the apparently only suitable reply on my part was the production of a shilling; whereupon we parted on amicable terms, and I was left to reconnoitre the fresh arrival at my leisure. There was a variety of legends, such as

"Glass with care," "This side up," &c., &c., inscribed all over the top, together with some strange-looking symbols, the meaning of which was hidden from me. After all, it was considerably in the way where it was, and I felt rather sorry that Fitzgerald had shown this amount of confidence in me, which would doubtless result in the bruising of my shins and the inflicting of contusions upon various parts of my body before I had done with it. Certainly the best plan would be to take his advice and get rid of the packing-case, which probably took up a great deal of unnecessary room. I also had a slight, a very slight, glimmering of curiosity with regard to the contents, which I might thereby gratify. So, with a hammer and chisel borrowed from my landlady, I set to work that same evening; and after incurring several injuries by reason of my own want of skill in the use of these implements, succeeded in wrenching off the top. Below was a quantity of aromatic-smelling shavings which, being disposed of, revealed a long dark stone chest, sculptured all over with strange and outlandish figures of men and beasts. It was rounded at one end and flat at the other, was in shape something like a horse-trough, about six feet three inches in length, and standing three feet or more from the ground. At the rounded end there appeared to be a lid, which, being sealed on or otherwise secured, prevented me from pursuing my investigations further. What could it be? Was there anything else inside, or was this rough-hewn, heavy concern itself the "valuable and unique specimen of ancient art," of which Fitzgerald fondly proclaimed himself to be the proud possessor?

The thing, whatever it was, was prodigiously heavy, and it was only by summoning to my aid all the available assistance on the premises that I succeeded in raising it into a perpendicular position on its flat base and propping it against an angle of the wall. A most awkward and cumbersome affair it was, to have inspired Fitzgerald with such pride and called forth such eulogies; but there is no reasoning with an antiquary, and no possibility of convincing him of the folly of his ways.

In what was the middle of the night, or, to speak more correctly, very early in the morning, I was startled from my slumbers by a sudden loud and awful crash. I was fast asleep at the time, but started up in a second broad awake. What on earth could it be? The noise seemed to come from close against the partition wall of my bedroom. There could be only one source of such a terrific row —the stone chest which had been reared on end against it must have fallen forward. There was no help for it, I must instantly visit the

scene of the disaster and see for myself what was the extent of the damage. Good heavens! what *would* Fitzgerald say, not to mention Mrs. Ricketts, my landlady? My only surprise was that the house was not already in a commotion. It was enough to have awakened the dead.

I lit a candle, and opened the folding doors which separated the two rooms. There, of course, I should find the stone chest, or whatever you liked to call it, pitched forward, face downwards, and cracked from end to end, if not—— But I didn't—nothing of the sort. The confounded thing hadn't budged an inch. I must have been dreaming. But if so, what woke me in that manner, and put me into a cold perspiration? Certainly no one else appeared to have been disturbed—which was very singular. I felt a cold shudder pass along my spine; no doubt I had taken a chill through coming out of my bedroom so lightly clad. This was what came of taking care of other people's property. "Confound you!" I said angrily, shaking my fist at Fitzgerald's "unique specimen of ancient art," "what do you mean by it?"

The next morning, as is very often the case, I took a fresh view of the matter, particularly when I recollected the salmon and cucumber off which I had supped, and should have thought no more of the affair, but for one circumstance. While engaged with the matutinal bloater my eye was attracted by some object lying on the floor in front of the granite chest. Investigation proved it to be a strip of exceedingly fine cloth, of the texture of muslin, of about three yards in length, and varying in breadth from a few inches to a couple of feet. It was of a reddish-brown colour, and as I examined it more closely I was conscious of a faint aromatic odour which clung to it. The narrow end, which presented the appearance of having at one time been smeared with glue or some other sticky substance, seemed to have been cut through carelessly with a knife, being irregular and jagged at the edge. Whatever it was it was none of my property, and I didn't think it could have been there the night before when I made my nocturnal examination of the premises. Perhaps Mrs. Ricketts, my landlady, might account for it, as, after all, it might be only something of the nature of a duster. But, on the contrary, she too pronounced it to be nothing of hers, and refused to have anything to say to it. She regarded it, in fact, with suspicion and dislike, felt it between her fingers, sniffed at it, declared it smelt for all the world like the last bottle of lotion that Ricketts had for his bad leg, and proposed the kitchen fire as its ultimate and fitting destination. But I declined, and, stuffing it into a drawer, thought to myself that I

would show it to Fitzgerald, who might be able to explain or account for it in some way.

I forgot to ask her whether she had heard any noise the night before, until she had left the room ; but concluding that, if so, she would have alluded to it, I thought it was not worth while to call her back.

That night—shall I ever forget it?—I was again awakened, not by any loud noise, but quite as suddenly as before. I sat up and listened. There was nothing! Yes, there was—a sound as of the rustling of paper, as though some one were turning over the leaves of a book; while through the crack of the folding-doors was a streak of light! Now, surely I had not forgotten to turn out the gas before I went to bed? I also fancied, and I was not likely to be mistaken, that I smelt the fumes of an uncommonly good cigar. Anyhow, I must get up and see if there was anything wrong. This time I took the precaution of slipping on a wadded dressing-gown and thrusting my feet into my slippers. I also took up the poker. Thus equipped I turned the handle as noiselessly as possible, and, opening the connecting door a few inches, peered cautiously through the aperture. Surely such a sight as I saw was enough to have permanently unhinged the brain of any man!

Seated at my table, with one of my cigars between his lips, and engaged in perusing with every appearance of interest the current number of the *Illustrated London News*, was the most remarkable figure I had ever beheld. The—a—individual in question, whose head, beard, and eyebrows had apparently been shaved, was attired in a tight-fitting costume, of what appeared to me to consist entirely of strips of diachylon plaister! In figure he was exceedingly thin and emaciated-looking, and such portions of his frame as were exposed to view presented a singularly dried-up and withered appearance ; otherwise he was not a bad-looking fellow.

My first sensation was that of overwhelming astonishment, which feeling, at first, completely dominated every other, and prevented me from experiencing the natural alarm which might have been looked for under such extraordinary circumstances. He seemed perfectly at home as he sat with one leg thrown carelessly across the other, and altogether there was something noticeably thoroughbred, not to say aristocratic, about him, which was curiously out of harmony with the singularity of his attire and his unwarrantable intrusion into my premises. How long I might have remained there motionless and petrified with astonishment, with a pro-truding from my head in

Fortunately, or unfortunately, I sneezed, and dropped the poker, whereupon the Being, immediately recognising the direction from which the sound came, and without betraying the slightest embarrassment, raised one long, lean, brown hand, and beckoned. There was something at once magnetic and commanding in the gesture, which compelled obedience. Slowly and fearfully I emerged from my shelter and slid unwillingly into view. Gathering my wits together, I then attempted to demand who and what he was, and throw in a not uncalled-for allusion to the police; but, rising slowly and somewhat stiffly from his seat, the intruder, with a majestic motion of the arm (in spite of the diachylon plaister) towards the corner in which stood Fitzgerald's latest acquisition, remarked casually, "I am Rameses the Fourth!"

The unforeseen nature of the introduction coming suddenly upon my already distraught brain so completely disabled me that I could merely ejaculate, "Oh, really!" Then following the direction of his arm I noticed—what amazed and horrified me beyond everything—the lid of the stone chest was off and lying on the floor! Clutching the back of a chair to keep me from falling, I gasped feebly,

"Might I ask—what that is?"

"That," replied the Mysterious One, "is my travelling sarcophagus!"

"Then you are—it was—that is to say, you were——"

"I am Rameses IV.," he repeated. "That is to say, I am his mummy!" Having made which astounding statement, the Being smiled affably and resumed his seat. Good heavens! what would Fitzgerald say to this? Why, what——? Then it suddenly occurred to me that he might be an impostor, and with an attempt at bluster, which sat ill upon me, I began,

"Come now, I say, this won't do, you know—you must get out of this, or else——" The expression upon the Stranger's face changed terribly; lightning seemed to dart from his eyes, and his whole form quivered with rage.

"What!" he cried in an awful voice, "does the slave dare to doubt the word of him whose finger-nails are gilded, and round whose body are rolled no less than 649 yards of the finest linen? By the life of Pharaoh——!"

What might have happened here, had I not hastened to apologise in the humblest manner, there is no possibility of telling (so it was not diachylon plaister, as I had at first imagined; in fact, it was the wrong colour for that altogether), but after a time he cooled down, and promising, on my earnest solicitations, to look over it, invited me to take

a seat. This I did, at as great a distance as I dared, and while he relit his (that is to say, my) cigar, which had gone out during the previous scene, I took an opportunity of narrowly observing him. The innumerable intersecting bandages which covered him completely from throat to wrist, and were continued over the legs and feet, had been unwound from the head and face, showing the peculiarly deep tanned hue of the complexion, the high cheekbones, and the strange position of the ears, which were large, and placed very high upon the head. The eyes were large and piercing, the nose was straight and well formed, and the mouth and chin small; the whole presenting a somewhat unpleasant and highly-dried condition. I also noted that the endless yards of linen in which he was rolled were of the same reddish-brown hue which had characterised that mysterious remnant of stuff I had picked off the floor that same morning, and the same pungent aromatic odour now pervaded the room. Meanwhile, what's-his-name—Rameses—had turned again to the *Illustrated London News*, and particularly to that part devoted to Mr. Rider Haggard's story, "Cleopatra"; noticing which, I ventured to inquire with considerable trepidation, and pointing to the engraving which represented her lying in her litter,

"Er—might I ask whether you knew the lady?"

He looked up at once, and replied, "No, not exactly, I was rather before her time, but I believe I have had the pleasure of meeting her mummy."

"Then, if you'll excuse the liberty," I continued, in a voice that faltered considerably, "might I also be allowed to inquire how long you have been dead—that is, how old you are—I mean, how long have you been in this line of business?"

"I can't tell exactly to a century or two," answered the Egyptian monarch carelessly, "but I should say, roughly speaking, about 3,000 years, more or less."

Good heavens! was my thought, am I actually sitting here in conversation with a highly-connected mummy, who had moved in the best circles somewhere about B.C. 1,000? This was the sort of thing at which the brain reeled, and the only way was to treat it as though it were a conundrum and give it up.

Rameses (I suppose I had better call him by the name he laid claim to) seemed not a little flattered at the impression he had produced—so much so indeed, that I ventured after a slight pause to inquire, "And all that time you've been——?" The question seemed to rouse disagreeable reminiscences and an expression of deep disgust.

"My spirit has been inhabiting other and lower organisations; I've only just been able to get back to my own body. By-the-by," with an evident desire to turn the subject, "I'm afraid I alarmed you last night—that noise, you know?"

"Ah, to be sure," I said, now fairly at my ease, and thinking that I might as well get to the bottom of it, "what was it now, might I ask?"

"Well, you see," speaking quite confidentially, "it was like this——" Then all in a moment the expression of his face changed again, causing me to shrink back into my chair. "I thought I was a toe short," he exclaimed wrathfully; "and so I am—I can only feel four on the right foot!"

"Perhaps," I ventured to remark, "you've left it in your—a—coffin?" motioning towards the corner where it stood on end.

"Ah, very likely," he replied. "I must look for it later on."

"I hope you're all right everywhere else?" I inquired politely.

"Oh, I've every reason to believe so," he answered; "if not, it'll be a bad day's work for the man who embalmed me. For by the life of Pharaoh——!"

I was afraid we were in for another outbreak, to prevent which I asked if he felt any draught from the window, apologised for the fire being out, and inquired whether I could offer him a bed. This last he declined, much to my inward relief, as the prospect of knocking up my landlady at that hour of the night, or morning, and requesting her to get a room ready for Rameses IV., was not an alluring one. Still, it was rather awkward to know what to do with him. I wondered, too, whether he knew that he really belonged to Fitzgerald, who would probably number him and put him on a bracket; it was a delicate topic, and one I should have considerable trepidation in touching upon, considering the inflammatory condition of the royal personage's temper. So, with a view of finding out what his intentions were, I inquired casually whether he intended to make a long stay here, or had made any plans. To which he replied that he rather thought he might drop in at the British Museum—he thought the authorities there would like him to call—especially as he had several connections there, in a very good state of preservation. He added, however, that he must be careful not to overdo the thing at first, as he still felt rather brittle—which, he went on to say, was not to be wondered at in any one who had been pickled for seventy days and then baked.

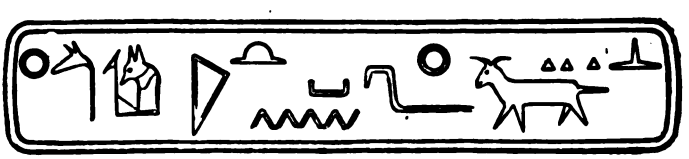
This remark was the origin of my proposing whisky-and-water as a lubricator, in which I had much faith, and Rameses IV.

declaring himself perfectly willing to take my word for it, I mixed a couple of tumblers, cold, but stiffish. After this we got on such a friendly footing, and the Royal Egyptian became so cordial in his manner, that by the time he had arrived at his third tumbler I was addressing him as "Old Cockalorum"—which epithet, no doubt, he concluded to be a title of high dignity, and one implying great respect—and saying, "Here's your jolly good health!"

After this I am not quite so clear. I think, but am not sure, that he told me a capital tale about Rameses I. which, he said, was not generally known, and that I promised should not go any farther; after which I gave him my arm back to his sarcophagus.

Next morning I awoke with a headache and an impression of having asked some one to breakfast. By Jove! when I recalled what had happened the night before, what on earth would Mrs. Ricketts say if asked to wait on a mummy? What would she think of his costume, to begin with? Really, Fitzgerald had unintentionally let me in for a very awkward thing. However, I must put the best face on it I could; so, entering my sitting-room, where breakfast was laid for one, I remarked cheerfully, but at the same time respectfully, and addressing myself to the sarcophagus in the corner, "Good-morning, your—your mummyship!"

There was no answer, and being seized with a sudden presentiment that something was wrong, I went up to the stone coffin, or mummy-case. The lid, which on its first arrival I had noticed to be tightly sealed down, now seemed quite loose, so that I lifted it with ease. It was quite empty! There was nothing at all inside it but a musty smell, and at the very bottom a tiny bundle of something carefully rolled round in a strip of the same fine reddish-brown stuff I have before mentioned, and which I extracted with the tongs. Attached to it was an oblong label of a very dry and brittle parchment-like substance with a rough surface, and of a deep yellow colour (probably papyrus), on which were inscribed, as with inferior ink, the following figures:—



After staring at it for some minutes I [illegible] the bell for Mrs. Ricketts.

"Where—where is the other gentleman?" I inquired eagerly.

She looked at me in astonishment, mingled with reproof, and from me her glance wandered to the mantelpiece, whereon stood two empty tumblers, the stump of a cigar, and other signs of recent conviviality.

"There's been no *gentleman* here," she replied, I thought, with unflattering emphasis on the word; "at least, not that I knows of."

I felt abashed before her, and apologising for summoning her unnecessarily, dismissed her. As she left the room I heard her mutter something to herself about "seeing double."

What was to be done? It was evident that the Royal Egyptian had taken himself off; but where? and did he intend to come back? I am sorry to say that my first thought on realising this fact was to look round the place and see if anything was missing; but all was intact.

Of course I never doubted for a moment that he *had* been there; had I not the evidence of my senses? and, above all, was there not the unimpeachable testimony of the two empty tumblers, to one of which his royal lips had been placed? What on earth was to be done? It was of no use to think of breakfast under such circumstances—he must be found and brought back at any price—else what would Fitzgerald say?

Of course he would put it all down to me and say it was my fault. Then I suddenly remembered, with a sensation of relief, that the Missing Party had spoken of calling at the British Museum. Perhaps he had gone there—perhaps he had been accustomed to take a walk before breakfast. I took a cab and drove in that direction. When I reached the place I scarcely knew what to do or whom to ask for; but finally, after a little consideration, I ventured to inquire of an official whether a gentleman of foreign appearance and somewhat strangely attired had called there or been heard of in any way. But no; there had been no visitors at all, with the exception of myself, the place being only just opened; he was quite sure of that. I said I would walk round and see. I did walk round and see. I made a most searching examination of all the mummies on view; in fact, I was warned by an attendant that it was contrary to the rules to tap on the glass with my umbrella. After this I went to South Kensington, and at intervals during the day visited all the museums in London. But not a sign of Rameses IV. I could almost have believed it was all a dream if I had not been convinced of the contrary.

I refrained from opening the very small parcel, with the inde-

cipherable label attached, which I had discovered at the bottom of the sarcophagus, as I thought it might be something private. But towards evening I drew up an advertisement for insertion in the papers—it was my last hope. In fact, I drew up several, as I found a difficulty in wording one to my satisfaction. I tried a few in this style:—

"If this should meet the eye of Rameses the Fourth he is entreated to return at once and—all will be forgotten and forgiven."

That didn't seem to read well, nor "He will hear of something to his advantage," which I rejected as being calculated to raise false hopes of a legacy, or something of the sort—which I felt I should not be justified in doing.

At last I concocted one which seemed to meet the requirements of the situation better:—

"Will the gentleman who left a small parcel at No. 10 B—— Street call at the same address between the hours of ten and twelve, when he may receive the same free of charge."

This I caused to be inserted three days running in the *Standard*, but wholly without results until, on the third morning, as I sat there waiting, watch in hand (for I was resolved to allow him every possible opportunity of giving himself up in an honourable manner), I heard a knock, followed by a footstep ascending the stairs. Instantly I was all attention and excitement. Of course he must be detained and not allowed to leave under any pretext (confound Fitzgerald and his unique specimen of antique art—a fine lot of trouble and expense I had been put to through him)!

The question was, Should I, in view of his attempting to escape a second time, be justified in knocking him down and then keeping him under lock and key until Fitzgerald returned and took him off my hands? Or would it be advisable to give him in custody on the charge of attempted embezzlement of himself? The situation was complicated in the extreme. There was a rap at the door.

"Come in!" secreting the poker about my person ready for an emergency. He came in with a rush and, slapping me violently on my back in a fashion that took away my breath for the next few minutes, exclaimed: "How are you, old boy? Surprised at seeing me, eh? What have you done with my property?" Not Rameses IV. —but Fitzgerald!

I would prefer not to dwell on what followed, when I broke it to him that the splendid specimen of the embalmer's art, which he had discovered and disinterred at his own expense was—Missing! He lost his temper so completely and used expressions so unparliamentary

character, that I feel a natural distaste to see them in print. Any explanation which I tried to give he refused to listen to—not a single word would he hear. But the crowning insult of all which he put upon me was, the accusing me of having feloniously disposed of the article in question to my own advantage! I, who had been taking cabs at extortionate rates, all over London, in search of Rameses IV., was accused of having raised money on him.

Still, as I said before, the circumstances are somewhat peculiar and out of the common, and Fitzgerald was always a hasty man—perhaps, though, if he reads this plain statement of facts he may see things in another and better light.

In case, however, any one else should feel inclined to doubt my word and imagine that the events herein recorded are fabulous and requisite of confirmation, I will refer that incredulous individual, or individuals, to the incontrovertible testimony of Professor Boreham, the celebrated Egyptologist and chief authority on these matters; to whom I submitted the piece of stuff which I discovered on the floor on the morning after that mysterious midnight disturbance (which, by-the-by, Rameses was going to explain but didn't) and the other relic found in the sarcophagus after his strange disappearance.

The first, he stated, after subjecting it to a minute microscopic examination, to be a genuine piece of mummy-cloth, of superior make and quality, prepared from the ligneous fibres of some vegetable, probably flax, smeared with resin for the purpose of securing it to the head or some other portion of the body.

The other article proved, on stripping it of its wrappings, to be neither more nor less than the toe of a full-grown mummy—the veritable missing toe, the discovery of the loss of which had occasioned the early Egyptian Monarch so much annoyance at the time.

The label accompanying it, which the professor declares to be written in the purest hieroglyphics, he translates as follows:—

"To be left till called for."

THE CRIME OF THE TEMPLARS.

AMONG the essays which Mr. Froude has recently collected and published in book form[1] is one about the Templars, and some of the most interesting pages in it are those in which he discusses the crimes the famous brotherhood were accused of.

They were of all shades and varieties, but the crime that most prominence is given to, if crime it was, was the curiously sacrilegious one of spitting on the crucifix.

It is of it, and it only, that I mean to treat here. For while most of the other charges brought against them were denied, and, where a fair trial was possible, triumphantly disproved, the Templars themselves, with very few exceptions, admitted that they had gone through the ceremony of spitting on the cross at their initiation, although they strenuously denied all impious intention in doing so.

How this confession was received by their judges is a matter of history, while how to reconcile their denial of intended impiety with the common and everyday custom of spitting on a person, or thing, to show contempt for it, has been a question which has puzzled every historian who has written about this famous order. Now it seems to me that this is just one of the cases where a great deal of assistance may be given by the anthropologist, and that much of the difficulty felt by the historians is of their own creation, and arises mainly from their persisting in regarding the spitting rite as necessarily an impious one; and as having always, and under all circumstances, been performed with no other motive than the conveyance of contempt and disgust. How very far wrong the holders of any such idea not only may be, but really are, is proved by the following example.

"Spitting, it may be remarked," says Mr. Thompson ("Masailand," p. 166), "has a very different signification with the Masai from that which prevails with us, or with most African tribes. With them it expresses the greatest goodwill and the best wishes. It takes the place of the 'compliments of the season,' and you had better spit

[1] *The Armada, and other Essays* (1892).

upon a damsel than kiss her. You spit when you meet, and you spit when you part."

I wish in this paper to show that anthropological evidence all points to the motive of the Templar rite being rather expressive of the greatest goodwill and the best wishes than of the grossest disgust and contempt. One of the main difficulties those persons have to face who start with the fixed idea that the rite must necessarily have been performed from a motive of impiety is to account for the presence of such an impious rite in the ceremonial of an order reputed to have been drawn up by St. Bernhard and approved by more than one Pope. They cannot conceive it possible that St. Bernhard, or any other truly religious person, could have permitted or approved anything so wicked as spitting on the crucifix, and so they are thrown back on a theory to account for the presence of such a rite, which Mr. Froude states, and criticises, in the following passage.

"It has been supposed," he says, "that the Templars, by their long residence in Syria, had ceased to be Christians, and had adopted Eastern heresies—that they were Gnostics, Manichees, or I know not what. This is a guess, and I do not think a likely one. They were mere soldiers. They were never a learned order. They left no books behind them, or writings of any kind. The services in the Templars' churches were conducted with peculiar propriety. Every witness declared that the very crosses which they said had been spat upon were treated afterwards with the deepest reverence. Nor was there really any attempt at concealment."

It is a little difficult to gather from this passage exactly what explanation Mr. Froude himself would give of the rite. If its introduction is not due to Eastern influence at a later period, is it due to Western influence at a later period? If there is no trace of any such practice at that time, then it must surely have been of still earlier introduction, and it is possible that St. Bernhard himself, if he did not actually sanction it, may at least have not condemned it. The Christian Church has absorbed many a pagan rite in its ritual before this. And if he did sanction such a rite, or if he did not condemn it, or if none of the equally pious men who joined the order condemned such a rite, then clearly they cannot have regarded it as necessarily impious. And if they did not regard it as impious, then evidently there must have existed in their days a state of matters in regard to the intention of spitting not very dissimilar from the state of matters in Masailand as described by Mr. Thompson, and widely different from our own. The question, therefore, for us to decide

is whether any such rite, performed with any motive other than as a sign of contempt, has ever existed in the West. Then, if we can produce evidence of its existence, either about the time of the formation of the order or prior to it, and show that it was a common custom among the community at large, surely it will be admitted to be more likely that the Templars learned the practice at home and carried the ceremony away with them to the East, and brought it back again, than that they learned it there for the first time. Such a theory, if it can be substantiated, will explain many of the contradictions which so puzzle Mr. Froude, while it will not in the least detract from the possibility of a Western tribunal of the fourteenth century feeling and expressing genuine disgust at the performance of such a rite. For it will be readily admitted that a rite allowable enough, and perhaps differently understood, in the twelfth century, might well have fallen out of general use by the fourteenth, and its real meaning been forgotten; while an order like the Templars, made up of mere soldiers, destitute of literature, and therefore largely dependent on and attaching great weight to tradition, would be just the quarter to which we would look for the preservation of old notions and old ideas, long after they had been lost to the world at large.

But even if we accept the generally received explanation of the Eastern origin of the practice, the evidence is not all so decidedly in favour of the theory as its adherents imagine. It is, of course, an undeniable fact that spitting as a mark of contempt is a common practice in the East; but even there, although frequently expressive of contempt, still it is not always regarded in that way. For instance, Burckhardt, in his account of the Bedouins, gives a curious illustration of this. He says that if a man, whom we will call A, has caught another, B, in the act of stealing his property, and is chastising him; and should some friend of A's, whom we will call C, come along, and B, the thief, manage to spit on him, and invoke his protection, C, even though he is A's friend, is bound to accord it. On such an analogy the Templars might have learned in the East to spit on the crucifix and invoke Jesus' name without any impious intention whatever. Or, to take another. In Russia, and Turkey, and Greece, and anciently among the Romans, it was, and is, considered a serious breach of etiquette to praise an infant and omit to spit either on it or near it, to show the spitter bore it no ill-feeling. Taken in connection with Mr. Froude's explicit statement, that the crosses spat on were treated afterwards with the greatest respect, it is just possible that an innocent motive may have underlain the curious Templar

rite, for which they suffered so much, even if they did learn it in the East. But it seems to me that those who attribute this right to Eastern influence at all, take two things for granted—first, that the Templars were specially given to adopting meaningless and disgusting heathen practices, a supposition which, if it were correct, would lead us to expect to find their creed honeycombed with all sorts of barbarisms; second, that the practice of spitting with a ritualistic motive was a custom confined to the East alone. Neither of these suppositions are quite in accordance with facts. The creed of the Templars does not appear to have been extraordinarily full of barbarous anomalies, and spitting is not an essentially Eastern rite. On the contrary, some of the strongest evidence that can be produced of a saliva rite comes from the North of Europe. For example, we read in the "Edda" that the Aesir and the Vanir, when they were making a most solemn compact, spat together into a vessel. Spitting at the taking of an oath—and it was at the taking of the oath of the order that the spitting by the Templars admittedly took place—was thus a practice in Scandinavia long before the Templars were ever heard of. That it was once common in England too is, I think, a fair assumption, judging at least from the traces to be found in out of the way corners and in popular custom. In Newcastle, for example, among the colliers, as Brand, in his "Popular Antiquities," informs us, a strike for a rise of wages used never to be begun till the men had testified to their intention of standing by one another by spitting on a stone.

Then Mr. Henderson, in his "Folk-lore of the Northern Counties," relates how in his schooldays the boys used to spit their faith when required to make asseveration on any matter deemed important, and says:—

"Many a time have I given and received a challenge according to the following formula: 'I say, Bill, will you fight Jack?' 'Yes.' 'Jack, will you fight Bill?' 'Yes.' 'Best cock spit over my little finger.' Jack and Bill both do so, and a pledge thus sealed was considered so sacred that no schoolboy would dare to hang back from its fulfilment."

Lastly, part of the Scottish betrothal ceremony consisted in the contracting parties wetting their thumbs with saliva and pressing them together, at the same time as they swore to be good and true. Nor was this practice confined to marriage contracts only. Blackstone and Erskine both assure us that it was once common at the making of all sorts of bargains.

But in no single one of these instances was it the simple act of

spitting that conduced to the sacredness of the oath. It was the commingling or interchange of the contracting parties' salivas that made the vow or the bargain binding, and the following quotation from Mr. Thompson's work on the Masai (p. 166) may not be without interest, as showing how similar their idea is to ours. Talking of the difficulty of purchasing a bullock, Mr. Thompson writes: "The buying, moreover, was an exhausting labour, no bullock being secured under an hour or two's haggling and debate on the general lines which rule all such business operations. *The final seal was put upon the bargain by the Masai spitting on his bullock, and my men doing the same on the senenge and beads. Once that was performed, not another word passed on the subject.*" Now, there must have been some reason for this commingling of, or exchange of, saliva at the making of a bargain or the taking of an oath. And, therefore, if we can discover the motive of the practices I have just enumerated, it is conceivable that the same motive will explain the alleged crime of the Templars. For, recollect, it was at the taking of the most solemn oath that the Templar spat. The first step to be taken, with a view to discovering it, is to examine all the records left us by travellers of the practices witnessed by them at oath-taking in different parts of the world. And here our attention is at once attracted to a very significant and very widely spread ceremony, in which the blood of the contracting parties plays a most important rôle.

In many parts of the world, and Scandinavia is one of these (Gummere, "Germanic Origins," p. 174), two men, in taking a very solemn oath, used to open a vein and allow the blood which exuded to trickle down and mix in the same hole in the ground. Among the Uniamuezi of the Lake district of Africa we meet with an exactly similar custom; while Martin, in his description of the "Western Isles" (Pinkerton, iii. 610), writes as follows:—

"Their ancient leagues of friendship were ratified by drinking a drop of each other's blood, which was commonly drawn out of the little finger. This was religiously observed as a sacred bond, and if any person, after such an alliance, happened to violate the same, he was from that time reputed unworthy of all honest men's conversation."

It would be easy to accumulate examples. Those I have given will, I trust, be sufficient to show that in some parts of the world the blood of the contracting parties was employed much as saliva was in others, being made to commingle at the taking of a very solemn oath. This leads us at once to

absorption or commingling of blood be an essential on those occasions? That has been so well explained by Professor Robertson Smith, in his "Religion of the Semites," p. 295, that I feel I cannot do better than quote the passage in full.

"The notion," writes Professor Smith, "that by eating the flesh, or particularly by drinking the blood, of another living being, a man absorbs its nature or life into his own, is one which appears among primitive peoples in many forms. It lies at the root of the widespread practice of drinking the fresh blood of enemies, . . . and also of the habit observed by many savage huntsmen of eating some part (*e.g.* the liver) of dangerous carnivora, in order that the courage of the animal may pass into them. . . . But the most notable application of the idea is in the rite of blood brotherhood, examples of which are found all over the world. In the simplest form of this rite two men become brothers by opening their veins and sucking one another's blood. Thenceforth their lives are not two, but one. This form of covenant is still known in the Lebanon, and in some parts of Arabia." The same idea, I am convinced, lies at the bottom of the saliva rite at the taking of an oath. In other words, if there is a blood brotherhood, there is also a saliva brotherhood.

But, it may be contended, the very idea of the blood rite is the mutual absorption and consumption of the blood, and none of the examples of spitting which have been brought forward answer this requirement. True, but was it always essential that the blood of the contracting parties must be drunk? The Uniamuezi rite, where the blood from the legs was allowed to flow together, and the Scandinavian parallel, are no less good specimens of the blood covenant than the Arab one of the Lebanon, because the blood was not actually absorbed. They are simply different phases of the same idea.

Again it may be asked, granting the theory of the saliva rite and the blood rite being parallel, how does the theory explain the Templar rite? There we have no two individuals concerned at all. There is only one actor, the person to be initiated—the cross he spits on is simply an accessory.

At the first blush the position is hopeless, but the believer in the theory of the blood covenant has to face a precisely similar difficulty. We must not forget that the cross, to a Christian of those days at any rate, was something more than an accessory; it was the sacred tangible emblem of his faith. Now, the anointing of a sacred image or object with the blood drawn from the person of the suppliant is a feature of primitive religion so common and so well known as hardly to require

even a single illustration. Two, however, may be given. Herodotus, iii. 8, tells of an ancient Arab form of oath where blood is drawn from the palms of the contracting parties' hands and rubbed on several sacred stones, with invocation to the gods (compare this with the Newcastle miners' custom). And Rajendralala Mitra, in "Indo-Aryans," ii. 111, 112, says: "In all Bengal there is scarcely a respectable house the mistress of which has not at one time or other shed her blood under the notion of satisfying the goddess Candika. On the occasion of an illness a vow is made that on the recovery of the patient the goddess would be regaled with human blood, and on the first Durga-puja following the lady performs certain ceremonies, and then bares her bosom in the presence of the goddess, and with a nailcutter draws a few drops of blood from between her breasts and offers them to the deity."

In both examples the act is a sacrificial one, while the idea is that the deity or deities resident in the shrine or image partake personally of the suppliant's blood, and by so doing establish a bond of relationship, or strengthen an existing one, between themselves and their worshippers.

Of course it is only a crude, materialistic religion that can conceive such a practice, and if we do not understand the symbolism and the animism that underlies it, we are apt to look on it as a disgusting and meaningless rite, and nothing more. But if we have the key, it seems to me that it will appear in a different light altogether, and, while we admit its utter paganism, we shall deny the least vestige of sacrilege in the rite. And if we can concede the hypothesis that at one time there has existed a widespread belief that a man's life is in some way bound up in his saliva, as has undoubtedly been the case with blood, and if it can be shown that a definite ritual existed with saliva, it certainly appears to me that it will throw an entirely new light on the so-called crime of the Templars. For then, by spitting on the crucifix, the emblem of his Redeemer, the Templar, if he really understood the animistic significance of the performance, would be symbolically offering himself as a sacrifice, just as the Bengal woman did, and actually following out the received and usual rite of reuniting his life with that of his Deity, strengthening the mutual relationship, which we even recognise when we address Him as "an Elder Brother," and testifying by this simple act to his desire to be one with his God, as far as in him lay. And even if he did not—and I for one should think it highly improbable that he did—still with the evidence before us, and with our knowledge of the extraordinary vitality of ancient rites, and their survival long after the

creed, or motive for their performance, has been forgotten—I think we ought to hesitate before we convict the Templars of studied impiety in spitting on the cross. Had there been no evidence of people spitting except as a mark of derision and disgust, it might have been a different story. But when we consider that spitting at a secular contract was a common occurrence, and that the motive was to make it more binding; when we consider that probably the Templars themselves did it at the making of their ordinary contracts with this motive, it seems a much more logical conclusion to come to that it was with this motive also that they spat on the crucifix when they took the oath of the order and enrolled themselves as soldiers of Christ.

JAMES E. CROMBIE

THE "DEMON" STAR.

THE fluctuations in the light of the famous variable star Algol, otherwise called Beta Persei, were possibly known to the ancient astronomers, as the name Algol, or, in Arabic, *al-gûl*, signifies "the demon"; and suggests that the old observers of celestial phenomena may have remarked the variations in the light of this "slowly winking eye." It should be stated, however, that the Persian astronomer, Al-Sufi, in his "Description of the Heavens," written in the tenth century, calls the star *rûs-al-gûl*—the head of Al-gûl—which seems to imply that the "demon" referred to was the Gorgon Medusa, whose head appears in the hand of Perseus on the old globes and star maps.

However this may be, the star deserves the name of "demon," from the peculiar character of its fluctuations. Shining with a steady light for about 59 hours, its lustre suddenly begins to diminish, and in about 4½ hours its brightness is reduced to about one-third of its normal brilliancy. It remains at its faintest light for about 15 minutes, and then in about 5½ hours recovers its former lustre.

Al-Sufi says nothing about its variability, but remarks, "The 12th is the bright star of a red colour, and of less than the second magnitude;" and again, "The bright red star which is found in the head of Al-gûl." Al-Sufi's estimate of its brightness agrees well with modern observations, as, at its normal brilliancy, it was measured 2·31 with the photometer at Harvard Observatory, and 2·40 at Oxford. His description of it as red is, however, remarkable, as most modern observers see it as a white star, or at most of a yellow tint. If Al-Sufi's estimate of its colour is as accurate as his descriptions usually are, an extraordinary change of colour has certainly taken place in the light of this curious star, a change all the more interesting from the fact that a change from red to white is also supposed to have occurred in the brilliant Sirius, which has a similar spectrum.

The real discovery of Algol's variability seems to have
by Montanari in 1669, and confirmed by M
variation of light was also observed by Kir

observers, however, only noticed that the star fluctuated in brightness from about the second to the fourth magnitude, but they did not succeed in determining the law of its variation. This discovery was reserved for an English astronomer, Goodricke, who, in 1782, found that the period from minimum to minimum was about 2 days, 21 hours, that all the fluctuations of light took place in a period of about 7 hours, and that for the remainder of the period the star's light remained constant at the maximum. Comparing his own observations with one by Flamsteed in 1696, he found the exact period to be 2 days, 20 hours, 48 minutes, 59½ seconds. Goodricke thought "that the cause of this variation could hardly be accounted for otherwise than either by the interposition of a large body revolving round Algol, or some kind of motion of its own whereby part of its body covered with spots or such-like matter is periodically turned towards the earth." The correctness of this hypothesis of an eclipsing satellite has been fully confirmed by recent observations with the spectroscope. This will be considered further on.

In recent years the variation of Algol has been carefully studied by Argelander, Schönfeld, Schmidt, and others. Schönfeld found a period of 2 days, 20 hours, 48 minutes, 53·67 seconds, which seemed to show that the period was diminishing in length, a suspicion which has been confirmed by later researches. Schmidt found that the light of Algol was equal to that of Delta Persei about 47 minutes before and after the minimum; to that of Epsilon Persei about 62 minutes before and after the same, and to that of Beta Trianguli 95 minutes before and after the faintest phase. From observations made in the years 1840 to 1875, Schmidt found a period agreeing very closely with that found by Schönfeld. From photometric measures of Algol's light made by Professor Pickering at the Harvard Observatory (U.S.A.), he found that the diminution of light commences about 4 hours, 23 minutes before the minimum, and that the star recovers its normal brightness 5 hours, 37 minutes afterwards, the whole period of light fluctuation being, therefore, about 10 hours out of the 68⅘ hours which elapse between successive minima. From these observations it appears that the light remains constant for a period of about 58⅘ hours, when the fluctuations again recommence. These curious changes take place with the regularity of clock-work, and the exact day and hour when the star will be at a minimum can be predicted with great accuracy. Professor Pickering finds that the most rapid diminution of light occurs about 100 minutes before, and the most rapid increase about 100 minutes after, the minimum.

It is stated in several books on astronomy that Algol varies from the second to the fourth magnitude, but this is incorrect; the variation is not so great. At its normal brightness the star is always fainter than an average star of the second magnitude, as was remarked by Al-Sufi, and as modern measures with the photometer clearly show; and at the minimum it is never so faint as a star of the fourth magnitude. Schönfeld found a variation from 2·2 to 3·7 magnitude, but this is, I think, somewhat too large. My own observations with the naked eye—a method probably as reliable as any other for small variations of light—show that the total variation does not much exceed one magnitude, and this is confirmed by Professor Pickering's measures with the photometer at Harvard. The variation seems to be from magnitude 2·3 to magnitude 3·5. This implies that the star's light at maximum is three times the light at minimum. If we suppose three candles placed side by side, and at such a distance from the eye that their combined light is equal to the normal light of Algol; then if two of them are extinguished, the remaining single candle will represent the star's light at minimum.

The recorded observations of minima show that the period of variation has been slowly diminishing since Goodricke's time, and, from an elaborate investigation of the subject, Dr. S. C. Chandler finds that the present period is about 2 days, 20 hours, 48 minutes, 51 seconds. He thinks that the period has now nearly reached its minimum value, and that it will soon begin to increase again, the variation in the length of the period being cyclical. He explains this variation of period by the following hypothesis. Both Algol and its dark companion "have a common revolution round a third body, a large, distant, and dark companion or primary—in a period of about 130 years." Owing to the progressive motion of light, this orbital motion of Algol alternately lengthens and shortens the period of its light changes. "The size of this orbit around the common centre of gravity is about equal to that of *Uranus* round the sun. The plane of the orbit is inclined about 20° to the line of vision. Algol transited the plane passing through the centre of gravity perpendicular to this line of vision, in 1804 going outwards, and in 1869 coming inwards."

This orbital motion will give rise to an irregularity in the star's "proper motion," which Dr. Chandler considers is confirmed by the recorded observations of the star's position from Bradley's time to the present day. As the longest diameter of the apparent ellipse is less than 3 seconds of arc, and as the primary is [illegible] does not seem probable that it can ever

scope. Observations with the spectroscope may, however, reveal its existence. Indeed, Professor Vogel's observations, which will be considered presently, indicate that the system of Algol and its eclipsing satellite is now approaching the earth, as required by Dr. Chandler's hypothesis.

The theory of an eclipsing satellite, originally suggested by Goodricke, was considered mathematically by Professor Pickering some years since. He showed that a dark satellite of sufficient size revolving in a nearly circular orbit round Algol, and having the plane of its orbit nearly in the line of sight, would explain satisfactorily the observed phenomena within the limits of errors of observation, and he pointed out that it might be possible to determine the orbit of the system by observations with the spectroscope without any knowledge of the star's distance from the earth.

To test this theory, Professor Vogel made some measures with the spectroscope in the years 1888 and 1889 at the Potsdam Observatory. His observations seem to show conclusively that the diminution in the light of Algol is really due to a partial eclipse by a large satellite. He found that before the decrease in light commences Algol is receding from the earth, and hence the dark satellite is approaching, as it should do when about to transit the disc of its primary. After the minimum is over, Vogel found that Algol is approaching the earth, and the dark satellite, therefore, receding. He finds the maximum velocity of recession to be $24\frac{1}{2}$ miles a second, and the maximum velocity of approach $28\frac{1}{2}$ miles a second. The difference between these velocities indicates that the combined system is approaching the earth at the rate of about two miles a second. Now it is clear that, knowing the velocity in miles per second, and the period of revolution—or the star's period of variation from minimum to minimum—we can at once find the circumference of the orbit, and therefore its diameter in miles, without any knowledge of the star's distance from the earth. Knowing, then, the dimensions of the orbit, we can easily find the mass of the system in terms of the sun's mass.

Assuming the orbit to be circular, with its plane passing through the earth, Professor Vogel computes from the above data that the diameter of Algol is about 1,061,000 miles, and that of the dark satellite 830,000 miles, with a distance between their centres of 3,230,000 miles. In volume, therefore, Algol exceeds the sun in the proportion of 184 to 100, and the dark companion is somewhat smaller than the sun in size. Vogel makes the mass of Algol four-ninths of the sun's mass, and that of the satellite two-ninths, or a combined mass equal to two-thirds of the mass of the sun. Taking

the sun's density at 1·44, and its diameter 866,000 miles, I find that the above dimensions give a mean density for the components of Algol of about one-third that of water, a result which implies that they are gaseous bodies. The spectrum of Algol is of the first or Sirian type, all the spectral lines being faint except those of hydrogen, a type of spectrum which indicates that the star is very hot, and therefore probably in the gaseous state. Comparing the light of Algol with that of Sirius, of which the mass and distance have been well determined, and assuming that the two stars have the same density, I find a probable parallax of 0·14 of a second of arc,[1] representing a distance from the earth which light would take about twenty-three years to traverse. Chandler finds a probable parallax of 0·07 of a second, or a light journey of forty-six years. The parallax is probably too small to be determined by direct measurement, but an effort should be made in this direction by the photographic method of measuring stellar parallax.

Algol is not the only star which shows this peculiar type of variation. There are other "demon" stars. Ten altogether—including Algol itself—are known, and probably others exist which have hitherto escaped detection. The fact of the light variations taking place only during a few hours, while for the rest of the period the star's light is constant, renders their discovery a task of peculiar difficulty. Among the brighter of the Algol variables may be mentioned Lambda Tauri, which varies from magnitude 3·4 to 4·2, with a period of a little less than 4 days, and Delta Libræ, which varies from 4·9 to 6·1 magnitude in a period of about 2 days, 7 hours, 51 minutes. The others are fainter. A star of this class in the Southern constellation Antlia, discovered by Mr. Paul in 1888, has the wonderfully short period of 7 days, 46 minutes, 48 seconds, during which time it varies from magnitude 6·7 to 7·3, and back to 6·7, all the light changes being gone through no less than three times in 24 hours! The star remains at its maximum brightness for about 4½ hours, and all the light fluctuations take place in a period of about 3 hours, 20 minutes.

In the Algol variables in which the light variation is small—less than one magnitude, like that in Antlia—it seems probable that the star really consists of two components of equal, or nearly equal, brightness, which mutually eclipse each other as they revolve round their common centre of gravity. If this be so, the observed period of variation would be only *half* the period of revolution, as two eclipses would take place in each revolution. On [illegible] in view of the matter, the period of S Antliæ wo[illegible]

[1] *Journal of the British*

Of the ten known Algol variables, five have a variation of less than one magnitude, so that the stars with bright companions are probably as numerous as those having dark satellites revolving round them.

Herr J. Plassmann has recently announced his observations of a secondary minimum in the light of Algol and Lambda Tauri. This, if true, would suggest that the satellite has some inherent light of its own, which is cut off when it passes behind the disc of its primary. The observations of other observers, however, seem to indicate that the light of Algol is constant when at its maximum brightness, and Herr Plassmann seems to be the only observer who has yet noticed a secondary minimum in these stars.

Assuming that the variation of light in these Algol stars is caused by an eclipsing satellite, we seem bound to consider them as not really variable at all in the true sense of the word. The observed phenomenon is simply due to the occultation of one star by another, which reduces its light in the same way that the solar light is diminished during an annular eclipse of the sun. They might more correctly be classed as very close binary stars having very short periods of revolution. Indeed, an examination of photographed stellar spectra has recently revealed the existence of similar double stars with very short periods, but which are not variable in their light, because one star does not pass in front of the other. An example of this newly-discovered class of close binary stars is the bright star Beta Aurigæ, for which the observations indicate a period of about four days. The bright star Spica in the Virgin seems to be also closely double, with a similar period. Neither of these stars, however, shows any variation of light, for the simple reason that the plane of the orbital motion does not pass through the earth. Viewed from some other point in the universe—from any point in the plane of their orbit—these stars would doubtless appear to an observer as variables of the Algol type. As the variability, therefore, depends upon the position of the observer's standpoint, and not from any physical peculiarity in the stars themselves, we must conclude that they are merely very close double stars, having remarkably short periods of revolution.

The following minima of Algol will take place at convenient hours in the evening during the remainder of the present year: October 16, 10h. 22m.; October 19, 7h. 11m.; November 8, 8h. 53m.; November 11, 5h. 42m.; November 28, 10h. 35m.; December 1, 7h. 24m.; December 21, 9h. 6m.; and December 24, 5h. 22m., P.M., Greenwich mean time.

J. ELLARD GORE.

LIFE IN MODERN EGYPT.

THE visitor to Egypt cannot escape the impression that it is a place of contrasts, anomalies, and inconsistencies. The contrasts are chiefly material, and are more conspicuous to the outward eye. The anomalies and inconsistencies are for the most part social and political, and are more apparent to the inward eye of reason and reflection. It is in the great cities that the most striking contrasts exist, and of these the most obvious are displayed upon the visages and the vestments of the people. There are few places in the world so cosmopolitan as Cairo and Alexandria. We may say of them as Herrick said of London :—

> "O place! O people! manners, framed to please;
> All nations, customs, kindreds, languages."

And the reasons are not far to seek; for in the first place Egypt is the gate between East and West, the highway through which there flow in endless succession two streams of travellers, one going to meet the rising and the other the setting sun. It is there that the Englishman on his way to India obtains his first glimpse of Oriental life; it is there, too, that some wealthy Indian prince or merchant, intent on a European tour, begins to feel that he is at last leaving the East behind him, and that he is on the threshold of another land. Then again the personal inaptitude of the native Egyptian for trade has attracted a crowd of eager competitors from Europe to occupy the place he cannot himself fill. Greeks, Italians, French, Englishmen, and many others swarm in the market-place and the bourse. The more slow-witted Egyptian has no chance in the race. Most of the principal shops and places of business are occupied by foreigners, and they notify their calling to the world not uncommonly in three or four languages. There is a positive Babel of tongues. And as the tongue and face vary so does the dress; and there passes before the eye a kaleidoscopic panorama of human life. And in Cairo particularly there is another striking element of contrast. While Alexandria has become so much Europeanised that it has entirely the aspect of a western city, Cairo, on the other hand, consists really

of two cities, which insensibly blend into one another. There is the European quarter with its fine shops, its magnificent hotels, its churches and its broad and pleasantly shaded boulevards. And there is the equally extensive native quarter with its narrow and tortuous ways, its bazaars and its mosques. Within a short walk of Shepheard's Hotel, with its electric light and all the modern conveniences of civilisation, there teems a population which in spite of the slow and continuous infiltration of western ideas is still, in the main, the same in manners, customs, and thoughts as when Lane described them more than half a century ago. The characters in the "Thousand and One Nights" may be almost imagined to step out of their setting of words, and to take form and glow with the generous warmth of life before one's very eyes. The natives still drink the same coffee and out of the same cups; they smoke the same pipes; they wear generally the same dress; they play the same primitive instruments that whisper the same strange and plaintive tones; the funeral processions wend their way along the streets as of old; the popular festivals or moolids are still observed with the same untiring capacity for enjoyment; the public reciters still practise their profession before admiring crowds; the water-carriers still carry their burdens so welcome to thirsty lips; except in the houses of the rich and thoroughly Europeanised, food is still eaten with the fingers, and in the same manner, and the hands are washed with the same basins and ewers; the mosque of El-Azhar still attracts its crowds of students. Even the old wooden locks and keys are still in use, and the water jars are still kept cool in the lattice-work of the overhanging mushrabiyeh window-frames. Instances of this sort might be multiplied a hundred-fold. It is indeed a wonderful change and contrast that is presented to the eye when you leave the European and enter the native quarter. And the mind and feelings turn in unison and become attuned to the changed scene. The sense of taking part in a new and different life steals over you, and you temporarily throw off your affinity with the West and the nineteenth century. The clock of time is for the moment put back for you.

Another contrast in Egypt is presented by the population of town and country. Whereas the fellaheen or peasantry physically resemble the type of the ancient Egyptians as depicted on the monuments, the population of the towns has become too mixed to retain its old characteristics. And this brings us to another contrast which is strongly marked in Egypt. This is the contrast between past and present, old and new. The very ancient and the very modern positively jostle one another. This is apparent even at Shepheard's

Hotel; upon the balcony of this magnificent new building are two sphinxes, reputed to have been discovered by M. Maspero at the Apis Mausoleum at Sakkarah. And right under the Pyramids, and almost within a stone's throw of the Sphinx, is the fine Mena House Hotel, with all modern conveniences and even a tennis lawn. The same sort of thing may be noticed in other places, no doubt; as in Rome, where a bit of the most ancient walls of Rome mingles with the railway lines close to the station. But Roman antiquities are modern compared with those of Egypt, and the contrast presented by the former is therefore the less striking and impressive. Another contrast of the same kind is presented by the habits and the customs of the fellaheen. It has been well remarked that they retain in a singular degree the same customs as the ancient Egyptians as we know them from the pictures and hieroglyphs of the monuments. There is probably no other equally remarkable instance of persistence of custom, unless perhaps in China. The Egyptian fellaheen, in many of their ways and customs, reproduce almost exactly their ancient prototypes. They use the same ploughs and the same shadoofs for raising water. They eat in the same way much the same sort of food. The dahabiyehs or boats that ply up and down the Nile are the same as of old, and descend laden with cargoes of the same earthenware water-jars. The fellaheen of the country, therefore, contrast remarkably with their brethren of the towns. The latter have not been so conservative, and have gradually imbibed and adopted notions and customs of later times. The former still retain in primitive simplicity the habits of far-off days.

But these contrasts are material and on the surface. The anomalies and inconsistencies of Egypt lie hidden in the social and political structure. They are not blazoned about in the streets nor heralded from the house-tops; on the contrary, they are only fully known to the patient investigator. But they are none the less interesting for all that. The international status of Egypt, for instance, is probably unique for complexity. The difficulty extends from the position of the Khedive downwards. Egypt is nominally a province of the Turkish Empire, and until the year 1841 it was ruled by Pashas in exactly the same way as the other provinces. The history of the change in its position is peculiar and instructive. In that year Mohamed Ali, the then Pasha of Egypt, induced the Sultan to grant him a Firman in virtue of which the government of the country was made hereditary in his family, but in other respects he ruled the country in exactly the same way as before. He was strong and imperious man, and though in some ways he exce

his privileges, he retained the friendship of the Sultan ; for though he might by force have repudiated the suzerainty of Turkey, he was too shrewd not to see that a declaration of Egyptian independence would almost certainly bring about the intervention of England or some other European power. Abbas Pasha and Said Pasha, the successors of Mohamed Ali, obtained from the Sultan some further privileges, but their relationship to Turkey remained substantially the same. But with the accession of Ismail a new era began. He had all the ambition, but less of the talents and sagacity, of Mohamed Ali. He longed to play the rôle of a great man, and he went so far as to write a letter to the Sultan asking for privileges which would in effect make him independent. He asked among other things to be invested with the title of Asiz, which is the title given in the Koran to Joseph by Pharaoh, and which confers the powers described in Genesis c. 41, v. 40. These exaggerated demands of course met with great opposition, but in June 1867 a new Firman was issued which made a great change in the position of Egypt. The title of Khedive was conferred upon Ismail with hereditary succession in his family according to European custom. The word Khedive is of Persian origin and means minor sovereign, and therefore it conferred upon Ismail a position as nearly independent as could possibly be given him. But this was not all. In the same Firman he obtained two important privileges ; first, that of making special regulations for the internal condition of the country ; and secondly, that of concluding arrangements with foreign agents by which a modification could be obtained of the rights exercised by them over the administration of Egypt. So that in these ways the position of the Khedive became very different from those of the other governors of Turkish provinces.

But Ismail's appetite for grandeur was not yet satiated. He insisted on playing the part of the Grand Seigneur. Coleridge once defined a gentleman as a man with an indifference to money matters, and if this definition be accepted Ismail was as fine a gentleman as ever existed. Having obtained the great privileges already referred to by a lavish prodigality of baksheesh, he was not yet content, but contrived to get removed the restrictions that limited his borrowing powers. Having acted the great spendthrift, he naturally before long began to assume the part of the great borrower. But in this rôle he compassed the ruin of himself and his country. Many attempts were made to bolster him up. He even sold his shares in the Suez Canal to the English Government, a transaction which has turned out as advantageous to ourselves as it must have been detrimental to the

Egyptians. But it was all in vain, and in 1879 the Sultan once more showed that he retained not merely the shadow but the substance of sovereignty by deposing Ismail and appointing his son Tewfik in his stead. The Firman by which Tewfik was appointed confirmed him in the privileges of his father; but some restrictions, which had previously existed, but from which Ismail had been freed, were again reimposed. The deposition of Ismail showed to the world that the Sultan of Turkey still retained sovereign privileges over Egypt; but none the less the relationship of the two countries is extremely complicated and anomalous, and it would be a matter of some difficulty to define what the international status of Egypt exactly is. And this difficulty has been lately brought prominently into notice by the death of Tewfik and the succession of his son Abbas II. Immediately upon the death of his father the new Khedive assumed the reins of government, and a period of about two months elapsed before the Firman arrived to confirm him in the succession. And yet during all that period the government of the country went on exactly as before. And it might have been safely predicted that it would have continued to go on in the same way if the arrival of the Firman had been delayed to the Greek Kalends. And yet, unimportant as the document may seem from this point of view, the Sultan valued it so far as to endeavour by a subterfuge to incorporate into it modifications of the jurisdiction of the Egyptian Government over the Sinai Peninsula; an underhand attempt which was frustrated by the vigilance of Lord Cromer. But all this portrays the glaring anomalies of the Khedive's position. Though the Sultan deposed his grandfather, the present Khedive himself could continue to reign as if the Sultan had nothing to do with the government of Egypt. And the position is complicated by the fact that the Sultan is Caliph of the Mahomedan world, and his relations to Egypt are as important from the religious point of view as they are from the political. For instance, the Cadi, or the Chief Interpreter of Religious Law in Egypt, is appointed by the Sultan. And the importance of the relation is emphasised by the fact that the Sultan, in his capacity as Caliph, is specially represented in Egypt by Ghazi Mouktar Pasha. It is apparently a small matter, but nevertheless the appointment of the special representative is said to have produced an excellent effect in calming the minds of the Egyptian people. But the anomalies of the Egyptian Government are far from ending here. One of these is the institution known as the *Caisse de la Dette Publique*, and, as its origin is closely connected with the extravagances of Ismail, something may be conveniently said of it here. His princely

expenditure, his vast projects for public works, and his colossal borrowings soon began to bear fruit, and Egypt was fast falling into bankruptcy. The *corvée* and a liberal application of the *courbash* could extract not a *sou* more from the unfortunate *fellaheen*, and in 1876 the Egyptian Government could no longer meet its engagements. The Powers stepped in, and the *Caisse de la Dette Publique* was established, charged with the duty of receiving and applying for the interest and redemption of the debt certain revenues specially assigned. Now, it is the relationship of this *Caisse de la Dette Publique* to the Egyptian Government which forms one of the most anomalous points in the Egyptian administration. It is really a species of foreign interference in the government of the country, which, however necessary and wise, is extremely troublesome and embarrassing to the Egyptian Government. For instance, the Government is restricted, unless with an agreement with the majority of the Commissioners of the *Caisse*, from effecting any changes in the taxes devoted to the debt which might diminish the revenue of those taxes. And, again, the administrative expenditure of the Government is fixed at a certain figure, and any surplus which accrues after payment of interest on the debt, and after provision has been made for the administrative expenditure, is to be divided between the Egyptian treasury and the Commissioners of the debt. The result of these restrictions is that the Egyptian Government is much hampered in its attempts to alleviate taxation and carry out other reforms, for it continually comes into conflict with the *Caisse de la Dette.*

Another remarkable anomaly is presented by the administration of justice.

There are no fewer than four separate jurisdictions in Egypt :—

(1) The mixed Tribunals, which exercise jurisdiction over all civil cases in which foreigners are concerned.

The code of law adopted is the French code (with some modification), and with the view of giving confidence to all parties, the judges are selected from both the natives and from the different European nationalities. There are three languages recognised by the Courts, namely, French, Italian, and Arabic.

(2) The various Consular Courts, which administer justice in criminal cases where the accused person is a foreigner. He can only be tried before his own consul.

(3) The native courts, which have jurisdiction in criminal and civil cases where only natives are concerned.

(4) The Mekhemeh, which decides all questions connected with the personal status of natives according to the law of Islam.

It may well be questioned whether anywhere else such a number of co-ordinate jurisdictions can be found.

And lastly, as the greatest anomaly of all, is the British occupation. As Egypt stands at present, the occupation may be not unfairly described as the basis of a pyramid. Without it the Egyptian Government would collapse. Although the Sultan has sovereign rights in Egypt, although the Khedive enjoys a large measure of independence, and although he has a complete machinery of native administrators at his disposal, yet the directing-hand is really the hand of England in the background. She plays the part of a *deus ex machina*. And that is why the late Khedive was so ideally good a ruler of Egypt. He has been commonly depreciated as a weak and colourless man ; but he had the good sense to see that the British occupation was the best thing for his country. He played to perfection the part of the "arch-mediocrity," to use Disraeli's description of Lord Liverpool. He sank his own individuality, and acted as a sort of political middleman between the English and the Egyptians. Though he achieved nothing great, he was one of those of whom it may be said—

"Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit."

And to maintain this British ascendency force is necessary. It was said by Machiavelli that it is safer to be feared than loved. This is a proposition which is often more true than agreeable. And it is so particularly in the East. The present writer was informed by an official long resident in Egypt that the native will cringe and fawn though burning with the bitterest hate, so long as he can be made to fear. Indeed, Sir R. Burton sums it up when he says that the essence of Oriental discipline is personal respect based upon fear. And it is this respect based upon fear that the British army of occupation supplies. It is difficult to say what feelings the majority of the native Egyptians have towards the British occupation. It is probable that they regard it with very mixed feelings. Kinglake very happily described the Turks as looking on the English as "a mysterious, unaccountable, uncomfortable work of God, which may have been sent for some good purpose to be revealed hereafter." The Egyptians, doubtless, think of the English much in the same way. They tolerate them as strong and just rulers, and recognise that to them they owe their present comparative prosperity.

docile and peaceable race, who care little who governs them, so long as that government is not too oppressive. They are slow to move, and possess a considerable stock of inertia. It is astonishing, for instance, to witness the persistency with which they cling to the old and laborious methods of manufacture, and resist the introduction of machinery. And they cannot be trusted to use it properly when they have got it. And no less astonishing is the apathy with which they permit their magnificent mosques to fall into ruinous decay. Something has been done lately to provide for their repair, but much is irreparable, and it is not too much to say that a moderate earthquake would level half Cairo to the ground. This is the spirit of the Egyptians, and it is, therefore, not surprising that they find the Englishman too active; he is a sort of moral gadfly that goads them on and mars their dreamy fatalistic passivity.

> Death is the end of life; ah, why
> Should life all labour be?
> Let us alone.

This is the prayer of the average Egyptian who knows little of the government of his country, and cares less, and would probably, therefore, not unwillingly see the British go, an eventuality which he would certainly repent at his leisure. During the period of the British occupation, the prosperity of Egypt has steadily gone on increasing. Bankruptcy has been averted; a surplus in the revenue has been attained; taxation has been alleviated, and its incidence more equitably adjusted. Irrigation, upon which Egypt depends not merely for its prosperity, but for its very existence, has been improved and extended. The Barrage, for instance, which was practically useless, has, at a trifling cost, been made to perform its functions. Education has made remarkable advances, and is bringing with it the adoption of European customs. The amalgam thereby produced is not without its ludicrous side. The present writer saw a number of Egyptian youths in black coats, and with the inevitable scarlet tarboosh upon their heads, playing football in a temperature of a warm English summer's day. The use of the bastinado and the abuse of the *corvée* system have been abolished. The administration of criminal justice has been improved, though the first result has been to favour the escape of the guilty. Prisons, hospitals and asylums are no longer a disgrace. Corruption, which appears to be the bane of nearly every administration from Canada to Turkey, has been almost entirely removed. The reign of privilege is over. The police force is very efficient, and the army has been transformed from nil into a most creditable body. Indeed, in no respect has the British

occupation in Egypt worked greater wonders than in rebuilding the Egyptian army. The Egyptians are not a military people, and have no liking for military service. There is nothing of the swashbuckler or Bashi-Bazouk about them. The army was formerly so unpopular that they often maimed themselves outrageously in order to escape conscription. The relatives of the conscript mourned over him as one who had descended into the grave. But this is now all changed. The conscription (which is of a very mild character) is no longer regarded with horror. The Soudanese gladly volunteer ; and it is impossible not to be struck with the smartness and military bearing of the men when parading through the streets of Cairo. They take part in sham-fights and reviews in company with the British troops, and the present writer was assured by a British officer that whatever they might turn out to be in real fighting, in sham-fighting at least they showed remarkable dash and energy. And it may be added as a good omen for the future of the army that the new Khedive is credited with the possession of much military ardour.

There are some minor points which may be usefully noted. The postal and telegraph service is so cheap and good that a comparison with some other and more powerful countries would be not altogether to the disadvantage of Egypt. The railway trains, though few in number, are comfortable and travel well. There is a good service of steamers on the Nile. The administration of justice is well cared for, at least in externals. In Cairo the mixed Tribunal sits in a building containing rooms of a magnitude and splendour that are really palatial. The Palais de Justice, which occupies a prominent place in the great square at Alexandria, is a most noticeable building. From the point of view of society Cairo is during the winter season full of amusement and gaiety. There is a considerable resident population of military and civil officials, and from December to April it is thronged with visitors who come to enjoy an almost perfect climate. Balls and concerts are frequently given at the leading hotels ; the opera is nightly to be heard at the theatre; musical at homes are given; polo matches, horse races, reviews and regimental sports offer attractions to suit other tastes. For more serious minds the antiquities offer solid food for digestion. The Gizeh museum possesses inexhaustible attractions, and it is only marred by the want of a good catalogue. Alexandria, on the other hand, does not possess these attractions; but it contains a larger permanent European population, and it offers therefore social advantages, which, though less dazzling, are more solid and enduring. Many an Alexandrian would not exchange the homely domestic social intercourse of his own circle for all the

brightness and gaiety of Cairo; and it may be added that the extravagances of visitors to Cairo have made life there intolerably expensive to the ordinary European resident. House-rent is excessively high, and no servant will give up the chances of baksheesh from the visitors except to receive wages on a princely scale. The Egyptian press represents all shades of opinion, and newspapers appear in French, Italian, Greek, and Arabic. The English language is but poorly represented in the *Egyptian Gazette*, which is published daily at Alexandria, and which consists of two sheets containing French and English versions of the same matter.

On the whole, it seems impossible for any disinterested person to deny that Egypt has made wonderful progress. Having regard to the fact of the utter disorganisation that ensued upon the suppression of the revolt of Arabi, the advance that has been made is marvellous, and English administration has never achieved greater or more beneficent results.

C. B. ROYLANCE KENT.

MOSES MENDELSSOHN.

[1729-1786.]

THE rise of a great man is like the appearance of the sun in early spring-time. As the sun sheds light, warmth, and life after winter's cold and dreary days, so a great man spreads blissful activity and enlightenment after an age of mental darkness and indolence. During the two centuries which followed the expulsion of the Jews from the Pyrenean peninsula in 1493, the Jewish race had produced two men of whom it might be proud—Manasseh ben Israel and Baruch Spinoza. Yet neither of the two made a lasting impression upon their people, and Spinoza, although one of the greatest thinkers of mankind, was excommunicated as a heretic by his co-religionists. But a man who might exercise an immediate and permanent influence upon all, high or low, learned or ignorant, such a one did—or rather could—not appear in those centuries, when superstition and intolerance, cabbala and mysticism swayed their powerful sceptre over Jews and Christians alike. The Jews more especially groaned under oppression and disabilities of all kinds. They were compelled to devote their talents to the disgraceful trade of lending money;[1] they could not ply a manual trade owing to the restrictions of the guilds, nor could they hold landed property. What wonder, therefore, that many of them became as depraved as their cruel oppressors?—only they had to pay the penalty for the sins of both the oppressed and the oppressors.

The eighteenth century was destined to produce a man who dispelled mediæval darkness, shed intellectual light upon his co-religionists, and improved their morals. That man was Moses Mendelssohn. He was born of humble parents at Dessau, the petty capital of the Duchy of Anhalt, on the 6th of September, 1729, the same year as his friend Lessing. His father, Mendel, was the beadle of the synagogue, who in his free hours occupied himself with the

[1] The law in Deut. xxiii. 20, 21, was commented by the Roman Church to apply to Christians; and the Jews, being considered foreigners, were held to be the proper channel for the business of money-lending.

copying of Scrolls of the Law, the ancient form of books used in the service. From this occupation he received the surname Sopher—*i.e.* writer. His son Moses at first signed himself Moses Dessau, but afterwards called himself Mendelssohn—*i.e.* son of Mendel—which name remains with the family to this day. His mother was one of those women in whom the people of Israel have at all times been rich. Pious, meek, and full of noble feelings, her whole world lay in the small compass of her home and family. The father began his boy's education by teaching him Hebrew, the language of their prayers, in his third year, and when he had reached his fourth year Moses had gone through his Hebrew reader, and proceeded to translate the simpler parts of the Hebrew Bible and the daily prayers. When he had passed his seventh year he became a pupil of Rabbi David Fraenckel of Dessau. In winter-time before daybreak Mendel took his son to the Rabbi to read Talmudic books. It was considered a religious duty to study so early in the morning, according to the Biblical command: "And thou shalt speak of them . . . when thou risest up." Of a peculiar mode was this study. The master sat at the head of the table, his pupils round it, the large folio volumes of the Talmud, nearly as big as themselves, open before them. Most time was spent in cross-questioning, which sharpened the minds of the scholars, whose studies were not so much valued from an educational or scientific as from a practical religious point, and the student was the more respected by his co-religionists the more he applied himself to the Talmud. Rabbi Fraenckel was a man of no common order; he not only read the Babylonian, but also the more difficult Palestinian Talmud, on which he wrote a commentary. With the Jews of those times Rabbinic lore formed the whole range of their study. But Mendelssohn, like other great men, did not neglect the Book of books. As his greater countryman Goethe, so was he anxious to understand the Bible, which is and will remain above all other books the source whence faith and wisdom can be gained by all those who wish to find them. In his eighth year Mendelssohn fell ill, in consequence of over-pressure. His mind went forth from that illness as strong as ever, but his spine became distorted and his shoulders slightly deformed, and he often stammered. In spite of such drawbacks, he yet always drew around himself a large circle of friends. He was of slight stature, his face full of expression and cheerfulness. His fiery black eyes, his lofty white forehead, told of great energy and intelligence. A gentle smile played round his mouth, which is noticed in all his portraits. Though he was shy and timid, he was very social and attractive, and his inexhaustible humour

made him an interesting companion. Some years later, when he was together with Lessing and other friends, it was agreed that, by way of pleasant pastime, each should celebrate his defects in rhyme. Mendelssohn made the following verses on himself:—

> Demosthenes a great orator ye name,
> The stuttering Athenian of great fame,
> The hunchbacked Æsop ye hold for wise!
> Behold! within your circle, before your eyes,
> You have one doubly great and wise,
> For, there, united you have—to your surprise,
> What separate in them one could hear and see,
> Hunchback and stutterer in myself agree.

The poetry of the Hebrew psalms had already so inspired Mendelssohn, that in his tenth year he composed some Hebrew verses, which he afterwards destroyed; for, he said, he had no genius for poetry: his mind was more disposed to penetrate into the deep recesses of the understanding than to roam in the lighter regions of imagination. Yet a few hymns and rhythmical translations of the psalms in German which still exist are not without a certain poetic grace; a hymn for the Day of Atonement was admired by Lessing, and set to music by Kirnberger; and an ode in praise of God composed as late as 1777 is of fine poetic diction.

When Mendelssohn was thirteen and with it attained his year of religious majority, his father had to decide about his future. Mendel would have liked his son to devote himself to study, but that was out of the question, as he was too poor. For a few weeks Moses tried peddling, the only trade then open to a poor Jew in Germany; but this was not to his taste, and he gave it up. He resolved to follow his beloved teacher Fraenckel to Berlin, whither he had been called to fill the post of Chief Rabbi. After much persuasion he gained the permission of his parents to leave his native town. In the summer of 1743, footsore and weary, the boy knocked at the Rosenthaler gate of Berlin. He had travelled the whole distance of seventy miles on foot. Humble and depressed, he waited for the porter, who at last appeared and spoke so roughly that the boy could with difficulty restrain his tears. At length came the Jewish secretary of the gate, and put the formal queries, among them the startling question whether the boy had the means of subsistence, to which his information that he was a scholar did not seem a very satisfactory answer. His heart sank within him, for his whole means, a few pence tied up in the bundle with his clothes, were hardly sufficient for a single day. Luckily, he bethought himself to say that he was going to see the Chief Rabbi, who had been his teacher at

Dessau. The name acted like a spell, the secretary's tone immediately changed, and the boy was admitted. Rabbi Fraenckel received his former pupil kindly, procured him a few free dinners and a garret-room, and gave him some papers to copy, thus enabling him to earn a few coppers. In after years Moses told his friends how poor he had been. "Often," he said, "I made notches on the loaf of bread to remind myself how much I could eat daily, so that there might be a morsel for the morrow." He was too proud to beg, he used to say; he could only claim the support of others by founding it upon the wish that he would like to know and learn something, and what did that concern others? The Talmudic poor man's fare, described in the "Ethics of the Fathers," was Mendelssohn's fare at that time: "A morsel with salt shalt thou eat, thou shalt also drink water by measure, and sleep upon the ground, and live a life of labour and study; if thou doest thus happy shalt thou be, and it shall be well with thee; happy in this world and well with thee in the world to come." His great desire was to get some knowledge of German and classical literatures, a daring wish for those times, when a Jew was not allowed to read anything but Hebrew, and when secular books were considered dangerous to the faith. There is nothing new under the sun; progress has at all times had to contend with prejudices; men who love darkness and stand still decry improvement as a dangerous innovation. A friend of Spinoza's was once accused as an innovator for having worn a pair of spectacles. Priests at first denounced tea and coffee as devilish draughts. A youth in Berlin, named Posener, committed the crime of cutting his beard, whereupon the wardens of the synagogue obtained a warrant from the king to compel that daring youth to let his beard grow again. The grandfather of the renowned Berlin banker, Bleichroeder, who died last year, was a poor student in the Jewish school, and very much attached to Mendelssohn, who taught him to read and write German, and often shared his meals with him. One day Bleichroeder went to a lending library to fetch a book for Mendelssohn. With the book in his hand he entered the ghetto, the Jewish quarter, when he was accosted by a Jewish guardian, "What have you got there? Ah, a German book;" and snatching it out of his hand, he peremptorily commanded, "You come with me to the overseer," who expelled Bleichroeder from Berlin for that offence. Mendelssohn took great trouble to get the order rescinded, but it was in vain; however, he procured his friend a position in the town of Halberstadt. Under these conditions it was difficult for Mendelssohn to acquire secular knowledge, and he could only do so in secret and by means of books written in

Hebrew. Thus he studied Euclid with a friend, Israel Zamosc, who had translated the first six books of Euclid into Hebrew; with Zamosc he also read the immortal work of Moses Maimonides, the "More Nebhuchim; or, Guide of the Perplexed." Maimonides, one of the great Jews living under the happy rule of the Moors in Spain in the twelfth century, furnished with this work a guide for all who wished to reconcile the Bible with nature and reason. The spirit of the Spanish Moses came over the German Moses while studying the "More," and imbued with its wisdom Mendelssohn himself became a modern guide of the perplexed. Another friend, named Kisch, a young physician, taught Mendelssohn Latin, which enabled him to read the classics and a Latin translation of Locke's "Essay concerning the Human Understanding" that came to his hand. Not content with Latin, he was fortunate enough to find another friend in Dr. Gumpertz, who taught him French and English. Gumpertz also improved his position in 1750 by procuring for him a tutorship in the house of a Mr. Bernhard, a rich silk merchant. Mendelssohn held this post for four years, and when his pupils had completed their education Bernhard made him bookkeeper in his business, and later on manager and partner. As tutor he had already contributed literary articles to a Hebrew monthly called "Koheleth Musar"—*i.e.* the preacher of morals; they were short essays on subjects in natural history with moral reflections, notes on striking passages in Talmudic and other Rabbinic writings. Graetz says of these articles: "The first fruits of his genius were pleasing like the green meadows in early springtide; fresh and clear as the waters of the fountain gushed forth his first literary products. The course of his thoughts was religious and philosophical, and the future popular philosopher can be recognised in these early essays." In 1754 Dr. Gumpertz proved himself a further benefactor to Mendelssohn—nay, to the whole German world of literature—by introducing Mendelssohn to Lessing. Over the chess-board, of which they were both very fond, their friendship began. This royal game was the means of uniting two kings of the realm of thought. Lessing, one of Germany's greatest sons, was almost an exception to his contemporaries with regard to his unprejudiced opinion of the Jews. He, an orthodox Lutheran pastor's son, freely mingled with them and knew how to find out their good qualities. Five years before he had made the acquaintance of Mendelssohn, he had written a drama entitled "The Jews," wherein he contended against the rampant prejudices, and made a Jew prize honour and honesty above money. Lessing was at once struck with the clear insight, the calmness of judgment and the loftiness of thought, as well as the unostentatious modesty, of Mendelssohn, whom he took as the type of the hero in

his "Nathan the Wise," the great drama of toleration. In a letter to Professor Michaelis of Goettingen, one of the prejudiced against the Jews, Lessing wrote: "Mendelssohn is indeed a Jew, and a man of some twenty years who, without having attended any school, has attained great knowledge in languages, in mathematics, in poetry and in philosophy. I foresee in him the honour of his people, provided his own co-religionists, who have often shown an unfortunate spirit of persecution towards people like him, will let his great gifts come to ripeness. His honesty and his philosophic mind make me regard him as a second Spinoza who will be free from the latter's errors." Nor was Mendelssohn less charmed with Lessing; he admired his great culture, his candour, the combination of depth and singleness of mind and his extraordinary genius. One friendly look from his friend Lessing, he said, made him forget all his troubles.

Through Lessing he was introduced to the leading literary men of the period, and encouraged to venture actively into the great arena of literature. He became known as an author before he himself knew it. One day Lessing brought him a work of the philosopher Shaftesbury to read and give him his opinion on it. After a time Mendelssohn returned the book, and when Lessing asked him what he thought of it, he said: "Well, it is very good, but I think I could do something like it myself." "Then," said Lessing, "let us see the something." A few weeks after Mendelssohn gave his friend a manuscript for perusal; it was the promised essay. A rather long time elapsed before he heard anything about it, when to his surprise Lessing put a printed work into his hand—it was Mendelssohn's composition, which Lessing had printed without his knowledge. The title of the essay was "Philosophical Dialogues," in which Mendelssohn in a clear style set forth the leading points in the philosophy of Spinoza and Leibnitz, criticised them, and tried to prove that Leibnitz's doctrine of the "Pre-established Harmony" of the universe could be traced in Spinoza. Another essay on "Pope as a Metaphysician," which was published in 1755, was written by Mendelssohn and Lessing together. The former was responsible for the philosophical and critical parts, the latter for the form of the treatise. It had its origin in the opposition to the subject for the prize thesis given by the Royal Academy on Pope's assertion, "Whatever is, is right." Soon after, Mendelssohn published his "Letters on Sensations," in which he equally well discoursed upon æsthetic philosophical topics.

At the end of 1755 Mendelssohn together with his friends established a club (the so-called "Gelehrtes Kaffeehaus"), where they met

to converse and play chess. Amusement was not the only object of their meetings, but papers on mathematical, physical, and philosophical subjects were read. Once an essay on the theme of "Probability," written by Mendelssohn, was read by another member, since Mendelssohn could not read it himself on account of his stammering. During the reading a Scotch member named Middleton came in. After he had listened for awhile he asked Mendelssohn in a whisper who was the author of the essay. Mendelssohn, not liking the disturbance, pointed to the reader ; but Middleton shook his head, not believing that any other member but Mendelssohn himself could write so profoundly thoughtful a paper. At the same time Mendelssohn contributed frequent articles to the "New Library of Sciences," a weekly paper founded by his friend Nicolai, and diligently read all modern books on philosophy. With his friend Abbt, a most ingenious young professor of mathematics, he exchanged ideas on "Tristram Shandy" and other English works; and with Principal Damm he read Homer, Xenophon, and Plato in the original Greek.

An early riser, he was already at his studies at five in the morning both summer and winter, while he spent the greater part of the day in the office. No opportunity for self-improvement was neglected by him; his zeal for enlarging his knowledge was unbounded, and he did it with the thoroughness of a self-taught man. His name was now so well known in Berlin that even at the Royal Court they began to direct their attention upon "that Jew," as they scornfully called him. He had anonymously reviewed the poems of King Frederic II. in the "Letters on Literature" in this way: "Almost every verse is a trait of the character of that prince, and the whole is a portrait wherein are most substantially depicted his great soul, his still greater heart, and even his weakness. What a loss for our mother tongue, that to this prince the French language is more fluent than his native tongue! The royal author might have saved himself the trouble of saying, 'My Teutonic poetry, strange and gibberish, a barbarous French, relates things as it can.'" Against the King mocking the belief in a future state of man, Mendelssohn observed: "An author to whom the present condition of philosophy cannot be unknown, who shows himself profound and truth-loving in all things, can such a one have had a mind to refute the doctrine of the immortality of the soul? I think, indeed," Mendelssohn concluded, "that a Frederic who doubts immortality is only a great chimera, a square circle or a round square." A malicious Court pastor named Justi, whose "Psalms" had been criticised in the "Literary Letters," denounced the reviewer to the King, that a Jew had made light of

the respect due to his Majesty. The review had in the meantime been translated into French and read by the King, who was not displeased with it. Frederic, however, one day suddenly summoned Mendelssohn to his court at Sans Souci, several miles distant from Berlin. This being the Jewish Sabbath, on which Jews do not drive, Mendelssohn had to walk the whole distance. Being admitted to the King's presence he confessed that he was the author of the review, and acquitted himself with the following pointed remark: "He who writes poetry is like a player of nine-pins, and, be he king or peasant, must be content to take his score as the marker declares it."

In 1762 Mendelssohn married Fromet Gugenheim, the daughter of a Hamburg merchant. It is interesting to learn how he won the heart of the "blue-eyed maiden." He knew that his deformed figure would be by no means attractive. So he hit upon a plan which did credit to his ingenuity no less than to his heart. For this was the way in which he "popped the question." He told her he once had a dream in his very early youth, in which he saw an angel hovering about him, and announcing that his future wife would have a hunch-back. Hearing this he bitterly wept, imploring the angel to pray to God that he himself might have that deformity instead of his intended, and so it came to pass. Fromet understood the ingenious suitor, and he was accepted. She was worthy of him, a true helpmeet, a loving and faithful companion all her life. Having now become a householder, Mendelssohn was obliged to apply to the King for the right of citizenship. In those days Jews had humbly to petition for a right which others possessed as a matter of course. The witty Marquis d'Argent, one of Frederic's courtiers and a friend of Mendelssohn, presented the application to the King. Several months passed, but no answer was received. The Marquis was vexed, and one day he entered the royal room saying, "Nay, Sire, it is too bad; you are accustomed to keep your word. Now I have for once begged something, not for myself, but for the most worthy and upright man; you promised me to grant it, and after all you have not done so." The King said he had granted the application; but the Marquis, knowing the King's dislike to the Jewish philosopher, and that he wished to put him off, did not rest contented. Frederic said Mendelssohn should send another petition, but as the latter declined it, the Marquis himself wrote it in this laconic way: "A bad Catholic philosopher requests a bad Protestant philosopher to grant the citizenship to a bad Jewish philosopher. There is much, too much, philosophy in this affair not to let reason be on the side of the request." Upon this Mendelssohn received his citizenship.

In the following year the Royal Academy of Sciences in Berlin gave out as the subject for the prize essay the question, "Whether similar evidence could be adduced for metaphysical truth as for mathematical." The topic was one deeply interesting to Mendelssohn; he resolved to answer it after having taken counsel with Abbt, who, next to Lessing, was his most trusted friend. Even although Kant, the great philosopher, was a competitor, Mendelssohn received the prize of fifty ducats, for his answer was formally and intrinsically superior; he had removed, it was said, the thorns from the roses of philosophy. Both Kant's paper, which was honourably mentioned, and that of Mendelssohn were printed and translated into Latin and French at the expense of the Academy. Mendelssohn ought then to have been made a member of the Academy, but owing to the King's antagonism it was not until eight years later that Mendelssohn was created a member. With the exception of this prize paper all the earlier works of Mendelssohn appeared anonymously, as his intention was that nobody beyond a few friends should know him for anything more than a bookkeeper. Still, his name was already known to a larger circle, and many found their way to Bernhard's factory to see the little dark-eyed Jewish clerk. But with the year 1767, as with a sudden flash, the attention of the reading world was directed upon Mendelssohn. It was his work "Phaedon; or, The Immortality of the Soul" which made him renowned among the literary men of the age, and it came to pass in this way. Mendelssohn had lost his father in 1764, in the following year his first child, a girl of eleven months, and in 1766 his friend Abbt, who died only 28 years old. With the latter he had carried on a most interesting correspondence concerning a work of the celebrated divine Spalding, entitled, "On the Destiny of Man." After the death of his child he wrote to Abbt about his domestic affliction, and then went on to say: "I cannot believe that God has placed us on this earth as the foam is set upon the wave, and since in the opposite view I find less absurdity and more comfort, I cleave to it and wait with firmness the cruel enemy who dares to deprive me of it." Before this he had told Abbt that he had begun a treatise on the immortality of the soul, and intended to finish it, which he now did. The title and persons of "Phaedon" are taken from Plato. Though in the first part he has restricted himself pretty closely to his Greek pattern, he passes by degrees into a freer region where he unfolds his own mind and heart, and his Socrates represents the philosophy of the eighteenth century, more especially that of Mendelssohn himself. He founds the immortality of the soul upon the existence of God; the soul is

the work of God no less than the body, the latter is not annihilated after death, but is merely dissolved into its component elements. Similarly the soul, being an "ideal reality," returns to its element, to the source whence it emanated. The very thought of man's soul, the conception of immortality, comes from God. "Could He, the benign and true God, deceive the soul in not fulfilling its inborn desire for immortality? If our soul were mortal, reason would be a dream which Jupiter has sent to deceive us miserable creatures placed on earth like the beasts of the field, to seek food and to die. The thought of immortality, like other thoughts inborn in man directing him to his blissful goal, must necessarily be true and real." Such are the striking features of this "Phaedon," which became the most widely-read book of the time; it reached several editions within two years, a rare occurrence in those times, and it was translated into most European languages, and even into Hebrew by Mendelssohn's friend Wessely. Mendelssohn was spoken of as the German Socrates; men of learning and position sought his acquaintance, and were eager to converse and correspond with him. From some he received letters thanking him for having given them a comfort which the dominant religion could not give them. Winckelmann, the great art critic, wrote from Rome to a friend: "Your philosopher, the 'Phaedon' of Moses Mendelssohn, is one of the best books I have ever read; pity that he is a German, will the Potsdam (King Frederic II.) hero say." His co-religionists saw the Jewish people honoured through him, and they now began to be reconciled to some things which had heretofore but imperfectly commanded their sympathies. Nor could the shallow materialistic philosophy of the time proceeding from the French Encyclopædists satisfy the more serious minds. Man will never be content with a doctrine which treats the soul as a bubble that bursts at death; his craving and yearning for a higher and nobler life will ever stir his heart and thoughts; and works like the "Phaedon" are the natural outcome.

Among the many agreeable letters which "Phaedon" brought its author there was one which caused a great controversy. Pastor Johann Kaspar Lavater of Zurich was not only an enthusiastic adept of the science of physiognomy, but also a man overflowing with zeal for the propagation of his religion. He was one of those who tried to make converts by all possible means. Once during an interview with Mendelssohn in Berlin he had asked him to become a Christian, but Mendelssohn, without wishing to offend him, mildly refuted him, speaking however with respect of the Founder of the Christian religion. Six years had passed since that interview. Now

when the "Phaedon" appeared, wherein the author had so definitely spoken of immortality, so "Christian-like," as Lavater said, the latter thought the time had arrived for Mendelssohn to see the "true light"; and he sent him a translation of a little book entitled "Inquiry into the Evidences of Christianity for Infidels," by Professor Bonnet, with a printed letter of his own wherein he publicly asked Mendelssohn to refute those evidences, or, if he found them correct, to do what prudence, love of truth, and honesty bade him do, what a Socrates would have done if he had read the book and found it irrefutable.

Thus Mendelssohn could not remain silent, though it was difficult to answer. For how easily might he offend his Christian brethren, who were not always of a tolerant spirit! The reply, however, he gave to Lavater was worthy of the philosopher, and did him credit in the eyes of all impartial people. He uttered truths for which the middle ages would have had the rack, the sword and fire as rewards; but enlightenment had so far pervaded the educated, that even the Protestant Consistory, whose permission Mendelssohn had asked for publishing his answer, wrote him that he might publish all his writings without first submitting them for their approbation, as they were convinced that he in his wisdom and modesty would not write anything which could cause public scandal.

Mendelssohn then sent a reply to Lavater, in which after some introductory remarks he said: "If after so many years of investigation my decision had not been completely in favour of my religion, it would inevitably have become known through my public life. I cannot imagine what should chain me to a religion which appears to be severe and commonly despised, if I were not fully convinced of its truth. Let the results of my inquiries have been what they may, I would have discarded the religion of my fathers, had I persuaded myself that it was not the true one. Were I indeed persuaded that any other religion were the true one, in my opinion there could not be a more shameful depravity than to refuse to it, in defiance of internal evidence, the homage that is due to truth. And what should entice me to such depravity? I have already mentioned that in this case prudence, love of truth, and honesty would lead me the same path. Were I indifferent in regard to both religions, and mocked and despised in my heart all revelation, I should well know what prudence advises when conscience is silent. What is there to deter me from open avowal? Fear of my brethren in the faith? Their temporal power is too limited for that to daunt me. What then? Obstinacy or insolence? A love for habit?

Having devoted the greater portion of my life to philosophical research, I may be presumed to possess sufficient good sense not to sacrifice the fruit of my labours to such frivolities. But as my research has confirmed me in the religion of my fathers, I was able to practise it in silence without rendering the world an account of my conviction. I will not deny that I have found human additions and abuses in my religion which, alas, so much darken its light. Who that loves truth can boast of having found his religion free from injurious human accretions? We all know that poisonous taint of hypocrisy and superstition; and we who seek truth wish to blot it out without injuring what is true and good. But as regards the essentials of my religion I am as firmly and irrefutably convinced as you or Mr. Bonnet can be regarding yours; and I call to witness the God of Truth, your and my creator and preserver, that I shall retain my principles as long as my soul does not change its very nature." After having mentioned his dislike to religious controversy, and the reason why the Jews did not send missionaries to foreign countries, and having quoted the dictum of the fathers that the virtuous of all nations are the children of eternal salvation sharing in the future life, he goes on: "I am fortunate enough to possess many excellent friends who are not of my religion. We love one another sincerely, although we are aware of our different opinions in religious matters. I enjoy their company, which affords me pleasure and improvement. Never has my heart prompted me to sigh: 'Pity for the poor misguided soul!' He who thinks there can be no salvation outside his own Church must often utter such a sigh."

Lavater replied to this, somewhat apologising for his indiscretion, but, "since the thing has been done," he said, "and is now beyond recall, I cannot altogether regret it, if it leads to any fuller expression on Mendelssohn's part." Mendelssohn again replied, refuting his opponent's arguments, one of which was the appeal to miracles, which Mendelssohn did not consider paramount regarding religion. "According to my religious theory," he states, "miracles are not exactly a distinctive mark of truth, nor do they yield moral evidence of a prophet's divine mission." Although the controversy was not at an end, Mendelssohn did not write further against Lavater for the present. The reading world was in sympathy with Mendelssohn. The Hereditary Prince of Braunschweig, Lessing's friend, congratulated Mendelssohn on having treated the difficult question with so much tact and benevolence. The prince's mother, the beautiful Phillipine Charlotte, Frederic II.'s sister, visited him, and was so pleased with Mendelssohn's conversation and wisdom that she had his portrait hung immediately beneath that of her father.

In 1771 Mendelssohn, who was of a weak constitution, became seriously ill, and his illness lasted, with interruptions, seven years. He was very often unable to read, write, or even think ; and to obviate thinking he counted the tiles of the house opposite. To restore his health he visited the famous watering-place Pyrmont, where he was the constant companion of the renowned general Count William of Schaumburg-Lippe and his consort. They had lost their only child, and received great consolation from their intercourse with the author of "Phaedon." It was not until 1778 that Mendelssohn again began active work. He translated the "Ritualistic Laws of the Jews" at the instance of King Frederic, who wished to have an authentic version of that code. A German translation of the Pentateuch, which he published in 1778, was originally done for the use of his children, but the whole Jewish community reaped the benefit of it, for it was introduced in the Jewish schools, and by degrees became the means of banishing from Israel's midst, by its clear, simple, and classic German, that low jargon, a gibberish of middle high German, Hebrew, and other idioms of which Mendelssohn said, "I fear that jargon has been conducive to the immorality of the common people, and I expect good results from my brethren using pure German." At first, however, he encountered great difficulty in propagating his excellent translation. The so-called orthodox looked upon it as a baneful and pernicious innovation, subversive of all time-honoured traditions, and paving the way for the destruction of their faith. The Chief Rabbis of Altona, Fuerth, and Prague threatened with excommunication all those who read the translation. At some places in Poland, a hotbed of orthodoxy, the book was thrown into the flames. Hearing of their fanaticism, Mendelssohn said : "Let them curse ; I shall be blessed, and will not in the least oppose their fanatical zeal. If my translation had been accepted without opposition by all, it would have been superfluous. The more the so-called wise of the time oppose it, the more necessary it is. I published it for the common people ; but now I find it is much more necessary for the clergymen themselves, and I intend, with the help of God, also to publish the other books of the Bible." Other work, however, prevented him from executing his intention fully ; he only translated the Psalms and the Song of Deborah, whilst the other books were translated later on by some of his liberal friends. The moral improvement which his German Pentateuch caused among his people was further enhanced by his establishing the first Jewish free school, which became the pattern for others in Germany and in England, where the Jewish free schools in London, Manchester, and Liverpool are doing good work.

But not only did he educate his people: he also worked for their political emancipation. The Jews of Saxony and Switzerland had to thank him for a better treatment on the part of their rulers, and the Jews of France for their entire equality with other French citizens. His friend Herz translated the "Apology for the Jews" of Manasseh Ben Israel, who a century before had successfully pleaded for their readmission into England. To this translation Mendelssohn wrote a lengthened preface, which, together with the memorial composed by his friend the War Councillor Von Dohm, was laid before the French Parliament, which emancipated his Jewish brethren from all disabilities. This was so much more appreciated as even King Frederic II., otherwise so enlightened, treated the Jews with cruelty; vexatious laws against them still existed, and they were often insulted in the streets of Berlin. Very touching are Mendelssohn's words: "Even here, in this so-called tolerant country, I nevertheless live so uneasy, so surrounded by sheer intolerance on all sides, that I must all day imprison my children whom I love in a silk factory. I sometimes walk out in the evening, with my wife and children. 'Papa,' asks one innocent, 'why do the lads call after us? Why do they throw stones at us? What have we done to them?' 'Yes, dear Papa,' says another, 'they follow us always in the streets, and insult us with "Jews, Jews." Is it as great a disgrace to be a Jew as they think?' What answer can I give to this, but cast my eyes to the ground, and say in my heart, 'Oh, fellow-men, why must it be thus?'"

Once more Mendelssohn was drawn into a religious controversy from which he came out as victorious as before. In 1782 a pamphlet appeared which bore the title, "Search after Light and the Right." The anonymous author reproached Mendelssohn with having over-spiritualised Judaism in his answer to Lavater, and more especially with having declared that the modern synagogue had no right of expulsion. Mendelssohn's reply was one of his most able books, entitled "Jerusalem; or, On the Religious Power and Judaism," which was published in the following year. Mendelssohn's main contention is, that Judaism was solely a religious system, and one must distinguish between ancient and modern Judaism. As long as the nation formed a political state and religion was inseparably bound up with it, a religious heretic must needs be considered a rebel, and be punished accordingly. But religion separated from State bonds, as Judaism was then, knew of no punishment, be it in the shape of excommunication or penance, except what the repentant sinner's conscience inflicts on himself. Speaking of excommunica-

tion he says: "Reader, to whatever external church, synagogue, or mosque you may belong, inquire and see whether you shall not discover more true religion among the crowd of anathematised than among the incomparably greater crowd who anathematised them." The Judaism, he further asserts, without civil power included the principles of Christianity which claimed to have superseded it; and against his opponent, who himself admitted that Christianity was founded upon Judaism, he argues that it was rather odd to urge that Judaism was now non-existent, since a house will certainly not stand if you pull down its foundations. The lower story may be filled with lumber which wants clearing out, but you who abide in the upper story are even more interested than we who dwell in the lower, that no violence be done to the beams and pillars in the process. A certain inclination of exclusiveness and persecution among his brethren in faith, Mendelssohn admits, was due to later traditions, or as Mendelssohn might have added, to an imitation of the spirit of persecution of mediæval Christians. Japp, in his admirable life of Mendelssohn, although a few inaccuracies have crept in, aptly remarks: "It is a miracle that the Jews (at any rate the educated), considering the treatment received by them from the Middle Ages down to the end of the eighteenth century in most of the countries of Europe, and considering the tenacity of their national recollections and traditions, are now so completely conciliated, inclined to view with satisfaction their citizenship without sacrificing the long-inherited pride in the phrase, 'I am a Jew.'"

One of his last and his best works was published by Mendelssohn in 1785, under the title "Morning Hours; or, Lectures on the Existence of God." These lectures were delivered in the mornings before business hours, to his eldest son Joseph and two daughters Dorothy and Recha, and some friends, among them the two Humboldts. The "Morning Hours" treat on the weightiest topics with which the human mind can occupy itself—God, the soul, religion, morality, philosophy, &c. The immortality of the soul, the moral law, the command to love one another, Mendelssohn argues, are so strongly based upon reason that no philosophy can shake them. A virtuous life without God is impossible; for without God and Providence humanity and charity are inborn weaknesses, and benevolence nothing more than a foolery which we endeavour to make one another believe, so that the fools may torment and the shrewd pamper themselves.

Let us now throw a glance at Mendelssohn's home life and character. His excellent wife, who survived him many years, made their home a place of happiness. They had three sons (Joseph,

Abraham, and Nathan) and three daughters (Dorothy, Recha, and Henrietta), all of high culture and literary attainments. Joseph and Abraham founded the still renowned banking firm of Mendelssohn & Co. in Berlin. Abraham, who took the surname Bartholdy from his wife's family in Hamburg, became the father of Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, the great composer. When Felix had become celebrated, his father said, "Formerly I was the son of my father, now I am the father of my son." Dorothy, the wife of Simon Veit, separated from her husband to marry Friedrich von Schlegel, who however did not treat her well. She wrote a novel entitled "Florentin," which is superior to Schlegel's "Lucinde," of which she is the heroine. She was highly talented, but without firm principles. To please Schlegel she turned Protestant, and afterwards Roman Catholic. Henrietta was deformed like her father, and of great mental capabilities.

In Mendelssohn's home peace and hospitality reigned supreme; love and piety were the ministering angels. His house was a meeting-place of all the good and great, regardless of creed or nationality. The "popular philosopher," as he is rightly called, was in the habit of leaning with his right arm on the back of a chair, paying attention to the conversation of his friends, who took notice of his approving or disapproving nods, or listened to an elucidating word from him. With the reasoning power of a Socrates, he combined the mildness and peacefulness of a Hillel. As a religious, social, and political reformer in the best sense of the word, his aim was to elevate and spiritualise his faith, and he did so by rational means. Toleration was the goal for which he worked. According to his ideal, human society should live in peace; its members should tolerate one another's opinions, and respect others' religious convictions. It was with reverent enthusiasm that he referred to the provision for the worship of the stranger in the temple, as laid down in the beautiful dedication prayer of King Solomon in 1 Kings viii. 41-43. His culture and wisdom were no less attractive than his ever ready wit, of which, among many, one example may be given here. Once a snob sneeringly asked him, "In what do you deal?" Mendelssohn readily answered, "In something that you lack—common sense."

How well he knew how to develop ideas in his friends and disciples, the following instance may be given. A young author brought him an essay on "freedom of will" to criticise. When after a time the writer of the essay called and asked what he thought of it, Mendelssohn said, "I could not read it"; and as the author excused himself for having ventured to trouble Mendelssohn with the reading of his, as he thought, insignificant essay, Mendelssohn said that that

was not the reason, but other engagements. "But," continued Mendelssohn, "how could you think that I deemed your essay insignificant?" "Because I concluded you were not *willing* to read it." "Ah! you distinguish between 'will' and 'can,'" said Mendelssohn; "then I do not need to read your essay, for I see we agree (that there is a freedom of will)."

Another controversy with F. H. Jacobi embittered Mendelssohn's last days and indirectly hastened on his death. Jacobi asserted that Lessing had died a Spinozist, which meant as much as an atheist in those times; and even asserted that Mendelssohn himself was tainted by that heresy. Weak and ill though he was, Mendelssohn wrote a spirited reply against Jacobi under the title, "Moses Mendelssohn to the friends of Lessing." On the last day of December 1785 he took the manuscript to Voss the publisher, and on the way he caught cold, which caused a dangerous illness. He became weaker, and on the 4th of January 1786 he passed away in his fifty-seventh year, leaving behind his mourning wife and six children. The *Berliner Zeitung* spoke of the announcement of his death as a piece of news that would bring tears to many eyes. For the man who once as a poor lad of fourteen knocked at one of the gates of Berlin timidly asking for admission, the best men of the capital and the fatherland now mourned. His co-religionists applied to him the honouring words, "From Moses to Moses none was like Moses." For as the great leader and lawgiver had brought forth his people from the darkness of the Egyptian bondage to the light of the Sinaitic law and liberty, so Moses Mendelssohn led his brethren in faith, and with them a goodly number of others, out of the gloomy night of intolerance and superstition, to the bright light of benevolence and enlightenment, morality and religion.

JOSEPH STRAUSS.

A VILLAGE FRAGMENT.

"WHAT an old-world bit of life it is!" said the poet, as he passed through the straggling streets of the village. "Have I dropped upon the place in an unusual state of quiet, or is the air here always soft and still, and are the inhabitants wrapped for ever in universal slumber? . . . At any rate that ought to wake them," he added, as an empty cart rattled by with the noise only a springless harvest-waggon can achieve. It roused an old man, who appeared in the doorway of his thatched and whitewashed cottage, leaning on his stick with one hand, shading his eyes with the other, as he peered up and down the sunny street. "Zarvint, zir," he remarked, as he caught sight of the stranger.

"How many inhabitants does this village contain?" asked the poet.

"E-eh!" quoth the old man; "how many legs hath a *drimble-drane*[1] a-got? Mayhap yü can tell me that."

The poet looked surprised. He thought he understood human nature in its most varied types, but he had yet to learn that village-folk, when they are asked what seems to them a senseless and futile question, are quick to reply with one of the same kind.

"What's the good of knawin' how many folks there be yer-abouts? I'm zure I can't tell 'ee," the old man continued. "But I can tell 'ee what sort o' folks they be. They'm a turrabul busy lot. They can't bide quiet-like zame as I dü. It zims tü me they be always in a hurry. 'Tez as much as I can dü tü get any mortal crittur tü stop and have a bit of a tell. And they dawn't get drü no more wurk than they did when I wuz young. Wull, there! they dü die the züner, and then they be forced tü take things aisy."

"I can't say I have seen any signs of such desperate hard work since I came into the village," said the poet.

"Why, 'tezn't likely, zir; yü can't expect tü zee harvestin' goin' on in the streets, but if yü dü walk a bit varder yü'll vind 'em wurkin' hard enough. All the men that be strong and hearty be out in the fields trying to get the corn carried avore Zunday. And the women-

[1] Bumble-bee.

folk be just a-gone out wi' their tay, and of course the childern must all be there to get in the way and hinder t'others. That's what māākes yü think the village kind of solemn-like and slow. Yü should see 'un other times. 'Tez a mighty go-ahead plāce against what it used vur tü be in my young days. Why Varmer Laramy—he that lives in thickee farm down there by mill-strame—'ath a-got a cousin who went to a gert cattle show t'other day. And he telled 'un that he zeed a machine which not only cut the corn—that baint scarcely human—but bound it into sheaves just as nayte as any man could dü it. I telled Varmer Laramy tü ax his cousin if th' awld genelman himself wuzn't riding 'pon tap of that there onholy machine!"

"I don't like machines myself," said the poet; "the noise and the smoke spoil such peaceful scenes as this. If you tell me that this is a place that will have nothing to do with these modern, labour-saving appliances, I shall be tempted to come and spend the rest of my days here."

"Wull, zir, yü might dü wuss. Folks dü come yer sometimes tü bide a bit, and if they wance come they niver go away again."

"Truly a land of lotus-eaters," the poet murmured dreamily.

"My, zir! I niver heard tell of such a thing!" the old man exclaimed. "There's a caterpillar that plays up wi' the cabbages and güzeberries, and the rats is a reg'lar plague; but I don't believe there's ever bin a locust near the place, and us shuldn't think of ayting 'un if 'er did."

The poet smiled. Evidently he must not look for imagination in the village. Men said what they wanted to in plain speech, and poetry was not thought much of; except, indeed, the verses that Peter Daracott, the stonemason, composed for the tombstones he set up to mark the spot where his neighbour or friend had taken a last lodging. The villagers were proud of the talent these rhymes displayed, and were careful to keep on good terms with Peter. They felt that their character, as it would be presented to unborn generations, was in his hand.

"They dü zay," the old man went on, his mind harping back to the extraordinary progress of civilisation; "they dü zay as how the railway's a-comin' within five mile of this yer village."

"You will be able to take a run up to London then, and see a little of life," said the poet.

"Wull, zir, ef 'ted bin ten year agone I might ha' thought about it, but they zay that up tü London folks is even more in a hurry than they be down yer. I dü get properly māāze-headed when I dü go tü Forbarton market-days, and if 'tez wuss than that, then

t'wouldn't suit me. *Yū* wouldn't like tü venture intū a gert town like thickee, now would'ee, maister, at your time o' life? And I reckon I be nearly so old as yü be. I shall be aighty come Michaelmas."

The poet was sixty-three, but he had lived in towns most of his life, so the old man's idea of his venerable appearance was not so much to be wondered at. In the country it is not till late in the day that Old Age knocks at the door.

If the two men in the cottage doorway represented the evening of life, a perfect type of morning was passing at that moment. A girl was driving an empty harvest-cart back to the fields; empty at least of corn, but carrying a large basket of cakes and several stone jars of hot tea, for it was time that the harvesters should have their afternoon meal. She made a dainty picture among her rough surroundings as she balanced herself on the rail of the rickety cart and drove at a rattling pace along the uneven road. It was a wonder that tea and cakes and maiden were not all jerked out into the dust. That would have been a sad mishap, for Kitty Laramy had on a pretty pink frock and a shady white hat that made her look charming. A poet's heart is ever young, so at least one of the men who were watching her gave an admiring glance at the vision of dark-eyed beauty that went so quickly past. But old Granfer Reed shook his head.

"That's Varmer Laramy's maid, and a vain giglet 'er be tü! I don't hold wi' they new-fangled ways of sending varmer's daughters tü boardin-sküle. 'Er's a-come back wi' her head crammed wi' all sorts o' fulishness, and 'er does nort but play the pianny and dress herself up fine every day, instead of working hard like the maidens did in my time."

But old Granfer Reed is getting rather tiresome. Let us say good-bye to him, as the poet did at this point, and follow pretty Kitty Laramy out to the harvest-field.

It is a golden afternoon. A golden sun shining on a field of gold. Hillocks of gold scattered all around; loads of gold upon the waggons; thoughts of gold in the heart of the farmer as his eye rests upon the heavy crop. But Kitty's face is not in keeping with the warmth and glow and colour of this summer afternoon. It is fair enough, but the sunbeams as they glint through the branches of the elm-tree that towers above the hedge where she has perched herself find no answering gleam in her eyes. Her brow is puckered; and the sun is not to blame, for her hat is shady enough. Her dark eyes look gloomily out on the beauty that spreads itself before her; she cares nothing for it. The myriad voices of nature are sounding all around her, but she does not hear them. As a rule, nature does not speak much to the very young. There is so much gayer music

to be heard—martial strains, heavenly echoes, love-songs—and nature's quieter voice is overpowered. Only when the music has died away her crooning song at times rings clearly though softly in the stillness, and there is some comfort in it. But Kitty's face does not brighten even when she hears a voice that generally succeeds in calling forth a smile, or at least a pleasant look. Young Farmer Ashton is riding by. He owns the land adjoining this field, and he stops for a chat with his neighbour's daughter. He covets his neighbour's daughter, which I believe is quite lawful and not one of the forbidden goods of the tenth commandment.

"Why, Miss Kitty, it is quite refreshing to look at any one who is cool and leisurely after slaving as I have all day in the burning sun."

He goes on refreshing himself in this way, but it does not seem to make Kitty cooler.

"Shall you finish carrying to-night?" she says, when the silence becomes embarrassing; and as she turns he sees the trouble in her face.

"Is anything the matter?" he asks quickly.

"How should there be? Of course nothing is the matter Nothing ever happens. I am sick of nothings. I should like an earthquake for a change."

Simple-minded John Ashton looks astonished. He knows little of women; he thinks they are by nature peaceably inclined. "Why the weather couldn't be better,' he says; "and the men have worked so splendidly that everything will be safe before Sunday."

"And the harvest will be over," adds Kitty with a sigh. "Oh! I do so hate the end of harvest. It means that winter will be here soon, and the village will seem quieter than ever, and the long, dull evenings will be deadly. It makes me have a cramped feeling to think of it, as if there were no room to breathe. I want to go away and see what the world is like outside Peppercombe. Don't you feel like that sometimes—as if you could not bear the same things to go on day after day without any hope of a change?"

"Yes, I often feel like that," answers John promptly; only the change he means does not need going outside the village to seek.

"I thought you would understand," says Kitty, brightening a little as her case seems to draw out her companion's sympathy. "And don't you feel as if you must make some new friends, and not go on for ever knowing only two or three farmers with their wives and daughters, and all the poky people who live in the village?"

John's countenance falls. "Well, I can't say that I care about a lot of friends, new or old. You know, Kitty, I should think myself a lucky fellow if just *one* could lo—— I mean if one or two people could

like me," he adds hastily, as Kitty looks slightly wrathful at the turn the conversation is inclined to take. "I've never thought about the folks here being quiet and dull; but of course when you went away to school you got accustomed to smarter sort of people, and we must seem old-fashioned after them."

"I'm sure I don't know," says Kitty. "I dare say they are really no wiser than we are; only they have a way of making themselves out to know everything. That is one of the things I want to find out. A girl is at such a disadvantage if she knows nothing of any sort of people but the villagers."

"Our old parson says that human nature is the same everywhere. I shouldn't wonder, Miss Kitty, if the difference you think so great between town and country folk should not turn out after all to be very much a question of clothes and manners."

"Well, it is just their clothes and manners that I want to see; and if father wouldn't be horrid and unkind I should have a lovely chance of finding out all about them. I have an invitation from a school friend to go and stay for a month with her in London; and father does not see why I should want to accept it. He says it is only a year since I left school; and he did not expect me ever to want to go away again, but to stay at home and look after the housekeeping and the dairy. Oh! it is too trying. I should like never to see a dairy again, and I feel inclined to kick over the pans of cream whenever I go near them. And if father would give me this little holiday Cousin Grace could easily come over and stay with him while I am away and take my place." And Kitty's pretty brow gets more and more puckered as she thinks of her woes.

John Ashton's countenance is no more cheerful than hers. Oh, John, you foolish man, why don't you transfer your affections to homely Cousin Grace, who would make such a model farmer's wife, and forget all about this frivolous maiden who is in such a hurry to get away from you and from everything that interests you? But perhaps we should not like you as well if you did this wise thing. Persevere in your foolishness, and it may be that some day you may win foolish little Kitty.

"You will forget all about us when you go away to these fine new friends," said John at length.

"But I am not going," answers Kitty, almost crying.

"Oh, yes, you are," even more gloomily.

"Do you really think so, John?" Kitty lets the Christian name slip out unawares in her delight, but he is too depressed to take advantage of it

"I am certain. Women always get their own way somehow, and men always have the worst of it."

"Oh, it will be exquisite if I really am allowed to go. If father should say anything about it while you are smoking a pipe with him in the evening, you will be on my side, won't you? You can't think what lovely things my friend has told me about their life. Such parties!—music, dancing, and all kinds of fun. It would be cruel to have to miss it all, wouldn't it?"

"I'm sure we have rather nice parties here sometimes," hazards John meekly.

Kitty almost groans. "*You* don't know what they are like. The men never come till about eight o'clock, and then they play cards together instead of something we can join in. I should like you to be in my place for once at one of those parties. We all go at five o'clock. We sit round in a circle in the best parlour, and are very solemn, and tea is handed round. Then we talk—at least the others do; for until the men come the women talk about nothing else but recipes for bacon-pickles and knitted cotton counterpanes. They make the counterpanes in little square or oblong bits, which are afterwards sewn together. They each have a piece which they are knitting, and there are hundreds of patterns in which they may be done; they discuss each pattern, so it takes a good long time. I won't knit counterpanes, and they think it is uppish for a farmer's daughter to do fancy-work; and plain sewing at a party would not be considered proper, so I have to sit with my hands in front of me. I believe they consider that nearly as uppish. At eight o'clock the men appear, and that excitement wakes me up for ten minutes. Also it is the signal for cake and wine to be handed round, and I always eat slice after slice of cake for the want of something better to do. When the men begin cards we settle again to talk, and the old ladies discuss their caps, while the young women have small jokes and giggle. Then you know the sort of huge hot supper we have at ten o'clock. I believe you actually enjoy it. I can scarcely touch it, as I have eaten so largely of the 'cake of idleness.' *They are nice parties, aren't they?*"

"Well, it doesn't sound lively as you put it," John allows; "but the other women seem to enjoy it."

"You see they have their counterpanes, and that makes all the difference. But," says Kitty, brightening a little, "I feel better since I talked to you. There seems just a chance for me now. Is that father calling me? Good-bye! I mustn't keep him waiting if I have to begin coaxing him round to my side."

"One minute, Miss Kitty," says John hurriedly; "I had a box down from Mudie's yesterday, and there are some tales and poetry-books in it that I thought you might like to see. May I bring them in this evening?"

"Indeed you may. They will be a treat. But since when did you begin to take an interest in such frivolous things as poetry and novels, Mr. Ashton?"

"Oh, I sent for some books on cattle and chemistry, and those others got in by mistake," John explains, but looks rather confused.

"It was a very nice mistake!" laughs Kitty. "Good-bye, then, till this evening." And as she makes her way across the golden field in the glorious sunshine, she says softly to herself, "People are kind in the country anyway."

What is the day like in the great city? Heat and glare, dust and din, toil and weariness—greater than that felt by the reapers in the sunny fields. In the heart of the city are great factories, warehouses, shops. The air is stifling. The sun is robbed of his glory, but not of his power, and he beats down through the smoke on to the tall gloomy buildings where men and women toil unceasingly. And there are throbbing brows and aching limbs, but the work must go on the same. If only the workers could rest for half an hour and gather with the harvesters under the shade of some great tree, and drink tea and eat home-made cake, while the soft, cool breath of the sea comes stealing over the land, giving refreshment and renewed vigour! A girl has been standing all day, handling rich fabrics of every delicate and vivid hue, and soft, sheeny texture. Kitty would have been enraptured with them. But to the girl who is among them their beauty has vanished in the thought of how weary she gets standing all through the long day in the heated atmosphere, amidst the bustle of hurrying customers not always too courteous or ready to be pleased. And at midnight the girl is kneeling at the window of her small, stuffy room—even the night has brought no coolness to the city—and thoughts come to her of her childhood's home: of the green mossy millwheel, always in the shade, with the cool, sparkling water dripping on the ferns that filled every crevice of the walls. How she longs for the moan of the wheel, and the drip, drip of the water, and for all things cool and damp and green. Ah! that is only the rumbling of a passing train. There is a shrill whistle in the distance. The noise of the carriages is still in the streets. Drunken cries and sounds of fighting are heard at intervals. And there is no air; only heat, awful and oppressive, wraps the city round.

In the village the heat is not terrible, but gentle. At midnight the village is sleeping. The harvest-moon is full, and the homely scene is transfigured. Kitty is at her window. She cannot sleep; she is so excited at the thought of passing from this quietude into turmoil and unrest. And yet as she stands there, with a framework of vine-leaves that look like delicately wrought silver in the moonlight, and listens to the murmur of the stream that falls over the weir below the orchard, she is dimly conscious that there may be possibilities in this quiet village life that she has never dreamed of. Perhaps the city will teach them to her. But they are happier who can learn the lesson nearer home.

The poet, too, is not sleeping. He is on one of the hills that surround the village. The moonlight turns his hair to silver, and shows clearly the noble dreaming on his face. He is in touch with the night. The warmth and stillness, the shining of the moon, the murmur of the distant sea—all these things move him, and stir the music in his heart. The village lies sleeping at his feet, and in the moonlight can be seen, distinct and clear, the cottage roofs and the ricks in the farmsteads. The trees stand black and sharply defined against a gleaming sky. The stream is a glittering, winding streak that is hidden ever and again; and closing in the picture rise the high hills, like sombre guardians of these quiet homes. It is all a poem to this watcher on the hill.

MARY HARTIER.

THE PARISH CHURCH OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

AMONG the few historic monuments left in *fin-de-siècle* London is the Church of St. Margaret, Westminster, officially recognised as the Church of the House of Commons, and connected in many memorable passages with the past history of that House.

Overshadowed by its greater neighbours, overlooked by the ordinary sightseer, yet the Parish Church of the House of Commons is to the historian and the antiquary a living page of the history of our nation, a striking memento of the great men of past and present ages. Dwarfed apparently by the towering vane of St. Peter, in the shadow of which, as it were, it nestles, doubtless it masks the defect of the absence of the central tower of the Abbey, so plainly discernible from the south side, besides affording a scale by which to estimate the size of the latter building, for Gothic architecture, to be sublime, must be cumulative.

St. Margaret's was originally the parish church of the old royal city of Westminster, with a district, extending from the Fleet along the Thames to Chelsea and northward beyond Paddington, of about forty square miles.

At the Reformation Henry VIII. seized the church lands, appropriated some himself, and divided the remainder between the See of London and his nobles, while the parish limits were restricted to nearly their present boundaries. Northward these extended then to St. Martin-in-the-Fields, but it is said that the King, objecting to the sight of funerals of the parishioners passing before his new Palace of Whitehall by the Holbein Gateway into King Street, *en route* for St. Margaret's Churchyard, had this boundary altered for his whim to the present limit, which is strangely defined by the initials of the two parishes, S.M.W. and S.M.F., being marked on the keystone of the arch through the Horse-Guards.

No sacred edifice in London, except St. Paul's Cathedral and the Abbey of St. Peter, can boast greater antiquity, or a more interesting foundation. King Edward the Confessor, about A.D. 1064, built

St. Margaret's on Thorney Island, as the usual appendage to a Benedictine monastery for the use of the local inhabitants. The King, requiring the site of an older church dedicated to St. Margaret of Antioch, Virgin Martyr, for the aisle of his new abbey, dedicated the new church to the same saint. St. Margaret of Antioch is best known to us from the picture in the Louvre collection by Raphael, and through the medium of Dean Milman's poem, "The Martyr of Antioch." A mutilated statue of the saint is to be seen in a niche in the north aisle of the church.

The Saxon edifice was altered in 1290, in the reign of Edward I., and was almost completely rebuilt under Edward IV. Lady Mary Billing, who died in 1499, aided materially in this restoration. Some authorities are inclined to believe that neither the Church of St. Edward nor that of Edward I. had a clerestory.

By extracts from the Parish Account Books, 1490–1496, we gather the then cost of labour and materials :—

"20*l.* payde to maisters of the Church werkes.

"25*l.* for ledyng the south ile.

"For 1,000 tiles, pins, and labour, 6*s.* 6*d.*

"For 20 tonne and 5 sote of Cane stone, price the tonne 6*s.*"

This stone was landed at the Abbey Mill, and brought thence to the church by ten labourers. In 1486 the cross in the churchyard was repaired, and in 1490 a new base was put to it.

St. Margaret's Church is 132 feet in length, 65 feet in breadth, with two aisles each 26 feet wide. The tower, for obvious reasons, is at the north-west angle of the church. Lofty light arches of elegant character, with spandrils, enriched with quatrefoils and trefoils, form twelve clustered columns, dividing the nave from the two aisles, and terminate flush with the east end of the church, there being no chancel arch. The clerestory is nondescript ; it is even asserted that its walls are not plumb. The new west porch, erected in 1891 by subscription, adds much to the internal comfort of the church, while it materially aids the outside architectural features, notwithstanding the close proximity of the glorious north porch of the Abbey, the beauty of whose tracery is now visible in its entirety for the first time in the memory of three generations. Above the west porch, inside the church, the royal arms, removed from Whitehall, and said to have belonged to King Charles I., are now to be seen.

No extraordinary campanological knowledge is requisite to appreciate the beauty and mellow tone of the ten bells in the belfry of St. Margaret's. What strange events have they not rung to commemorate ! Payment to the ringers is observed in the Parish Account

Book in 1585 and in 1586: "11. paid for ringing at the beheading of the Queen of Scots." In 1612 these bells again rang for this Queen's burial in St. Peter's Church. In 1586, 7*s.* 6*d.* was paid to ringers "for ringing for joy of victory against the Spaniard." From the coronation of Charles II. to the Jubilee celebration of Queen Victoria what national events of moment have not been commemorated by the sweet sounds of St. Margaret's bells! As a local poet aptly says of them—

> Memories keep clinging
> When thou art heard ringing.

St. Margaret's Church was recognised in 1549 as the Parish Church of the House of Commons; but the first notice of a Parliamentary grant was under the Commonwealth. In 1735 we find it stated in the journals of the House that "*St. Margaret's is, as it were, a National Church for the use of the House of Commons.*"

In 1754 £10,000 was voted for repairs, and all exterior projections, buttresses, finials, niches, crocketed tabernacles, and pinnacles, which gave character and richness to the building, were cleared away, and a "*plain, neat outside*" of smooth Portland ashlar was substituted. The fine old roof was then sawn up and transformed into the present one, and the interior of the church became the architectural puzzle it was till quite recent days. In 1799, £9,721: in 1802, £4,500; in 1813, £3,079; in 1824, £800, were the amounts of Parliamentary grants expended on this church.

Since ecclesiological knowledge has recovered from the decadence of the Georgian period, much has been done to repair former mischief. To the present rector, the learned Archdeacon of Westminster, St. Margaret's owes much of the restoration of her lost and pristine beauty. Parliament only granted £1,000, but under the superintendence of the late Sir Gilbert Scott, and latterly of J. L. Pearson, R.A., architect to the Abbey, the restoration has been gradual but thorough, much of it having been done by private subscription. In 1887 the rector received £1,200 from the payments for the stand erected in St. Margaret's Churchyard to view the Jubilee procession; this sum he devoted to the restoration of the ancient tracery of the fine side windows. These have been since, with two exceptions, all filled in with modern stained glass by private munificence. The great east window possesses peculiar interest; a splendid specimen of Cinque-cento painted glass, it represents the Crucifixion. The admirable execution of the subordinate figures, the portraits of Catharine of Aragon and her boy-husband, Arthur Prince of Wales, their devices, the double Tudor Rose and the

Pomegranate of Aragon (taken from the conquered Moorish kings), would alone make this window interesting ; but the mass of deep blue glass, through which the sun shines as clearly as through crystal, gives it unique value. Besides, the whole history of this window is truly romantic ; it is said to have been five years making at Dort, in Holland, and is believed to have been a present from Ferdinand and Isabella in 1499 to Henry VII. for his new chapel at Westminster; for obvious reasons it was never put up there, Prince Arthur dying before it could be erected. After many vicissitudes, it came into the possession of General Monk, Duke of Albemarle, who buried it for some years, thus preserving it from destruction during the Puritan wars. It then passed into the hands of a Mr. John Olmins, who, in a letter extant in the British Museum, offered it to the authorities of Wadham College, Oxford ; however, it was ultimately purchased of him for fifty guineas by Mr. John Conyers, whose son in 1758 resold it to the vestry of St. Margaret's for 400 guineas. Thus it was erected in this church within a few hundred yards of its original destination. Hardly had this been done when the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, objecting to the subject of the window as a "superstitious picture," commenced a lawsuit, which lasted seven years, and was finally dismissed, each side to pay their own costs. To commemorate this event, the then churchwarden, Mr. Pierson, presented a silver-gilt cup and cover, weighing 92 ozs. 15 dwts., hall-mark 1710, as the "Loving Cup" of St. Margaret's Vestry for festive occasions. The Society of Antiquaries had a fine engraving made of this window, at their own expense, at the end of last century.

On the south side of the east window above St. Stephen's Porch (which is the private entrance for members and officials of the House of Commons) is a fine window of silver glass, erected in 1820 by the printers of London and the Roxburgh Club to the memory of William Caxton, whose first printing-press was set up in 1477 in the adjacent almonry. He was buried in 1491 in St. Margaret's Churchyard, and in the Parish Account Book we read : "Item, atte bureyng of William Caxton, for iiij torches, ij^{s} viij^{d} ; Item, for ye belle at same bureyng, vj^{d}." In the centre panel of this window is a representation of Caxton, under him the arms of the City of London, while in the left panel is the Venerable Bede, with the arms (I believe) of Gateshead beneath him, and in the right panel Erasmus, with the portcullis of Westminster underneath. Referring to Caxton's motto, "Fiat Lux," which is over his head, Lord Tennyson wrote the beautiful quatrain engraved under this window :—

Thy prayer was "Light, more Light, while time shall last!"
Thou sawest the glories growing on the night,
But not the shadow which that light should cast,
Till shadows vanish in the Light of Lights.

In the south aisle, next this window, above the vestry door, is a small window, erected by an American lady to the Lady Arabella Stuart, who died in 1615. Under this window a very beautiful specimen of "opus sectile" has just been placed by two sisters, A. and E. L. "Opus sectile" is the revival of an ancient Roman process; the material used is opaque glass, cut to shape, to resemble a stained glass window. In this case the subject is intended to illustrate the text, "Suffer little children to come unto Me." The central panel shows our Lord being offered flowers by a child; on either hand is a rich woman offering her child, and a shepherd bringing his son, while the disciples are in the background preparing to rebuke the people for troubling thus the Master. The next window is to the memory of members of a respected Westminster family, Trollope, "late of Bourne, in the County of Lincoln," who have successively served as churchwardens of the parish, 1798–1876. Then we observe two windows to the memory of a Lord Chancellor, William Page, Lord Hatherley, who died in 1881, with the touching inscription beneath, "He was a Good Man"; and to the memory of his wife, Charlotte, Lady Hatherley, who died in 1878.

The next window commemorates Miss Anne Wainwright, who died in 1875. Members of the House of Commons erected by subscription the next window to the memory of Sir Thomas Erskine May, K.C.B., D.C.L., Baron Farnborough, who died in 1886, having been, the inscription tells us, "54 years in the Service of the House, 15 years Clerk to the House."

The Jubilee year, 1887, is appropriately commemorated in the next window, Her Majesty having been born in the parish of St. Margaret's; for Kensington Palace is situated in that outlying portion of the parish termed the "hamlet" of Knightsbridge in the Vestry Records. The centre panel of this window contains a portrait of the Queen; the side panels respectively represent the Queen as a girl, and the Jubilee Service in the Abbey with the Prince of Wales in a Field-Marshal's uniform in the foreground. Beneath this window are the following lines by Robert Browning:—

Fifty years' flight! Wherein should he rejoice
Who hailed their birth, who, as they die, decays?
This—England echoes his attesting voice—
"Wondrous and well—Thanks, Ancient Thou of Days."

The last window in this aisle is still vacant. At the west end of the aisle is the interesting window erected by the House of Commons to their late member, Lord Frederick Cavendish, who was, the inscription beneath in bronze sets forth, "murdered in Phœnix Park, Dublin, May 6, 1882"; this inscription was the composition of Mr. Gladstone.

The great west window of the church was given by American citizens to the memory of Sir Walter Raleigh, who was beheaded in the adjacent Old Palace Yard in 1618, and interred beneath the chancel of this church. It represents the sailing of Raleigh for America, his landing, his presentation of the poet Spenser to Queen Elizabeth, his imprisonment, and his interment. The five large central figures are respectively Queen Elizabeth (in a most elaborate toilette, with ruff and coiffure of the period) in the central panel; on her right hand are Prince Henry (Raleigh's friend and patron), son of James I., then Raleigh himself; while on her left hand Spenser occupies one panel, and the other represents Sir Humphrey Gilbert, Raleigh's half-brother, the celebrated navigator. Below this window is a quatrain by James Russell Lowell :—

> The New World's Sons, from England's breast we drew
> Such milk as bids remember whence we came;
> Proud of her Past, from which our Present grew,
> This window we inscribe with Raleigh's name.

At the west end of the north aisle is the well-known window to the memory of Milton, erected also by an American citizen, Mr. George W. Childs, of Philadelphia. In 1656 Milton married his second wife, Katherine Woodcock—"my late espoused saint"—in this church, and she and her infant were interred in the churchyard, though Milton himself was not buried there. In the centre panel the blind poet is represented dictating to his daughter-amanuensis, whilst a second daughter stands at the side, all three being in the attire of the Puritan epoch; the two side panels represent scenes from "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained." Beneath is the inscription written by the late John Greenleaf Whittier :—

> The New World honours him whose lofty plea
> For England's freedom made her own more sure;
> Whose Song, immortal as its theme, shall be
> Their common freehold while both worlds endure.

Thinking that objection might be taken to the word "*freehold*," Mr. Whittier pleaded that "Milton himself uses it in the same way in his prose writings, namely: 'I too have my character and free-

hold of rejoicing.'" He, however, suggested *heirloom* as a possible alternative.

In consequence of the generosity shown by American citizens in the restoration of this church, sittings have been set apart for the use of any Americans who may desire to worship therein.

The most westerly window of the north aisle is vacant; the next has been recently put up by his daughter to the memory of Sir Goldsworthy Gurney, C.E., who died in 1875. He was the inventor of the oxy-hydrogen blow-pipe, the Drummond limelight, the steam jet or blast in 1828, the Gurney stove, the Bude light, a new method for ventilating the House of Commons, and the flashing light for signalling at sea, &c. This window was unveiled in July 1892 by the Duke of Wellington, whose illustrious grandfather rode with Gurney in his steam carriage from Hounslow to London in 1829. A curious print illustrating this event hangs in the vestry. The window is of more than ordinary beauty. In the centre light our Saviour symbolises the Light of the World, on either side are seraphim emblematic of the Angel of the Sun and the Angel of the Moon. On the left hand at the bottom is a portrait of Sir Goldsworthy Gurney, seated at a table, experimenting with electric wires, surrounded by various instruments used by him in his experiments; the right hand subject depicts a lighthouse with the sea dashing on a rocky shore, the rays of the light thrown out afar, and a ship shown safely sailing within the range of the rays; the central subject is the steam carriage above mentioned. Then comes a window to the memory of Edward Lloyd, proprietor of the *Daily Chronicle* and other newspapers, who died in 1890. The central light represents our Saviour working in the carpenter's shop at Nazareth, and is entitled the "Dignity of Labour"; underneath is Caxton exhibiting his printing-press to Edward IV. Other panels depict the Angel of the Gospel; the Recording Angel; Sunrise—"A Sower went out to sow"; and Sunset—"Then cometh Harvest." The beautiful quatrain on the marble tablet beneath this window is by Sir Edwin Arnold:—

> A Master Printer of the Press, he spoke
> By mouth of many thousand tongues; he swayed
> The pens which break the Sceptres: Good Lord, make
> Thy strong ones faithful, and Thy bold afraid!

The next window was erected by public subscription, in response to a letter in the *Times* by Archdeacon Farrar, in 1890, to the memory of "Colonel Robert Blake, Admiral-at-Sea, Chief Founder of England's Naval Supremacy, who died August 7th, 1657, and was ejected from his grave in Westminster Abbey, and re-interred in St.

Margaret's Churchyard, September 1661." One panel depicts Admiral Blake at Malaga, saying: "I would have the whole world know that none but an Englishman shall chastise an Englishman." Other panels show the admiral's body being conveyed in state from Greenwich Hospital to Westminster Abbey, and his re-interment in St. Margaret's Churchyard. The large centre light represents our Saviour on the sea responding to St. Peter's appeal, "Lord, save me!" on either hand are the Archangel St. Michael and the Angel of the Sea. Beneath this window is a marble tablet inscribed with the following lines, written by Lewis Morris:—

> Kingdom or Commonwealth was naught to thee,
> But to crown England queen o'er every sea.
> Strong Sailor, sleeping sound as sleep the just,
> Rest here! Our Abbey holds no worthier dust.

The next window was erected by his brother to the memory of E. A. Morris, who died in 1890, six weeks after the baptism of his only child in St. Margaret's Church. The centre figures represent the two brothers: entitled "Fraternus Amor"; on either hand are subjects emblematic of "Fortitudo" and "Caritas." The central light represents the Babe Christ lying in the manger, and the angelic choir proclaiming: "Peace on earth, among men of good-will."

The last window in this aisle was unveiled March 13, 1893, by Mr. A. J. Balfour, to the memory of the late Mr. W. H. Smith. It was subscribed for by members of the House of Commons of all parties. The central light shows the figure of Christ as the Light of the World, after the conception of "Le bon Dieu" at the Cathedral of Amiens; on the left is the figure of the centurion Cornelius kneeling in prayer; on the right, Nathaniel in contemplation beneath the fig-tree. The smaller panels below are predella pictures: on the left, King David playing on the harp; in the centre, Moses bearing the Commandments; and on the right, Nehemiah superintending the building of the walls of Jerusalem. Along the base of the window are the following lines by the Bishop of Derry:—

> Courteous, yet strong, transparently sincere,
> He passed from storms of state to Heaven's calm year;
> Few flowers or lights rhetorical he sought;
> Truth was his Lily, and his Light was Thought.

Two other windows are entirely hidden by the fine old organ which has now been placed in the north-east end of the north aisle. This magnificent instrument was built in 1676 for the church, at a

cost of £200, by Father Smith, who was then organist at the annual stipend of £20. The organ was cleaned and renovated last year by public subscription. In the vestry, situated at the south-east end of the church, near St. Stephen's Porch, are two small windows of some interest: one was erected in 1878, to the memory of the late Canon Conway, rector of the parish from 1864 to 1876; the other was put up to the memory of Cyril Lytton Farrar, son of the present rector, who died in China in 1891, at the early age of twenty-two years. The subject is St. George and the Dragon. The saint's face was copied from a likeness of the young man so sadly cut off in early manhood. A quatrain by his godfather, the late Lord Lytton, ambassador in Paris, is inscribed beneath this window:—

> Dead almost ere his day of life began,
> Far is his boyhood's grave in bright Cathay;
> Further beyond our reach the future man,
> Whose life has now begun a larger day.

The present reredos was erected in 1753; it is a relievo carved in limewood of Titian's picture, "The Last Supper at Emmaus." The figures are supposed to be portraits of King Ferdinand the Catholic; his grandson, Charles V., who stands behind him; and the great-grandson, Philip II., who represents the first, and Cardinal Ximenes the second, disciple. Originally begun in Spain, a copy of the Spanish picture is preserved at Penshurst Castle, Kent. In the better known work in the Louvre, Titian has altered his Spaniards into Frenchmen.

Over the altar of St. Margaret's Church wave two banners. The autograph letter preserved in the church tells us—

> These Colours were presented to the St. Margaret and St. John Volunteer Infantry by Countess Grosvenor, 1798. On the return of Peace, and the further services of the Volunteers being dispensed with by His Majesty's Government, they were, by permission of the Churchwardens of the Parish, deposited in this Church as a lasting memorial of the Loyalty, Patriotism, and Zeal of the Inhabitants of these Parishes in times of the utmost danger from the threatened invasion of a malignant foreign Foe, and from the traitorous and desperate designs of domestic enemies; but from which the mercies of Divine Providence have now happily delivered our beloved country.
>
> Deposited Dec. 9th, 1814. (Signed) JOHN JONES,
> Major Commanding.

These banners were found in the lumber-room of the tower, and placed in their present position in the Jubilee year of Queen Victoria's reign. A small brass tablet has now been placed in the chancel with the following inscription:—

The ancient Colours of the Queen's Westminster Volunteers, presented by George III. in 1798, on the threatened invasion of England by Napoleon I., were this day solemnly received, on behalf of the parish, from Colonel Commandant C. E. Howard Vincent, C.B., M.P., and the Officers, N.C.O., and Citizens now serving to the number of 1,000, and placed in the Chancel of St. Margaret's Church as a monument of national patriotism for the emulation of posterity.

FREDERIC W. FARRAR, Archdeacon and Rector.
HENRY HUNT and CHARLES WRIGHT, Churchwardens.

March 27th, 1887.

The monuments in this church are numerous and interesting; many are to benefactors of the parish charities, and have thus peculiar local interest.

A quaint epitaph—

> Come, Alecto, lend me thy torch
> To find a churchyard in a church porch;
> Pourtrie and poetrie this tombe doth enclose,
> Therefore, gentlemen, be merrie in prose,

has been vainly sought for by the writer; but Walford, in his "History of Westminster," notices it as having been on the tomb of John Skelton, poet laureate to the University of Oxford (some say to King Henry VIII.), who, falling into disgrace with Cardinal Wolsey, took sanctuary at Westminster, and, dying June 21, 1529, was buried in St. Margaret's Churchyard. Weever, in "Funeral Monuments," attributes this epitaph to another poet, Thomas Churchyarde, "ye olde Court Poet," who also was buried in St. Margaret's Churchyard, April 4, 1604.

The striking bust of Vandon, yeoman of the guard to our Tudor sovereigns, is still in fair preservation on the wall of the north aisle. Round the effigy are the words: "Obiit Anno Dom. 1577. Buried the 4th of September, Ætatis suæ 94." His munificent bequest to the parish charities has been made applicable to present requirements, and since January 1890 has been devoted to payment of nurses to nurse the sick poor of the district at their own homes.

Under Raleigh's window we find a tablet to the memory of "Blanche Parry, who died 1589, 56 years chief gentlewoman of the Privy Chamber to Queen Elizabeth, whom she faithfully served from her Highness' birth."

Lady Dorothy Stafford, also 40 years lady of the bedchamber to Queen Elizabeth, is buried in this church; her monument records, "She did good to everybody." The fine tomb, at the east end of the south aisle, to Lady Dudley, who died in 1600, is a good specimen of that era; the inscription sets forth the relationship of the defunct to the hero of the Armada. She was daughter of Lord Howard

of Effingham, sister to the Earl of Nottingham, High Admiral of England, "by whose prosperous direction, through the goodness of God in defending his handmaiden Queen Elizabeth, the whole Fleet of Spain was defeated and discomfited," widow of Lord Dudley, and wife of Richard Montpesson, Esq., who erected this monument, emblazoned with her coat of arms, to her memory. His own fine statue once knelt at her feet, but was removed, many years ago, to the lumber-room of the tower.

A mural tablet in the chancel, to the memory of Sir Walter Raleigh, who was interred there, is inscribed :—

> Reader, should you reflect on his errors,
> Remember his many virtues,
> And that he was Mortal.

The marble drapery, death's head, and cherubs of the Dering monument, 1726, and the same on the Bertie tablets, mark the taste of another epoch.

The tablet to Mrs. Elizabeth Corbett, who died in 1724, is inscribed with what Dr. Johnson has pronounced to be "the most valuable of all Pope's epitaphs" :—

> Here rests a Woman, Good without pretence,
> Blest with plain Reason, and with sober Sense ;
> No Conquests she, but o'er her Self, desir'd,
> No Arts essay'd, but not to be admir'd ;
> Passion and Pride were to her Soul unknown,
> Convinced that Virtue only is our own.
> So unaffected, so compos'd a Mind,
> So firm, yet soft, so strong, yet so refined,
> Heaven, as its purest Gold, by Tortures try'd ;
> The Saint sustain'd it, but the Woman dy'd.

A tablet commemorates the memory of Nares, organist to King George I. and King George II., composer of the well-known anthem, "Souls of the Righteous."

The Victorian epoch is well represented by the bust by Belt, erected in 1876 by "Parishioners and Friends" to the memory of the late rector, Canon Conway ; and also by two fine alabaster tablets inlaid with mosaic, one by his brother officers of the 5th Regiment, to the memory of G. T. Robertson, who died in 1890; the other by the present rector to the memory of his son, "Cyril Lytton Farrar, born at Harrow, March 19th, 1869. Died at Peking, February 2nd, 1891." A verse is inscribed on this tablet, written by the veteran American writer, Oliver Wendell Holmes :—

> Afar he sleeps whose name is graven here,
> Where loving hearts his early doom deplore ;
> Youth, promise, virtue, all that made him dear,
> Heaven lent, earth borrowed, sorrowing to restore.

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin," and the simple pathos of this epitaph will touch the heart of many a mourner whose own loved ones have gone "before."

Space only precludes the mention of many other interesting monuments and epitaphs in this church. In 1867 a stone sarcophagus, dug up in the churchyard, showed that Roman Christians had been buried there; the inscription was: "Memoriæ valer—Aman—Dini—ValerI—Superven—Tor—et—Marcellus—PatrI—Fecer." This sarcophagus had evidently been again used, according to the then usual custom, in the twelfth century, for a cross-sculptured lid had been put upon it.

In 1880 the churchyard of St. Margaret's was converted from a crowded cemetery, with a confused mass of dilapidated memorial stones, into a green swarded lawn. A plan of all the then existing graves was made, and is now preserved in the church. One monument, however, was left near the tower porch—that of Alexander Davies, who died July 2, 1665, and of his wife; their daughter and heiress, Mary, brought the rich dower of the Manor of Ebury into the Grosvenor family, whose title of Westminster is thus intimately connected with the distaff side of the house.

Most interesting details of old Westminster life, customs, prices of labour and materials for many centuries could be compiled from the Parish Account Books, which have been carefully preserved since 1460. The "Register of all Buryalls, Weddyngs, & Crystenyngs in Saynt Margetts Pyshe, in West^{m}, begynnyng the first day of January, in the yere of our Lord God M.V^{c}. & XXXVIII., & the XXX. yere of the reigne of our Souren Lord Kynge, Henry the Eight," shows from what an early date these valuable historical books of reference were carefully preserved. The earlier folios display at the end of the fifteenth century the marvellous penmanship of the monks who then compiled them. Some of these folios show page after page of death entries from *plague*, bringing home to the peruser, with awful distinctness, the terrible mortality caused by this pestilence. The noblest families in England have had recourse to the registers of St. Margaret's Church in compiling pedigrees. Many remarkable names can be found in the pages of these registers; let us merely note a few here. In the Death Registers are the names of Caxton, the poets Skelton, Churchyarde, Harrington (author of "Oceana"), Milton's second wife and infant son, Richard Sycell, father of Queen Elizabeth's celebrated minister Sir William Cecil, High Steward of Westminster. In the Wedding Registers we find Milton married, 1656, Katherine Woodcock, his second wife; Edmund Waller married

Ann Backes, [illegible]; Thomas Campbell married Matilda Sinclair, [illegible]; Samuel Pepys, of diary fame, married Elizabeth Marchant, [illegible]; and Reginald Heber, Bishop of Calcutta, married Sarah Boyle in [illegible].

The notorious Barbara Villiers, Duchess of Cleveland, a child of the infamous Titus Oates, many illegitimate children of Charles II., John Churchill, the great Duke of Marlborough, and Lord Palmerston were, with many others equally known to history and literature, baptized in this church.

Two pictures of St. Peter and St. Paul, in imitation statuary by Cassali, originally placed in the apse-like east end of the chancel in 1763, were removed thence at the restoration of the church, and were placed in 1802 in the tower porch. In the vestry are curious old prints showing the church, 1660–1692, with the apse-shaped chancel, and representing the Speaker and House of Commons attending in state, as was then the custom. In 1802 the Speaker's chair of state was removed from the west gallery, and in 1878 all the galleries in the church were removed. The Speaker and members of the House of Commons who now attend Divine worship in their parish church occupy ordinary pews in the nave reserved for their use, and only to be distinguished by the silver maces set up at each end. The Speaker does not now wear his wig and gown in church, except on those few occasions when the House of Commons attend St. Margaret's in state—when strangers are not admitted.

At such times as Parliament is assembled, the "Bidding" prayer is used before the sermon in St. Margaret's Church. This is the only non-cathedral or collegiate church, except the Temple Church and the Chapels Royal, where this ancient custom still prevails.

In 1642 St. Margaret's Church was the scene of a remarkable historical ceremony, which should render the church of peculiar interest to all Scottish Presbyterians, for within her walls was read the "Solemn League and Covenant" before the assembled Houses of Parliament and the Assembly of Divines, who signified their assent thereto by uplifted hands.

In 1759 the notorious John Wilkes was a churchwarden of St. Margaret's, and paid 5*s.* per quarter for four seats in the church. In 1768 he placarded the walls of the church with a notice: "The Prayers of the Congregation are desired for the Restoration of Liberty, depending on the Election of Mr. Wilkes."

On the famous silver "overseers'" box, belonging to the parish, to the covers of which something suitable in silver is yearly added by the office-bearers, Wilkes and his co-churchwarden added a picture,

by Hogarth, of the Duke of Cumberland (the "Butcher" of Culloden). The interior of Westminster Hall in 1798, with the volunteers drilling therein; the Battle of the Nile, the Battle of Waterloo, the Bombardment of Algiers, and all historical events of note down to our own days, are all represented on this unique box and its covers.

In 1834, when the House of Lords was burnt down, the ancient records were stacked for safety for some days in St. Margaret's Church. During the reign of Edward VI., the Protector Somerset threatened to destroy St. Margaret's Church, and began to remove some of the ornaments to his own house. The parishioners rose *en masse* to save their church from destruction, and by doing so preserved for the benefit of after-ages a valuable historic monument. The demolition of St. Margaret's has been spoken of within the last few years in the public press; many affect to believe that it injures the *coup d'œil* of the Abbey. Still, if this were so, which is far from a proved fact, should not the great importance of its association with the history of Great Britain save the old Parish Church of the House of Commons for succeeding generations?

In 1806, to provide proper access to the Houses of Parliament, many narrow alleys and houses abutting on the church were removed at a cost of £250,000, giving enclosed spaces of 3,700 square yards, thus forming in some degree a fitter approach to some of the finest public buildings in Europe.

A strange story is told of a lady whose house at the end of the eighteenth century abutted on the church, and who obtained permission from the churchwardens to have a window opened into the aisle of the church, thereby allowing her to hear the services from her own room!

The well-known, oft-repeated tale of the poet Cowper, when a Westminster schoolboy, crossing St. Margaret's Churchyard, and having a skull thrown at him from an open grave, adds another name to the list of poets who in one way or another have been connected with St. Margaret's.

In the north aisle of the church exists a curious iron railing, let into a recess in the wall; no record or mention of this can be traced in local histories, but from the contour and appearance of the iron-work resembling the much admired railings in front of the Emanuel Hospital, Westminster (now in process of demolition), it may be of the same date.

Let us now imagine the St. Margaret's of pre-Reformation days—in the words of Wordsworth:—

See with dim association
The tapers burn, the odorous incense feeds
A greedy flame; the pompous Mass proceeds,
And all the people bow their heads, like reeds
To a soft breeze, in lowly adoration.

In the already mentioned ancient Parish Account Books we find many disbursements for ornaments and vessels then used in public worship: In 1483, "men were payde to wache the Sepulcre, each at iii^{d}"; in 1517, £38 was paid to "Watir Gairdnir for makyng of ye Rood Loft." King Edward VI. worshipped in this church. During Lent, 1549, we find an entry as follows: "Payde to William Curlew, for mendyng divers pewes, that were broke when Dr. Lattymere deyd preache, xviii^{d}." This was Latimer, Bishop of Worcester, who suffered a martyr's death under Queen Mary I. On Easter Sunday, 1555, during the celebration of the mass, a monk of Ely, who had become a Protestant, struck the officiating priest with a knife; Bishop Bonner ordered the monk to be burnt in St. Margaret's Churchyard, his hand having first been cut off. An engraving of this incident, with a graphic description, is to be found in Foxe's "Book of Martyrs," St. Margaret's Church being visible in the background of the picture.

Since the light of the Reformation dawned some of the most eminent divines of the Church of England have preached her doctrine to prince and people from the pulpit of St. Margaret's Church.

Yea, she hath mighty witnesses, and though
Her deeds of good have had their ebb and flow,
She yet awaits, in righteous strength sublime,
The calm cool judgment of the future time.

Many eminent Puritan divines have occupied the pulpit of St. Margaret's. Walcott enumerates, "Calamy, Newcomen, Reynolds, Baxter, Lightfoot, Dr. Taylor, Goodwyn, and Case." When this last-named preached before Oliver Cromwell in St. Margaret's Church, he censured him to his face, and, throwing his handkerchief at General Monk, cried: "There be some here who will betray Three Kingdoms for filthy lucre's sake."

In 1648 Hugh Peters from the pulpit of this church denounced King Charles I. as "the great Barabbas, the murderer, the tyrant, and the traitor." Within five weeks occurred the tragedy at the Banqueting Hall, Whitehall.

Here, too, in later days, Bishop Burnet, of Titus Oates' celebrity, was wont to address the congregation and the House of Commons for two hours at a time; perhaps the thought of this may make us somewhat lenient to Lord Mordaunt's well-known squib, which

honours this bishop as the cause of the general erection of the high pews, to prevent the Queen's ladies from "ogling the Knights of the Toast," instead of attending to the bishop's dissertations. In 1713 Dr. Sacheverell, the High Church party leader of that day, preached before the House of Commons a sermon of which 40,000 copies were sold. The poet Young also occupied this pulpit.

In 1739 the great Whitefield preached in this church; "having seized possession of the Pulpit, he was locked into it by the Sexton, and guarded by 6 lusty followers." Similar scenes are also recorded of Rowland Hill; and the Rev. Mr. Saunders having been in December 1820 refused the use of the pulpit on the ground of his Methodistical views, a riot ensued, and the beadles apprehended two of the rioters. How thankful should we feel that our lot is cast on peaceful days, when we observe the overflowing congregations who listen with rapt attention to the impassioned eloquence of the present rector of St. Margaret's! In the eloquent sermon preached October 1892, on the death of the late Poet Laureate, Lord Tennyson, the preacher drew the attention of his hearers to the curious association of the old historic church of the city of Westminster with the poets of England and those of the great Republic, and demonstrated how "the illumined souls of the few Christian Poets of the World" have influenced mankind for good.

The passing of the Extra-mural Burial Act, and the consequent closing of the churchyard of St. Margaret's, has not severed the link which for centuries has connected this church with the mighty dead. It has now become a custom to hold special memorial services in St. Margaret's Church for celebrities of the political, artistic, scientific, and literary worlds who are connected in some way with this parish. To enumerate the great men whose funeral orations have, during the past few years, been pronounced within the walls of St. Margaret's, would be to write the contemporary history of the period.

Autres temps, autres mœurs. This oft-quoted adage certainly does not hold good with respect to St. Margaret's Church. Generation after generation passes away, science develops, knowledge increases, yet in one respect the same idea still exists, the same motives still actuate us as actuated our forefathers; for, while time remains, the citizens of Westminster and the thoughtful members of all English-speaking races must truly value the time-honoured and historically rich relic of the past—the Parish Church of the House of Commons.

MARY L. SINCLAIR.

THE MASSACRE OF CHICAGO.

"MAMIE dear, how many cents do each of your dancing lessons cost?"

"Don't know, Ethel dear, but father says six of them represent a small dressed hog."

"A Chicago Conversation," this was headed, in the odd corner of some American newspaper—not, it need hardly be said, published in Chicago. No, they do not quite talk hogs in Chicago; at least, not the little girls who take dancing lessons. Nor would one often hear Chicago talk talk of an event which, if it could have happened in any part of England, would rise perennial on the tongue of the locality. Perhaps it is somewhat inharmonious to drag in the commonplace hog—even by the tail—alongside an Indian massacre of the early years of the century. Yet they both—particularly the hog—belong to Chicago. As a matter of fact, the massacre took place long before Chicago town had any kind of existence; eighty years back from the present year of grace, when, by reason of the World's Fair, Chicago has so mightily exalted her horn. If Chicago were purely American in population, instead of cosmopolitan to an extreme, the massacre of Fort Dearborn would oftener crop up in her conversation. A new and mixed people do not make for the conservation of even the most attractive traditions.

Only the other day a handsome memorial bronze was set up under the shadow of a gnarled tree which was young, a mere bending sapling, on the day of the massacre. The story, one of the stories illustrating how the "wild and woolly west" of the American continent was torn from the hand of the savage, has been told by Mr. Joseph Kirkland and others. No story of "red rapine" could be more interesting, especially when its pathos and colour are set beside the grinding, dreadfully commercial Chicago we now know. Moreover, it is something to invest this Chicago—an undiscovered bourne to the average European, a place somewhere among the rolling American prairies—with any touch of interest outside the somewhat frayed World's Fair.

; men, hunters, trappers, and so forth, had come and gone

across the site of Chicago, at the corner of Lake Michigan, towards the end of last century. However, there was nothing which could be dignified with the name of a settlement until 1803. In that year Fort Dearborn, a post marking the outer verge of civilisation, was established on a piece of land now the very centre of the huge western capital. The Chicago river, instead of being filthier by three times than the Thames—the mere word 'filthy' does not do anything like justice to the Chicago river—was a weedy stream tumbling leisurely into Lake Michigan. Horses there were none to drag the timbers for the building of the log huts; so the soldiers had to do the dragging as best they could. The huts went up under the gaze of hundreds of Indians, picturesque men with long pipes, and quiet timid-eyed squaws intent on the cooking and the children, gathered to wonder what the white man meant. Well, onward the Fort stood in that bleak place, a military station, and a centre for trade with the Indians. John Kinzie, an old trader, a man very familiar with the ways of the Indians, had his house on the other side of the streamlet from the Fort. He bought many pelts, and saw the hot summers parching up the land, and the cold winters freezing the soil like stone, pass by on each other's heels. Whether at this time difficulties occurred between the whites and the Indians it is hard to say, but the likelihood is that there was no excess of affection between the two races. To the wild man the white was an interloper; his presence boded the Indian no good. It took time for the cloud to gather and burst.

On Saturday, August 9, 1812, a friendly Pottawottomie Indian, Winnemeg by name, brought to Captain Nathan Heald, commanding Fort Dearborn, the tidings that war had begun between the United States and Great Britain. General Hull, the United States commander at Detroit, sent these tidings, accompanied by the order to Captain Heald that if practicable Fort Dearborn was to be evacuated. Winnemeg's despatch, though they may not have known what precisely it amounted to, brought the neighbouring Indians swarming round. Something was in the air. What was it? Captain Heald, after evacuating the Fort and distributing the goods in it as he might see fit among the Indians, was to proceed with his force to Detroit or Fort Wayne. Either place was a long way off, through comparatively unknown country, and there were hordes of wild threatening Indians at every turning. Including women and children, Captain Heald's charge numbered ninety-three—a small force and a great responsibility. In council two courses were suggested: that they should depart at once, before the savages had time to collect in full number;

or that they should bide and hold the Fort until reinforcements arrived. Evil was in the moon; the air sniffed of brooding danger, although nobody exactly knew how. Captain Heald pow-wowed with the Indians; bravely marched outside his gates and discussed affairs with them. He did so, although an old friendly Black Partridge had given him strong evidence as to the highly ungenial intentions of the Indians. For his services to the Americans in Indian fighting, Black Partridge had received a fine medal, stamped "Peace and Friendship," and showing the hands of the white man and the red man clasped below the calumet and the tomahawk. "I come, Father," spoke Black Partridge, "to deliver up the medal. Our young men are determined to attack you. I cannot remain with them and wear it." No doubt his words were more picturesque—for Indian dialects all suggest the whistle of the wind through canyon and crevasse—but such was the meaning of them. Black Partridge was a herald of coming doom, if Captain Heald could only have understood it.

Would the Indians, Captain Heald asked, give the whites an escort to Fort Wayne? They would get the goods in Fort Dearborn among them, and besides more recompense when Fort Wayne was safely reached. Protesting the best intentions, the Indians agreed; they would see the Americans safe to Fort Wayne. Surplus arms and ammunition in Fort Dearborn, and the unconsumed liquor, could do no good to the Indians, so these were to be destroyed before the evacuation. Naturally this was not stated in the pow-wow, but in all possibility the savages subsequently, to their infinite chagrin, learned how much liquor they missed.

Always on August 12, good news—more than good news—came to cheer the hearts of the Fort Dearborn garrison, and left them to a new plane of hope. Captain William Wells, a man of dash, thoroughly acquainted with every trick of Indian warfare, quite unexpectedly rode up at the head of a small band of Miami Indians. A Kentucky boy, Wells had been stolen when a mere child by the Miami Indians, had been brought up among them, and had married a high chieftain's daughter. Eventually his family discovered him, and he forsook the ways of the Indian and became a captain under General Wayne. At Fort Wayne he heard of the probable evacuation of the Dearborn post, and knowing the risks involved in it, hurried across the country to help Captain Heald. Whatever view Captain Wells took—whether to evacuate or remain—the die had been cast before his arrival. They were to evacuate, and the hour of departure was set for nine o'clock on Tuesday morning, the

15th. The little Fort had been a rude enough home, but years of acquaintance had endeared it, and it was luxurious hospitality contrasted with the dangers of the prairie. Captain Wells, with a number of his Miamis, mounted on active Indian ponies, took the lead, and cantered from the shelter of the fort into the open. The regulars and the militia composing the garrison, the women, the children, and the waggons followed, and the rear was brought up by the remainder of the Miamis. There were fifers and drummers among the troops, and as they stepped outside the shelter of the log-houses they must needs strike up a tune. They played the "Dead March in Saul," and the weird mournful notes were perhaps the music most attuned at the moment to their feelings. By this time everybody took it for granted that there was to be trouble, in all probability disaster.

The escort of Pottawottomie Indians made a pretence to carry out their undertaking of a safe escort to Fort Wayne ; but it was the merest pretence. Before the cavalcade had gone more than a mile the Pottawottomies silently by a sly *détour* stole away behind a ridge of sand-hills. Still, the whites must go ahead ; there was no going back now. Suddenly Captain Wells turned his horse and spurred back to the main line, waving as he did so his hat in circles round his head. Generally, Captain Wells kept a spare bullet in his mouth in order that he might, when in action, load the quicker. That was an Indian trick ; the circle he made with his hat meant frontier speech. It meant they were surrounded by Indians, that the moment of crisis had arrived. "They are to attack us," Captain Wells exclaimed to Captain Heald. "We must form instantly and charge them !" A pattering volley dropped in upon the troops as they got into line and prepared to charge over the bank on the savages. It was an easy thing for a body of disciplined soldiers to drive the Indians before them like March dust. But, routed in front, the Indians simply closed in on the flanks, and the soldiery could fight with little avail against so many. Instead of rendering assistance the friendly Miamis either ran away or sat stolidly on their ponies looking at the wild work. And it was wild work ! Captain Wells himself slew seven of the savages ; he was in the forefront and thick of the onslaught. "There are seven red devils over there I have killed," he told his niece, the wife of Captain Heald. He was desperately wounded, and he asked if anybody survived that the message should be taken to his wife, "I died at my post, doing the best I could." Unquestionably, the most fascinating thread in the whole story, the feature which lightens up the butchery as heroism will lighten up the foulest transaction, is

the death fight of Captain Wells. His horse was shot down under him, and being wounded he was from that moment practically at the mercy of his foes. A couple of friendlies tried to keep him out of harm, but perhaps he was not very anxious to go—anyhow he saw with equanimity a bunch of warriors drive towards him. As they approached he picked off the foremost with his revolver, and then challenged them to "shoot away," which they did. So one account puts it; another differs. In effect the second says that Captain Wells, while the two friendlies were trying to persuade him to a place of safety, was stabbed in the back by a chief, Pee-so-Tum, and then scalped. The one thing certain is that Captain Wells fought like a demon, and to the bitter end, only so uselessly.

Captain Heald, too, had been sorely wounded, and, with a fraction of his men, was isolated on a knoll in the prairie from the baggage waggons. In fifteen minutes from the crack of the first Indian musket, the baggage train with the women and the children had fallen into the hands of the Indians. A young savage climbed into a waggon containing twelve children, and plunged his tomahawk into the heads of every one of them. But for Black Partridge, Mrs. Helm, the young and charming wife of Lieutenant Helm, second in command of Fort Dearborn, would have shared the fate of the children. An Indian youth assailed her with a tomahawk, slashing and stabbing with the most vicious earnestness. Mrs. Helm seized hold of the lad and endeavoured to wrench the tomahawk from his grasp, and disarm him of his scalping knife. In the middle of the precarious struggle, she was lifted bodily up by a stalwart Indian, dragged to the lake, and plunged into the water. Black Partridge—it was he—did not intend to drown her, however, and indeed saved her from further danger. Mrs. Heald, the wife of the commanding officer, with a beautiful horse she rode, long coveted by the Indians, had also been captured. The horse the Indians greatly prized, and years afterwards, although offered a good price, could not be tempted to part with it. Nothing remained for Captain Heald and those who survived but to surrender and take their chance at the hands of the Indians. Of the fifty-four regulars, twenty-six were slain in fight and five were murdered after the surrender; the twelve militiamen were killed, and twelve children and two women completed the bill of the Indian butchers. Thus, of a party of ninety-three who marched out of Fort Dearborn—excluding Captain Wells's Miami Indians—thirty-six only survived. Perhaps these, so threatening was their plight following the massacre, would almost have preferred to have figured in the list of dead.

Poor Captain Wells was made the subject of revenge to the last—his scalp torn off, his body cut up, and his heart plucked out. Some of the prisoners eventually escaped, Captain and Mrs. Heald, and Lieutenant and Mrs. Helm, by the assistance of friendly Indians; but some never found their way back to civilisation. Chandonais, a half-breed chief, had got possession of Captain Heald in the distribution of the spoils of war. He sought out the captor of Mrs. Heald, brought her to her husband, and then one fine morning gave them a chance, which they quickly accepted, to escape in a birch bark canoe. John Kinzie, the old trader, had taken his share of the risks, come out of them scatheless, and gone back to his hut beside Fort Dearborn—the fort by this time laid utterly in ruins. It threatened to go ill with the Kinzie family, for distant savages came to Fort Dearborn, hoping they might make some late plunder. Billy Caldwell, the handsome son of a handsome Pottawottomie girl and an Irish colonel, came, however, to the rescue of the Kinzies, and they got away to a safe part of the country. Billy seems to have been something of a character, a picturesque figure with no small capacity for blarney, and it is a pity there is so little record extant of him. Partial retribution only could be exacted from the murderers of the Fort Dearborn garrison, since the times were troublous, and it was hard after they had scattered to get at them. In July, 1816, Captain Hezekiah Bradley, with two companies of soldiers, rebuilt Fort Dearborn and gathered together and buried the bones of the victims of the massacre. Down to 1837 the place continued to be occupied as an army post, and twenty years later the log-house was still in use for Government purposes.

To-day Fort Dearborn, with its bloody story of cut-throat savagery enacted within a not so very distant period, is ancient history in the land where it was the advance guard of civilisation. A twenty-story "sky-scraper" blinks grimly near the spot where it stood, and the tired welkin echoes the eternal ring of the almighty dollar.

JAMES MILNE.

SOME CURIOSITIES OF GEOLOGY.

WHEN Professor Sedgwick became a geologist he is reported to have said, "Hitherto I have never turned a stone; henceforth I will leave no stone unturned."

And the geologist who turns over in this spirit the written and unwritten records of geology is rewarded by the discovery of many curious facts and fancies connected with the study of the rocks.

The museums of our own and other countries contain many such curiosities of more than general interest. In that of Bath, for example, is a noble monument of the industry and patience of a well-known geologist, Charles Moore. This is his magnificent collection of fossils. One case is of special interest, as the record of an enormous amount of patient labour and skill.

At Holwell a fissure in the mountain limestone of that district had become filled in with rock material of a later—viz. a Triassic—age. This material contained numerous fossils. Three tons of it were extracted, and carefully searched by Moore for fossils. The result is the collection in the above case. Notable among the rest is a collection of 70,000 teeth of a species of fish!

Among the most interesting fossils to be seen in any museum are those in which the bodies of the unborn young have been preserved within that of the parent. This is the case with certain specimens of the Ichthyosaurus, or fish reptile, of the Lias. In the museum at Tübingen are two skeletons of this ancient animal, each containing a single skeleton of an unborn young. One in the museum of Munich has five such specimens of unborn young within the cavity of its ribs. The most notable collection of such skeletons, however, is in the Stuttgart museum, where there are four full-grown specimens of Ichthyosaurus containing fossil young. Two of these have one each, one has four, while the other is said to contain upwards of seven young. There seems little doubt, from a consideration of the facts, that the small skeletons are really those of young which have never left their parents, and such is the general opinion held regarding them.

In some of the Paris museums are to be seen collections of wax

models of the flowers of plants of Eocene age. The story of how these have been obtained is an interesting one. The growing plants were enveloped in calcareous mud, which afterwards hardened to travertine. Then the vegetable matter decaying left delicate moulds of their form in the rock. Into these moulds melted wax was introduced under an air-pump, and the calcareous matter then dissolved by acid. The result was these wonderfully perfect wax models of the delicate organs of the plants which lived in France long ere the advent of man.

The building of the earth—its geological structure—has influenced in many cases the choice of sites for the human architect. One of the most ancient and interesting examples is where the geological structure of a particular spot has determined the position of a British camp. A great fault, known as the Clifton fault, brings down the soft upper limestone shales to a level with the hard carboniferous limestone. The softer rock has been more rapidly worn away by weathering, leaving an elevated ridge of the harder limestone along the line of fault. This commanding position has been chosen by some ancient Britons for the line of their camp. Little as they probably knew of geology, they have, nevertheless, marked an important geological feature by their choice of a site.

Our next example refers to the Romans. A portion of the line of their great wall from the Tyne to the Solway has been determined by the line of outcrop of a mass of igneous rock, known as the Great Whin Sill. This rock forms a bold, elevated ridge, with a steep escarpment facing north. On it, for a considerable distance, runs the wall with its numerous mile castles, and at one place stand the ruins of a considerable town, known as Borcovicus, or Housesteds. In the far distant geological past a great mass of igneous rock was forced in a molten state through the peacefully lying strata of the lower Carboniferous. It solidified, and now lies quietly interstratified with the other rocks. And in the far historical past the eruptive energy of the Romans invaded Britain, and forced their language, laws, and customs among the natives. The Roman element is now as completely interstratified with the native as the eruptive basalt with the sandstones and limestones of the Carboniferous. And here on the line of the Roman Wall are the indelible traces of the two eruptions in close contact.

The Whin Sill, leaving the line of the Roman Wall, runs north, and forming a rocky elevation on the coast not far south of Berwick, has determined the position of one of Northumberland's most noble castles, Bamburgh, the royal building of King Ida.

Farther south, again, the romantic and legend-haunted ruins of Dunstanborough Castle stand upon a similar ocean-commanding elevation of the same rock.

And coming to more recent geological formations, Prof. J. Geikie has pointed out that in Scotland some of the ridges and mounds of glacial origin have been chosen as the sites of castles.

In America, again, it has been pointed out how the superficial deposits of the Ice age have influenced the works of the inhabitants, and how, in certain districts, "it is the rule to find roads, fields, gardens, and even houses oriented in obedience to the march of the old ice invasion."

The following interesting example of the influence of geological structure is given by Wm. Smith :—

"The short turf on the Chalk hills, the site of ancient British sports, the seats of Druidism and ancient kings, will ever continue to be favourite places of amusement : gentlemen of *the Turf* having found this to be the best for ascertaining the comparative speed of British horses ; the races of Newmarket, Epsom, Salisbury, Brighton, and several other places being on this stratum. The open hills are also the sites of many large fairs and rustic sports. The Chalk hills have the purest air, and the clearest water flows in abundance from almost every part of their base."—*Strata Identified by Organised Fossils*, p. 10.

"Marshal's Bee, which in a bead
Of amber quick was buried."—HERRICK.

"I saw a flie within a beade
Of amber cleanly buried :
The urne was little, but the room
More rich than Cleopatra's tombe."—HERRICK.

In many museums may be thus seen, in the most perfect state of preservation in amber, fossilised remains of plants and animals. The science of Egypt in its highest development did not succeed in discovering a method of embalming so perfect as the simple process taking place in nature. A tree exudes a gummy, resinous matter in a liquid state. An insect accidentally alights on it, and is caught. The exudation continues, and envelops it completely, preserving the most minute details of its structure. In the course of time the resin becomes a fossil, and is known as amber. The history of fossil insects is largely indebted to the fly in amber. And to the preserving properties of amber we owe likewise our knowledge of some of the more minute details of ancient plant structure.

The coasts of the Baltic are, and have been from the days of the Phœnician traders, the great source of the amber of commerce. It occurs in rolled fragments, in strata known to geologists as Oligocene. These are Tertiary rocks of a date a little more recent

than those of the London basin, and equivalent to the younger of the Tertiary series of the Isle of Wight. The fragments of fossil resin were washed down by the rivers from the pine forests of the district, along with sediments and vegetable *débris*. In them are found most perfectly preserved remains of the most delicate tissues of the vegetation of the period, as well as of insect life. Fragments of twigs, leaves, buds, and flowers, with sepals, petals, stamens, and pistil still in place, occur. Pollen grains have likewise been found. A recent genus, Deutzia, has been recognised by its characteristic stamens; the valves of the anthers of Cinnamomum are seen in others. In one specimen, the pendant catkin of a species of oak is seen as distinctly through the clear amber as if it were a fresh flower.

And besides the insect and plant remains thus sealed up in amber, stray relics of the higher fauna of the forest have also been met with. Fragments of hair and feathers have been caught in the sticky resin and preserved. Among others, a woodpecker and squirrel have been recognised in the Baltic amber.

Some of the most perfect fossils of the geologist have been preserved in a very different medium—viz. in ice. Thus, in the frozen soil and ice of Siberia the Mammoth occurs in a wonderful state of preservation; for not merely the bones and external impressions have been found, but actually the flesh in an undecomposed state; and a recent number of a scientific journal announces that the Natural History Museum will shortly receive, by way of exchange with the Imperial Academy of St. Petersburg, a piece of the skin of the Mammoth, with the wool still attached to it, found at Jakutsk in Siberia.

The flesh and skin of the Siberian Mammoth were fresh enough to be eaten by dogs. More remarkable still is the feat executed by certain German naturalists of preparing and eating a soup made of Mammoth gelatine. In his "Man before Metals," Mr. Joly remarks, in speaking of certain fossil bones of the Mastodon found at New York, and containing 27 to 30 per cent. of animal matter, that it would be possible to prepare from such bones a real ante-diluvian broth. And he adds in a note that the idea was put in execution by certain German naturalists at Tübingen, who had the pleasure of partaking of a soup made of Mammoth gelatine.

To call ice a rock will probably sound strange to many, yet to the geologist ice is really and truly such. Where the Mammoth occurs in Siberia, ice and frozen soil alternate, and form part of the rocky structure of the earth. And in a land of frost and fire like

Iceland, where the molten rock is poured out through snow-clad craters, rock and ice must often be mingled. At times the red-hot mass melts the ice and great floods occur. Under certain conditions, however, the lava may flow over the ice without melting it, and then, protected from external influences, the latter may be preserved for indefinite periods.

In his "Text Book of Geology" Sir A. Geikie mentions a case of strata of ice thus preserved between separate lava flows.

The Solenhofen slates are celebrated for the fidelity of their impressions of ancient life. They consist of thin slabs of fine-grained limestone, and having been largely used for lithography are often spoken of as the lithographic slates of Solenhofen. And as in the hands of the modern artist they contribute to the illustration of our books, so without man's intervention they have preserved for us some minute and faithful pictures of the past. Most notable among the natural lithographs on the Solenhofen slates is that of the "ancient bird" (Archæopteryx), the oldest authentic picture of bird-life yet known. The striking point about the impression of this toothed and long-tailed bird is the almost photographic accuracy of the outlines of the feathers.

The quarries of Monte Bolca, near Verona in Italy, have long been noted for the wonderful state of preservation of their fossil fish. These beautiful specimens, showing the most minute details of organisation, are to be seen in most of the chief museums of Europe. They owe their value to the nature of the rock in which they were entombed—a fine-grained limestone, splitting up readily into thin slabs. The geologist, as a rule, owes his specimens to the labours of those who dig into the earth for practical purposes, or to the revelation of the secrets of nature by the cliff-fall, but at Monte Bolca we have an example of quarries worked entirely for the sake of science. It is said, indeed, that the quarries are in the hands of Government, and their treasures reserved for Royal presents.

Another example of quarries worked solely for the sake of science is furnished by the famous quarries of Barrande, in Bohemia. Sir Charles Lyell describes a visit made in company with Barrande to the quarry where the first specimen of the familiar Silurian fossil *Orthoceras* was found by the latter. He visited two immense quarries, and alludes to many others, all worked by Barrande at his own expense and expressly for their fossils. Barrande, indeed, spent not only his time but the whole of his private fortune in opening out and working quarries for the sake of their fossils. His name is as indissolubly connected with the Silurian of Bohemia as that of Murchison

with the Silurian of England. One of the most notable pieces of work accomplished by him was the tracing of a single species of Trilobite through eighteen distinct stages of metamorphosis, for which purpose he collected 20,000 specimens, at a cost of £200. And in doing so he showed that previous writers had made out of the different stages of this one species, not only *many* distinct species, but even *several* genera.

It was Voltaire who said, "There are errors which are only for the people; there are errors which are only for the philosophers." The history of the progress of opinion on fossil shells illustrates the latter part of this saying. Yet their real nature was clearly enough seen by some of the ancient writers. Herodotus, for example, remarks on the shells found inland in Egypt as evidence of the former presence of the ocean, and the formation of land out of the water. And Ovid speaks of marine shells lying far from the sea.

Xenophanes, the Greek Monistic philosopher, again, asserted that the impressions of plants and animals were the real remains of former living creatures, and that the mountains in which they were found must formerly have stood under water. But in the sixteenth century, Palissy the potter stood forth almost alone against the learned men of his day as the advocate of the opinion that fossil shells were really the remains of once living animals. A few of the early Italian geologists—Fracastoro, Cardano, and others—were on the same side, but the majority of the learned were against it. Some explained fossils as the result of a certain plastic virtue latent in the earth: they were mere sports of nature. Voltaire himself suggested that the fossil fish found in Hesse and the Alps had been thrown away as refuse from their meals by travellers. The Ammonites were serpents which had coiled themselves into that form, and been petrified. Anything rather than bring the sea over the place.

Fossil bones have been looked upon in various lights, and have had various virtues ascribed to them: they have been regarded as ancestral bones, as by the Bashkir of the Ural; they have had medicinal virtues ascribed to them, as in the case of the "lightning bones" of the Hindoos. The classic fable of Atlas changed into a mountain was probably suggested by the finding of fossil bones in the rocks. In Ovid's version of the story the bones of the giant became stone—*Ossa lapis fiunt.*

Herodotus was a writer of history, but scattered through his works are a few interesting references to geology. In Herodotus we find the first written notice of those interesting fossils the Nummulites, occurring in the limestone of which the Pyramids are built. Strabo,

a later writer, conjectured that these fossils were the remains of lentils brought there by the ancient workmen as food. Another conjecture made them the coins with which the workmen at the Pyramids had been paid.

Herodotus has something to say on that interesting geological problem, the waste of the land, and the filling up of the ocean with sediment. Egypt he considered was formerly a bay, filled up and converted into dry land by the sediment of some great river. And this was not a new idea in the days of the "father of history," for he notes how he heard it related by others. He observed also that the sediments carried into the sea by the Nile were forming new lands, and estimated that if the river were turned into the Gulf of Arabia, it would fill it in 10,000 years. Here we find the germ of the doctrine taught by Hutton, that new rocks are formed out of the waste of the old. And Herodotus is geological enough to note the situation of the quarries in the mountains of Arabia which supplied the stone for the Pyramids.

In the ordinary fossil remains of the rocks we read the history of the plants and animals of the past. There is another series of fossil records in which we may read its weather chronicle. Man, in his recent practice of keeping a weather record, has been anticipated by the meteorological record of the rocks. The earliest interesting record of the weather of Britain goes back to Silurian times, long ere the appearance of Hugh Miller's great army of Old Red Sandstone fishes of strange and unfamiliar aspect, to the time when a series of volcanic islands occupied the site of Wales, and stretched up north to the Lake district. Sir A. Ramsay has pointed out the interesting fact that the prevailing winds were westerly then as they are to-day; the fact has impressed itself on the stony monuments of those ancient volcanoes. Like those of to-day they emitted ashes as well as lava. And, as it happens now with active volcanoes, the greater part of this light ash was blown to that side of the cone opposite to the direction of the prevailing wind. Hence these ash deposits, now hardened into compact stone, yet still showing their origin in their minute structure, are found to be thicker to the east of the spots where the old cones were situated.

Dr. Henry Sorby has pointed out an equally interesting example, indicating the prevalence of westerly winds in Carboniferous times when, to the geological eye, Britain appears occupied by a series of wide, low-lying swamps, where gigantic stems of Lepidodendron, Sigillaria, Cordaites, and Calamites shoot upwards, and spread their long fern-like and grass-like leaves to the breeze. The evidence

comes from a fossil forest uncovered during some excavations near Sheffield. In a bed of sandy shale the roots of the trees are seen in the spot where they grew, and Dr. Sorby observed that the roots were stronger and spread out more horizontally towards the West. And this is precisely the effect produced on trees growing in exposed situations in the same neighbourhood at the present day by the prevailing westerly winds.

Prof. Hull, again, has inferred from certain peculiarities in the geological structure that the prevailing winds in the district surrounding the Cotteswold Hills were north-westerly in Liassic times. And Mr. Mellard Reade has recorded an instance of ripple marks in drift, which indicate that the wind producing them was north-west. In the form of ripple marks on slabs of sandstone, indeed, the blowing of the wind in remote geological ages has been often recorded. And in like manner the shower of the past has left its record in the form of the rain prints frequently found on the same.

G. W. BULMAN.

THE PASSAGE OF THE STATUES.

THE statue loomed against the midnight sky:
The city's thousand roofs lay hushed in sleep;
Its steeples lifting shadowy spires on high
Looked like gigantic shepherds watching sheep.
The towers of Notre Dame in murky air
Frowned each on each, whilst voices of despair
Moaned in the wind, and heavy cloud on cloud
Hung down as if the dead day's solemn shroud
Would never more be lifted—nor again
The splendour of the morn arise and reign:
As if the sun burnt out on darkened hearth
Had passed away from the forsaken earth
And left the desolate and rayless sky
Wrapt in eternal night's obscurity.

Calm—sword in hand, and bearing on his breast
The harness of his ancient warrior race,
Sits the bronze horseman, ready, lance in rest,
Hero and King—and set upon his face
An iron smile. Tranquil—immutable—
He looked—as down the inky darkness fell—
With that untiring gesture pointing there
As if he petrified the very air.
All that upon a regal brow may lie
Of force, in tragic brass captivity—
All that of lightning flash an eye may keep
Bound in its prison house of endless sleep—
All the strange life that lies in death, combined
In that colossal form to lend the hour
The solitude—the gloom—its direful power.

Around the statue wailed and wailed the wind—
And through its arches wild with terror vain,
There fled the rushing waters of the Seine.

With sudden blast—and whence what tongue may tell ?—
A voice upon the icy stillness fell,
It smote the ear upon the statue's face—
It said :
" See if your son is in his place."

If in that hour a wanderer had passed by
Horror had froze his blood, for earth and sky
Ne'er heard before so hoarse—so strange a sound.
It struck like thunder on the air around.
The monstrous muscles of the brass-bound steed
Quivered—the foot so long upraised in air
That through the marble crevices the weed
And fragile wild flower bloomed untrodden there,
Drew near the margin of the pedestal,
And as on viewless plains in hideous dream
Horseman and horse descended.

Over all
Reigned the still night without one passing gleam.
No light of star—no ray of moonlight shone—
And swift the waters of the Seine fled on.

Strange sight ! past palace, hovel, square, and street,
The man in bronze advanced ; beneath his feet
The city shook and dismal murmurs rose
And followed him—a wail of ghostly woes
From phantom lips—the exceeding bitter cry
Of ancient wrong and ancient slavery.
The moaning of a past of blood and tears,
The howling of revolt—of outraged years,
It was the tomb that opened forth to yield
The shrieks of slaughtered men on battle field—
And cries from burning towns—one seemed to hear
Women's and children's voices in their fear,
Whilst loud " Te Deums " for glorious victory
Rung out and drowned the captive's bitter sigh—
Loud shouts from ruthless power—despairing groans
From torture chamber—pæans round the thrones—
It was the blood—the flesh—the fire—the steel
Bearing to God on high a last appeal—
And on the horseman passed with ceaseless tread

Until he came where gleaming overhead,
'Mid trembling leaves, a phantom grand and white
Shone in pale splendour through the gloom of night,
Dreaming—august—serene,—a laurel wreath
About his brow—upon the column's base
A hand of Justice.
Then that icy breath
Once more came hoarsely like the sob of death.
It said :
"See if your son is in his place."

E'en as the hunter wakes at sound of horn
The white king wakened from his placid dream
And followed the bronze horseman, whilst the dawn
Broke and the morning star began to gleam.

On to the Place des Victoires. Neither said
This way or that, but on with measured tread
Until they stood before another king.
Nay, not a king—a god:
Erect—his head
As if with viewless spirits communing,
Seemed formed to gaze on skies for ever fair.
Strange lustre on his pallid brow was shed,
He stood irradiate in his glory there.
In naked splendour, with not crown nor sword,
Still—as if borne on distant breeze he heard
The shock of battle, and without a word
Commanded.
Stern, the man in bronze drew near
And stood before the conqueror face to face.
It seemed the wind grew still that all might hear.
He said :—
"See if your son is in his place."

The statue god—dim starlight on his brow—
Opened his lips and murmured
"Who art thou—
Whom dost thou name?"
"They call him Well-belov'd."
Slowly the god descended.
"Where is he?"
The man in bronze said hoarsely
"Come and see."

On through the ghostly gloom the Phantoms moved,
And side by side by quay and palace passed,
On to the Tuileries : here, stunn'd, aghast
They stood in fear.

Night blackened over-head,
The waters of the Seine in terror fled.

O horror ! in the dark and desolate square,
Instead of crowned triumphal statue there,
Instead of sceptred "Well-beloved" king,
A hideous, menacing, appalling thing !
Two blackened posts upheld a triangle
From which a ladder trembled, and beneath
There seemed to yawn a pit as still as death.
The hideous vision stood a monster there,
Crimson as carnage, black as funeral pall.
It seemed the door of one vast sepulchre,
Apart, aloof, betwixt mankind and all
That God keeps secret : fearful threshold, gate
Of nothingness, of direful gloom and hate !
Above, the hand that traced them who could see?
Two lurid numbers shimmer'd,

93.

No breath, no murmur in the world around
No whisper of the wind, no cry, no sound,
But in the silent sky so dim, so far,
The mist broke suddenly and showed a star.
Then to the place where still the statue stood
There rolled a head, death-white and stained with blood.
"Who art thou, spectre? Speak !"
"Son of your son."
"Whence comest thou, grim vision ?"
"From a throne."
"What is this fell machine that bars our path ?"
"Its name is Retribution—End—and Death."
"By whom constructed ?"
He of ashen hue
Looked up and answered,
"*O my fathers, You !*"

C. E. MEETKERKE.
From Victor Hugo.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE AND THE PUBLIC.

THE present year has been one of the most disastrous ever known in the history of the Stock Exchange. It has been disastrous not only to the members themselves, but also to the considerable army of outside speculators who in ordinary times make a precarious livelihood out of market fluctuations. The extent of the damage done inside the Stock Exchange is not to be fully measured by the number of failures, unprecedented though it was, which took place a few months ago during the ruinous collapse in prices following on the New York panic. In that disastrous *débâcle* several old-established firms, believed till then to be of unassailable solvency, were forced to go under, carrying down with them many less important people ; and even those who managed to escape the ruthless fall of the official hammer were scarcely in a more enviable plight. Few, indeed, and astonishingly lucky, were the individuals who escaped without some bruises in that wild *sauve qui peut*. It is hardly too much to say that three-fourths of the surviving members are so severely crippled in their capital resources that their operations, no matter what favourable change may take place in the conditions, must be confined within the most modest dimensions. On every hand are to be seen evidences of the pitiless wreckage left by the storm. In none of the markets are there even a handful of men left with the cash or the courage to take a bold initiative; and if there were, it may be doubted whether they would find, in these times of general distrust, dealers with the necessary confidence in their stability. As for the public, it is, with few exceptions, absolutely indifferent to Stock Exchange speculation. In vain do the advertising fowlers spread their nets in the sight of the sorely-stricken victims of capricious prices and ruinous "slumps." Even the legitimate brokers—those who are members of, and obedient to the rules of, the Stock Exchange—are not getting clients enough to pay the expenses of their offices. A vastly different state of things prevails

from that of the rampant times of 1888 and 1889, when money flowed into the Stock Exchange in a Pactolean stream, and the veriest mushroom of a member was able to feast himself nightly on costly viands and champagne. Although there are still a few rich men left, yet if the affairs of the members, as a body, were wound up to-morrow, it is doubtful if they would show twenty shillings in the pound.

To some extent the Stock Exchange has itself to thank for the public apathy which now frets its troubled but enterprising soul. The members, especially those in the mining market, have in past time lent themselves far too readily to "rigs" which, though profitable enough to those who were well informed and able to get out in time, inflicted heavy losses on a considerable section of the too-credulous public. Then brokers, and brokers in some cases of high position, did not hesitate to recommend their clients to invest not only in the various issues brought out under the auspices of the Barings, but also in the shares of bubble companies which they must have known to be surrounded with risk, if not absolutely certain to fail. It must not be forgotten that the financial depression, an extra sharp twist of which we have just passed through, has lasted nearly three years. The Stock Exchange during all that time has been going through a process of depletion. A great deal of whatever business it has done has been speculative business, and speculative business without any backbone. It was in the position of a slowly recovering patient suddenly attacked by a fresh and virulent disorder. It had no reserve of strength wherewith to meet the new and enfeebling conditions. When the monetary crisis in the United States shattered the position of the bulls of American railway stocks, and disclosed a weak speculative account in Throgmorton Street, there was not even a make-believe of resistance. The Stock Exchange simply collapsed. Stocks, particularly in the South African market, which had been "rigged" up by groups of interested operators, tumbled headlong by leaps and bounds. To see the long faces of the luckless gamblers who were caught, one might have thought that the crack of doom had sounded, or at least that a hostile navy had anchored close to London Bridge. Hardly had the mischief caused by the American trouble been realised than the decision of the Indian Government to close the mints against the coinage of silver played havoc with all sorts of silver securities. This time it was real investors who took alarm, as well as mere speculators, and the amount of stock offered would have knocked the bottom out of the market if one-tenth of it had really

changed hands. The difficulty of finding buyers, however, acted, after the first hysterical outburst, as a steadying influence, and helped to prevent the crisis being a good deal worse than it was. But the disturbance has left rude scars to mark its devastating course. Confidence has been once more violently shaken. The public have again been cruelly enlightened as to the treacherous vicissitudes of joint-stock investments. They were shaken out of the American market, out of the South African market, out of the market for rupee paper and Mexican securities as if by some tropical tornado. It is not surprising, perhaps, that they should feel indisposed to run any risk of facing such a violent tempest again. If things were dull before, they have since been, with the exception of a professional rally over the repeal of the Sherman Act, simply stagnant. The tape records certain fluctuations in prices, but, as a rule, they have only a nominal connection with actual dealings. So changed are the conditions in the Stock Exchange that the purchase or sale of amounts that would have been thought utterly trivial in the old days is sufficient to move quotations appreciably. Members and public are alike stricken with the same disorder, and the epidemic is made all the worse by the knowledge which the latter possess that the Stock Exchange has been shaken as a body to its very foundations. This is a phase of financial depression which has never happened before. The public, no matter how badly they were hit, always had the melancholy satisfaction of believing that the Stock Exchange was a rich and irresistibly powerful organisation. They know now that the Stock Exchange is impoverished beyond any hope of immediate recovery, and that unless they pick and choose their agents with the greatest circumspection they may chance to suffer by the atonic state of the Stock Exchange itself and the prostrate condition of many of its members.

Two facts stand out with marked and suggestive prominence in connection with the present position of affairs. One is that there are far more members in the Stock Exchange than there is, or is ever likely to be, adequate business for; and the other, which to some extent is a consequence of the first, is that their methods of doing business, and the encouragement thereby given to impecunious speculators, have proved to be cruelly fruitful of disaster. There are still no fewer than 4,000 members of the Stock Exchange, notwithstanding that many compulsory retirements have recently taken place; besides quite an army of house clerks, "authorised" to deal and otherwise. The fact that the Stock Exchange building is a joint-stock enterprise, carried on for the benefit of its shareholders, is

largely responsible for this state of things. The entrance fees and annual subscriptions together form a handsome revenue, which, subject to the cost of repairs and other ordinary outgoings, is distributable by way of dividend. The members themselves, although they make rules for the regulation of their business and possess by their committee the power of expelling defaulting or dishonourable individuals, exercise the smallest control over the admissions to their body. If a man's antecedents are respectable, and he can pay the entrance fee demanded, and can find two or three members to become his sureties against default, he has little practical difficulty in obtaining admission to the charmed circle. Clerks of members, who have spent a probationary term of four years in the house, are very properly eligible for membership on payment of a much lower entrance fee, and on obtaining sureties to a comparatively small amount. The point to be borne in mind is that the admissions are not governed by the requirements of business, any more than are the admissions to any of the learned professions, but mainly by the desire of the shareholders to swell their dividends, and the result is seen in a large army of men the majority of whom have no more chance of getting a legitimate livelihood on the Stock Exchange than they have of flying to the moon. In the absence of clients if they be brokers, or of dealings if they be dealers, they are almost forced to the necessity of speculating on their own account. This, however, is not the full extent of the evil that is wrought. With such a superfluity of stockbrokers, all keenly anxious for business, the competition to obtain clients often reaches the point of downright recklessness. It is not too much to say that three parts of the failures that have taken place this year have resulted from brokers allowing speculators to open large amounts of stock without any guarantee of their ability to pay the differences in the event of a sharp adverse movement. The outside brokers have the sense to protect themselves by a "cover" system, by which the client pays down in cash enough to cover a movement against him of 1 per cent.—which in nine cases out of ten takes place, and of course he loses his money. That is not margin enough, however, in purely speculative transactions—*i.e.*, transactions in which there is no intention on the part of the client of buying or selling out and out the stock dealt in. One per cent. is ridiculously inadequate to protect the broker who fairly opens the stock for his client, whether he recognises or not the process of automatic closure after the fashion of the outside division. In a great many cases the commission of $\frac{1}{8}$ per cent. has to be shared with the "runner" or "half-commis-

sion man" who introduces the business, so that in order to secure a comparatively trivial gain the broker almost certainly runs the risk of being let in for hundreds, or even thousands. A great deal of this kind of business came to light in the course of the doleful settlements of May and July. The fall in securities, particularly in the favourite gambling counters of the American market, was so sudden and calamitous that clients were unable to find the large amounts required to meet "differences," and left their unfortunate brokers in the lurch. This sort of disaster would have been reduced in volume, if not rendered altogether impossible, had some rule been in operation requiring a deposit of at least 5 per cent. before the opening of any speculative transactions, and authority given to the broker to close the account directly the cover was exhausted. Under the existing system the broker is simply a target to be shot at by every reckless and unscrupulous gambler, and the broker lays himself out to be shot at. There is nothing to prevent an unprincipled man, with very limited resources, possibly with no resources at all, going to a dozen different brokers one after another and opening in every case a small amount of a particular stock which he thinks is going to jump his way. In the aggregate, if the market goes against him, the loss to the brokers will be considerable, yet each broker would have felt himself justified in believing that the man was good for the seemingly modest amount he risked. An application of the cover, or security system would put a stop to such barefaced knavery.

So far the case has been regarded only from the point of view of Stock Exchange interest; but the system is equally injurious to the public. There is always a section of the public, headstrong and unreasoning, that will rush in to gamble when the opportunity is afforded. The facilities offered by the less prudent members of the stockbroking fraternity tempt these foolish people to incur risks of whose magnitude they know nothing, or which they care nothing about. A speculator in stocks caught in an adverse market is like a rat in a trap. Scarcely a day passes but what the records of the Bankruptcy Court disclose some deplorable case of ruin brought about by Stock Exchange speculation. If these victims had been compelled at the outset to put down a substantial sum to secure the broker against loss, the probabilities are that they would not—in many cases could not—have embarked on their rash enterprise at all. The practice of certain members of the Stock Exchange, probably the large majority, becomes in this way a direct encouragement to gambling—gambling which may not only ruin their clients, but is likely enough to seriously damage themselves. That there has

been an almost complete suspension of this gambling for some time is a proof of how severely the public, as well as the Stock Exchange, have been hit. The stagnation will not, of course, last for ever. New fools are constantly being born into the world, and some fine day the lessons of 1891–3 will be forgotten, and the old ruinous programme will be gone through again. That is, unless in the meantime either the Legislature or the Committee of the Stock Exchange take measures to lessen the magnitude of the evil. It is at least probable that if the Committee does not do something to control the competitive zeal and commission hunger of its more or less impecunious members, public opinion will demand reform from without. That speculation can ever be put down by Act of Parliament is neither likely nor desirable, but it might be restricted, and to some extent made less nocuous by the adoption of certain common-sense regulations. That three-fourths of the business on the Stock Exchange is pure gambling, hardly admits of a doubt; but it is gambling of a kind which, under certain circumstances, and in certain conditions cannot, as things go, be called illegitimate. If a man is lucky enough to get early information, favourable or unfavourable to a certain stock, it would be hard measure to say that he must not avail himself of it unless he is prepared to pay for what he buys, or deliver what he sells. Such a prohibition, if consistently adopted, would strike at the root of all trade. Business is everywhere carried on on a huge system of speculation, and the same principle must be recognised to a certain extent in Stock Exchange dealings. The mischief of reckless gambling would, however, be greatly lessened if the Stock Exchange insisted in all cases, irrespective of the client's reputed means, on a substantial percentage being paid down in advance to provide for possible contingencies. The rule would operate, no doubt, at first, in restriction of business, but only in restriction of business of a kind which any broker who values his solvency would be much better without. In the long run it would do incalculable good, by giving a much-needed stability to the Stock Exchange, and reducing the liability of its members to failure from external default.

The Committee of the Stock Exchange might confer with the managers as representing the proprietors as to the desirability of putting some limit to the membership. This has grown enormously of late years, and would have continued to grow had not recent events discouraged a good many of that class which regarded the Stock Exchange as an El Dorado. In Wall Street the number of seats is limited and high prices are paid for the occupancy

whenever one becomes vacant. Free trade is all very well to a certain extent, but a free trade which is injurious to trader and public alike has nothing to recommend it. So far as the clerks now undergoing their probation are concerned, the Committee must, of course, keep faith with them ; but it might reasonably decree that in the future the mere fact of having acted as a house clerk for four years will not in itself constitute eligibility for membership. The line should be drawn with even greater sharpness with regard to outside applicants. Desirable as it is, especially at the present time, to introduce a larger element of wealth into the Stock Exchange, yet money without experience is perhaps, of the two, a greater source of trouble than experience without money. The case of every candidate should be decided on its merits, and (this is the main point) without reference to the proprietorial greed for the big entrance fees. At present, it may be admitted, the Committee are not likely to be called upon to exercise any very Draconian severity of exclusion, for there are not many temptations to a rich man to embark upon a career which has brought so many old and formerly wealthy firms to grief. In the course of time, however, when the conditions have mended, the necessity of a discriminating policy will again come to the front, otherwise the Stock Exchange will be flooded with new members, and all the old evils of excessive competition for business will be repeated with new and aggravated force.

These suggestions are thrown out with the object of improving the conditions of the Stock Exchange without interfering with its existing constitution. There are critics who would like to see a much more sweeping reform. Perhaps such a reform will be forced upon the Stock Exchange some day or other ; but, for the present, the more modest programme herein outlined would be welcomed by the members themselves, and would certainly be indirectly advantageous to the public, as well as beneficial in the cause of the minor morals.

H. J. JENNINGS.

TABLE TALK.

Sir Walter Scott's Heroes.

NOTHING has done so much to shake the public faith in Sir Walter Scott—who, after all, is the greatest literary figure in England since Shakespeare—as the extremely uninteresting figures he assigns his heroes. Not one of them is essentially virile. Most frequently they disgust us by their airs of superiority. Colonel Everard, thus, in "Woodstock," is proof against the kind of fears before which the boldest man of his time was wont to quail, and talks about spectral appearances and ghosts in much the same manner as a modern scientist on the war-path. Frank Osbaldiston, in "Rob Roy," when his cousin is murdered beside him, is only anxious to save his own skin, and protests with legal acumen against being supposed to have any share in the action by which he profits. Nigel is purposely shown as a "piffler," and Quentin Durward, on the whole the most sympathetic hero Scott has depicted, is a little too given to argue. Strip Edgar of Ravenswood, even, of his melancholy, his plumes and his misfortunes, and he is "nobody very particular." On a par with their lack of energy is the uncertainty of their convictions. Waverley, an officer in the service of King George, enters the army of the Pretender, and takes part in the march to Derby. Darsie Latimer, though a Hanoverian in principle, espouses the same cause, and Roland Græme, or Avenel, brought up as a Protestant, all but changes his faith to Catholicism, having, it must be owned, some provocation so to do. Morton, in "Old Mortality," fights on the side of the Covenanters, and contrives by his priggish airs to make enemies of every one with whom he is brought into account. His very habit of always "mistering" the soldiers and fanatics by whom he is surrounded begets weariness. One and all, then, of the heroes of Scott for whom sympathy is demanded are invertebrate.

Scott's Eccentric Characters and Heroines.

THIS reproach attaches to the heroes only, those who take an incidental part in the action being "spirits of another sort."

Where can there be found a more life-like personage than Major Dugald Dalgetty, in "A Legend of Montrose"? Fergus McIvor is a complete contrast to Waverley. Captain McIntyre, in "The Antiquary," is in every way a better fellow than Lovel, alias Major Neville, alias Lord Geraldin. So I might go through all the novels, showing that the subordinate personages are invariably the most interesting. In the case of the humorous characters they are invariably the best. When we think of Scott we think of Bailie Nicol Jarvie, Andrew Fairservice, Baron Bradwardine, the Dominie Sampson, Jonathan Oldbuck, and even Adam Woodcock. We think also of the heroines, and own a debt of gratitude to the man who has created for us the gracious figures of Diana Vernon, Catherine Seton, and "Greensleeves," and has depicted the sisterly devotion and courage of Jeanie Deans.

Reasons for Scott's Inability to Depict a Hero.

IN the recent issue of Mr. Lang's Border Edition of the Waverley Novels,[1] in the preface to "The Abbot," the secret of Scott's failure to inspire sympathy with his heroes is indicated. The hero is the person into whose personality the author most naturally and easily enters. In the great struggle of the Scottish Reformation Scott did not wholly sympathise with either party. In the case of the Stuart dynasty his sentiments and his judgment took opposite sides. Of the Scotch Reformation Mr. Lang says, with certain reservations, that it was "a ruffianly and a blundered affair. The Church had to a great extent deserved its doom, by luxury and selfishness, by appeals to the grosser superstition of mankind, by a half-hearted attempt to answer argument with fagots. The Reformed religion displayed equal intolerance: as to superstition, she burned far more witches than Lindores and Beaton had burned reformers. The Lords of the Congregation were a set of sanctimonious brigands; the preachers had none of the open-mindedness which criticism should impart." Scott's sentiments found accordingly nothing to which they could attach themselves. His heroes show this absence of conviction. They are never strong party men. It is this indifference, as it were, that makes them drift with their associations, causes Waverley to fight against the troops he formerly commanded, and Roland Græme, though a Protestant at heart, to aid Queen Mary in her escape from Loch Leven.

[1] Nimmo.

The Fate of Amy Robsart.

THE issue in this Border Edition of the Waverley Novels of "Kenilworth" draws attention once more to the relations between Lord Robert Dudley, subsequently Earl of Leicester, and his wife, and as report has long maintained his victim, Amy Robsart. With these matters Mr. Andrew Lang in his introduction to the work naturally concerns himself. His conclusions, which are those generally accepted by modern scholarship, are that Leicester was innocent of the death of his wife, supposing her to have been murdered. The truth of the case has been complicated by discoveries from Spanish sources, which have interest enough to repay consideration. It is necessary in order to obtain a clear view to disabuse the mind of all that has been read in Scott. "Kenilworth" is a romance with a certain basis of truth. Amy Robsart at the period of her death, September 8, 1560, was not a young girl, she was in her twenty-ninth year. Her marriage was in no sense private; the nuptials took place June 1, 1550, at the Royal Palace of Sheen, Surrey, in the presence of the king (Edward VI.), and must have been well known to the Princess, afterwards Queen Elizabeth, with whom Dudley had lived on terms of close intimacy. Dudley's rank of Earl of Leicester was not conferred on him until four years after the death of his wife. He was created Baron Denbigh on September 28, 1564, and on the following day Earl of Leicester—it is said, with a view of enabling him to marry Mary, Queen of Scots. Amy's death was declared by the jury to be due to mischance. The day was a Sunday, and Lady Robert Dudley sent her household to Abingdon Fair. She dined with a Mrs. Owen, a resident in the neighbourhood, with whom and with two other ladies she played subsequently at "tables." Upon their return, the servants found her at the bottom of the stairs with her neck broken.

Was it Murder or Suicide?

THE best obtainable evidence points in the direction of suicide. Lady Robert was well aware of her husband's conduct with regard to Elizabeth, and had, possibly, found inadequate consolation for his desertion in the purchase of the fine dresses—letters concerning which are still in existence. Mrs. Pinto, her maid, said that she had heard her mistress pray to God to deliver her from desperation, words the obvious import of which she subsequently sought to minimise. It is conceivable that Amy committed suicide. Hundreds of women have done so on far less provocation. The

theory of suicide found, however, in those days but little acceptance, and the idea entertained was that a crime had been committed, that in fact Anthony Foorester or Forster, the chief controller of Dudley's private expenses, had at his master's bidding murdered her by throwing her downstairs. Nine days after the event the Rev. Thomas Lever, of Sherburn, wrote to the privy council, says Mr. Sidney Lee, concerning "the grievous and dangerous suspicion and muttering about Lady Amy's death." Supposing the crime to have been Dudley's he had taken great pains to absolve himself from all appearance of participation in it. He showed great apparent anxiety for a thorough and impartial investigation, and though he declared that all the jury were strangers to him, he wrote to the foreman with a view to obtaining it. He seemed anxious to obtain a second and more searching inquiry, employing in the matter his kinsman, Sir Thomas Blount, who, in obedience to his orders, visited Cumnor. It is impossible to make anything of the fact that he ordered a splendid funeral "with the most elaborate heraldic ceremony" in St. Mary's Church, Oxford, whither, by way of Gloucester Hall, now Worcester College, the body of the unfortunate lady was borne.

Public Belief in Leicester's Guilt.

WHATEVER precautions Dudley took were in no sense superfluous. Cecil, a not too favourable witness, whom Dudley sought by base and unscrupulous methods to supplant, says that Dudley "was greatly infamed by his wife's death." It was not until after his accession to his new and eminent honours that loud utterance was given to public thoughts. Leicester had, however, many enemies, and the conviction that he might easily be raised to the throne and obtain the ascendency over them all was calculated to strengthen the animosities against him. In 1584, when Leicester, despairing of success in his suit to the Queen after the many rebuffs he had received at her hands, had married Lettice Knollys, Countess of Essex, appeared the libel usually but erroneously assigned to Father Parsons, and known as "Leicester's Commonwealth." In this work, which Mr. Lee declares wholly unworthy of credit, Leicester is depicted as a monster of wickedness. His friends, Sir Richard Verney and Anthony Forster, are accused of having flung Lady Amy downstairs, and so caused her death. Leicester is also taxed with having committed several of the poisonings which, in those days, were held the customary methods of getting rid of enemies. In reference to the charge, the author of "The Yorkshire Tragedy," ascribed

to Shakespeare, wrote, of course after the death of Leicester:—

> The surest way to chain a woman's tongue
> Is break her neck—a politician did it.

This utterance proves, at least, how much credit had been attached to the invention. In the eighteenth century Mickle's poem of "Cumnor Hall," to which Scott asserts that he owes the suggestion of Kenilworth, appeared in Evans's "Ancient Ballads." In this the story in "Leicester's Commonwealth," afterwards versified as "Leicester's Ghost," is accepted. After giving the lamentations of the heroine over her loneliness, and the expression of her fears, the poem suggests her fate, one verse running thus :—

> And ere the dawn of day appear'd
> In Cumnor Hall so lone and drear,
> Full many a piercing scream was heard,
> And many a cry of mortal fear.

It only remained for Scott to immortalise the legend, and make of Amy Robsart a companion to Lucy Ashton.

Elizabeth and Amy Robsart.

THE most damaging evidence against Leicester and against Queen Elizabeth is derived from the Spanish correspondence which has been unearthed during the latter half of this century. Reporting the Court gossip, the Spanish Ambassador said that Dudley, many years before the death of his wife, had talked of divorcing or poisoning her. De Quadra indeed wrote (I quote from Mr. Lee's life in the "Dictionary of National Biography") to Madrid, at the time that the news of her death reached London, September 11: "They," *i.e.*, the Queen and Dudley, "were thinking of destroying Lord Robert's wife. . . . They had given out that she was ill, but she was not ill at all ; she was very well, and taking care not to be poisoned. . . . The Queen, on her return from hunting (on September 4), told me that Lord Robert's wife was dead or nearly so, and begged me to say nothing about it." This horrible accusation is, says Mr. Lee, wholly uncorroborated. The letter in which it is made is given in Mr. Froude's "History of England." Following the lead of Mr. Gairdner in the "Historical Review," Mr. Lang states that Mr. Froude has by a slip of the pen made an error of a month in the date. Mr. Lang, however, is far from accepting Mr. Gairdner's conclusion, that there is nothing very mysterious in the case. The whole matter is, it is to be feared, likely to remain an insoluble mystery. The fate of Amy Robsart will, it may be predicted, remain in popular estimation the same which Scott

has depicted. As for Elizabeth, one would like to quit her of participation in a deed which, though in keeping with the times, is very terrible. For Leicester my care is less, since if he were acquitted of this crime he would still remain one of the most infamous men of his epoch.

Mr. Symonds on Walt Whitman.

So many of those for whose opinion I have highest respect have sounded the praise of Walt Whitman, that I am compelled to mistrust my own judgment of the man, and to charge myself with some want of grasp or of sympathy. Mr. Swinburne, one of Whitman's early admirers, has since changed his mind, and has spoken of him in language the reverse of eulogistic. I derive, myself, small pleasure from verse which pretends to be metrical, and is not; and the only passages which I find lingering on a somewhat retentive memory are those which are ludicrous in association. I should not, however, like to do the American—well, thinker, such injustice as is, I am persuaded, done him in the posthumous volume of Mr. John Addington Symonds, called "Walt Whitman: a Study." Mr. Symonds is at some pains—ineffectual, as I believe—to lay bare the heart of Whitman's mystery. What he really has done is, by dwelling upon the obscure and the accidental, to produce a picture that has no claim to be a resemblance. Of Whitman as an artist he has, obviously, a low opinion. It is clear, he holds, that "in a certain and technical sense he did not write poetry, because he did not use metre and rhyme." It is also clear, as Mr. Symonds holds, that except in a few cases he did not attempt to write prose, though he wrote it involuntarily, like "Dante in the 'Paradiso' and Milton in the 'Paradise Lost' and Lucretius in 'De Rerum Natura,'" all of whom wrote prose unwittingly. "With equanimity," then, Mr. Symond flings to cavillers the conclusion "that what he did write in his masterpieces of literature was neither flesh nor fowl nor good red herring. It is not verse, it is not (except involuntarily) prose." With this utterance I am content, as it is quite in conformity with my own views. It is when Mr. Symonds deals with the message of Whitman, with his views of sexual relations, that he misrepresents him. The extent to which it is done, and the manner of injury, are subjects with which I am reluctant to deal. Let those, then, who read the book, which I do not counsel, turn to the chapter on Calamus, and they will find the views of the writer thrust into the utterances of the man with whom he deals in a manner that deserves strong reprobation from any student of Whitman who has the fame of the master at heart.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

THE

GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER 1893.

HIS NAMELESS ENEMY:

A RAVELLING FROM LIFE.

BY CHARLES T. C. JAMES.

CHAPTER I.

THE GIRL ON THE SOFA.

EARLY June. A cottage whose little lawn was edged on the further side by the gliding volume of the upper Thames. The French windows of the little drawing-room stood wide open to the freshness following a wet day that had cleared at sunset. Just inside the open windows, on a sofa, a girl of twenty with a book in her hands. She was a very pretty girl, with great, steadfast grey eyes, a wonderful pink and white complexion, a full oval face, light brown hair, and lips of so bright a tint that envious women had been known to affirm them rouged.

She looked the picture of health, lying there on the sofa, in a white flannel gown fitting, blouse-fashion, a figure neither short nor thin; and even the unworn condition of the little Russia-leather shoes, visible where the gown ended, might have originated in their being new. She was lying turned rather on her side, and the book held in a very white and rather plump little hand, unadorned by rings, had carelessly opened itself at the fly-leaf, on which a man's hand had written in pencil "Lena Sedgewick, from Tom Smith."

Lena's great, grey eyes looked out across the oily river to the ascending yellow-green of the opposite grass meadows, that had faltering lines traced upon them by belated hay raked into soaked wind-rows, and were dotted here and there by giant elms in full, dark leafage.

highly-groomed moustache, a broad, low forehead, a pair of restless blue eyes, a straight nose, and a square chin. It was a face that could hold a very set and determined expression in it, at twenty-nine: it seemed as though in another ten years that expression might become habitual to it; the face of a man bent on succeeding.

While Tom was thus improving his reflection, a youthful servant brought in tea and thin bread-and-butter upon a tray, and setting a small table near the head of Lena's sofa, retired again.

"You'll have to pour out, if mother doesn't come, Tom," Lena said, from the sofa.

"But why, in goodness' name, anticipate misfortune? I *am* come to pour it out. Tom, how are you?"

It was the grave in which some such beauty as Lena's (though never so full and perfect a beauty) lay buried beneath the mould of time, that addressed these words to the occupants of the room, and came in wearing a skimpy, black silk gown having that mis-fitting bodice peculiar to remote, ante-tailor-made periods of female fashion. Mrs. Sedgewick was extremely thin and pinched in personal appearance, and had a pleasant little habit of always begging people not to anticipate misfortune—apparently under the full impression that she herself had sole proprietary rights in that delightful occupation.

"I'm very fit, thank you," Tom told her, shaking hands, as he turned away from the mirror with the waving brown hair satisfactorily adjusted, "and awfully sorry to hear about the beef being stolen."

"It's very kind of you to say so, Tom, I'm sure; but that's not the end of the trouble, I'm afraid. I never anticipate evil, but I'm quite certain in my own mind the catch of the larder window's so defective, the cat will be in again and take the mutton with which I've replaced the beef; and, besides that, this rain's been so heavy, I hear they've floods up stream, and I *know* they must come down here and swamp us out before very long. Water *will* run down-hill, and not up, you see, that's where it is. But it's the natural inclination of water, and you can't change its nature, so we must be flooded out quietly, and hope for the best. You take two lumps of sugar, don't you?"

Tom said "Yes," and took a chair opposite Mrs. Sedgewick's at one side of the open French windows: the little tea-table being between them, and Lena facing them behind it as she lay still upon the sofa.

"How do you think the child 's looking?" the mother asked a moment later, as she handed a cup of tea.

"Wonderfully well! You feel so, don't you?" he said, turning to her.

"I think, perhaps, I do. The doctor lets me walk up and down stairs three times in the twenty-four hours, now; it used only to be twice, you know. So I'm getting on. But the hours *are* long, lying on one's back here, and read, read, reading without ever leaving off! What an idiot I was to go and fall and hurt my back to begin with! Fancy, it's four years ago now—when I was sixteen!"

Mrs. Sedgewick intimated that, without the least intention of anticipating evil, she was morally certain the moment Lena got about again properly—say in a year or so—she'd fall down at once and injure it again, worse than at first, she was afraid.

Lena and Tom looked amusedly at one another, but neither made any comment on this cheering speech. They were pretty well accustomed to Mrs. Sedgewick's little peculiarities and naturally cheerful disposition.

"When I think," Mrs. Sedgewick continued the next moment, finding no comment was offered upon her bright anticipation, "when I think, as I do sometimes, as I may say, in spite of myself, what I am now, and what I used to be in the days your poor pa, Lena, wooed and won me, I must confess it casts me down. That is, I'm sorry to say, the only appropriate term—casts me down. Such a cheerful girl as I used to be wouldn't be found in the whole of this parish, I'm quite certain. Your poor pa, Lena, would come in from church of a Sunday morning in those days, hanging up his hat in the passage as he came through, right into the farm kitchen with the sweetest weary smile upon his face, catch me, perhaps, busy basting the joint of meat for dinner, or at some other light and pleasant little domestic task, and would say, so sweetly, 'Ah, Susannah! never idle, and always cheerful!' Then he would go away to his room (he lodged at the farm, you know), till called to share the family meal. That was your father, Lena, and that was your mother, too, in those bright days: always happy, never depressed; the soul of innocent fun, my dear, and, as I may perhaps put it, a Thing of Light. Ah, dear!"

Mrs. Sedgewick delivered this little harangue with her hands folded in her black silk lap, as she sat beside the tea-table, and with her mournful eyes looking back into the past across the river, as though the Thames were time embodied, and the farther bank the bygone.

The whole picture suggested the question whether the late Reverend Francis Sedgewick, curate as above described, hadn't

made rather a mess of it in marrying the farmer's daughter upon a stipend of a hundred and twenty a year, and thereby mortally offending the Misses Sedgewick, his aunts, who supported an antique maidenhood at Balham with the varied delights and luxuries possible on eight thousand a year. It seemed in all the circumstances of the case that, upon finding what he had done, the best atonement for his folly lay in taking his departure, as speedily as might be, for the land where there is neither marriage nor giving in marriage; and this atonement the Reverend Francis Sedgewick somehow made up his mind to make about a couple of years later than his wedding-day. He made it by way of a cold on the chest that was beyond medical skill in the curing, and so departed this life about thirty, leaving Mrs. Sedgewick an endowment of the present Plashet Cottage, sparsely furnished, one hundred and eighty pounds in the bank, Lena, and the intense and superior detestation of the Misses Sedgewick of Balham.

It was quite natural, under these trying circumstances, that Mrs. Sedgewick's natural gaiety of soul should have gone off like a sky-rocket, and been as difficult to recapture in after life; and the letting of furnished apartments in the boating season didn't prove an occupation raising to the spirits. Nor did her father's gasping efforts to make his farm remunerative in more and more depressed times, his ultimate collapse in that direction, and his subsequent emigration with his wife and other daughter to Queensland, prove elevating to Mrs. Sedgewick's temperament. And when Lena, of whom her mother had great matrimonial hopes, signalised her coming home from school by injuring her back in a way necessitating the sofa for an indefinite period that might mean life, Mrs. Sedgewick put the "Apartments" card into the window with a deeper sigh than usual, and had never left off sighing at short intervals ever since. When her trials had been hardest, and when the expenses had been distressingly greater than the receipts, and when Lena had been but a little mite of three—that is, in the early days of her widowhood—Mrs. Sedgewick had turned her eyes to the Balham Land of Promise, and had, indeed, sent a bashful letter in that direction: which epistle she promptly had returned to her in an old-fashioned narrow envelope that contained no comment. From which moment the Balham Land of Promise faded out of Mrs. Sedgewick's fancy, and died the death.

The sun went down and the twilight came, and the little group of three still sat over the table with shadows rising all about them, and mufflin[illegible]ndaries. There

was little conversation: Mrs. Sedgewick hadn't much idea of conversation beyond sad-voiced references to brighter days; and neither Tom nor Lena had great relish for those cenotaphs of speech.

Presently, when the moon came slowly into view, and threw long shadows from tall trees across the tiny lawn, Mrs. Sedgewick, who had been silent for some time, suddenly rose up, sighed, took the tea-tray under her arm, and departed with it: making mention, in the doorway, that Mary was out, and that *she* should do the washing-up, herself.

When the door was shut upon her, Tom produced a briar pipe, filled it, and began to smoke. Then he moved his position to the chair near the head of Lena's sofa, sitting there, at last, peacefully smoking, with her hand in his.

They were still silent for several moments.

"Well, what have you got to tell me?" Lena asked then.

"Little enough, little enough! It's a slow game when one plays for money in these days. It's very queer, Lena, I'm often so uncommonly near pulling off a really good thing, and just at the final moment something crops up and floors me. It seems—I've told you so before—it seems as though I had a nameless enemy fighting invisibly against me. It's very mean of him—he might declare himself!" he added, midway between jest and earnest. "I should like to confront him, at least!"

"You began so very low down, didn't you—with such a poor start, I mean," Lena said consolingly, "and you've done one or two very, *very* silly things, haven't you?"

"*What* silly things?"

"I know of one, at any rate: getting fond of me. Oh! why did you come and pitch upon *this* house for your headquarters two years ago? You could have boated just as well from any other place than Plashet Cottage—down at the lock just below, for instance, where they always keep soda-water in the house, which we don't."

"Don't be silly! *You're* not sorry I came, are you?"

She waited a moment, as though for the faint breeze to rustle the rose perfume into the room, before she answered:

"But *you* will be, some day."

"What makes you think so?"

"Because I know that men like you—determined to get rich and beat the world—have one easy way of doing it. Don't you see? I've prevented your having that easy way, though I've tried not to. You must remember that, please, Tom. Thanks to me, there's no need for you to hesitate when you meet the heiress. You'll

be obliged to me, some day, for being firm upon the point. I know you will. You see if you're not."

The man had suddenly turned his head away at her words. After a moment he said:

"But *I* consider it an engagement, all the same."

"*Do* you?"

"I do; and I will tell you what's going to happen one day—what I'm sure and positive will happen: I shall come to you here—you'll be well then, and walking about the garden, no doubt—and I shall say, 'Lena, I've done it at last! My position is secure beyond all upsetting. When shall it be?' Then—I wonder what you'll say then?"

Lena laughed lightly in the twilight.

"What a wild hope!" she said.

"What an absolute certainty! Let us think: when that happens where would you like to live? Here, in Plashet?"

"I think I should. Oh, what castle-buildings! Yes, we'll take the 'Laurels' if it's empty. You know; by the old pound that's full of nettles, just at the corner where the footpath turns off to the lock. There will be the church close by for us to go to on Sundays. I can't imagine anything more delightful, can you? or anything more foolish, for it will never come. I'm quite certain of that!"

"We'll *make* it come," he said. "It *shall* come. I'm quite determined that it shall."

But even as he spoke he sighed: the future is such a doubtful heritage.

Silently the old river glided by them, sitting there together hand in hand, weaving their fancy pattern. Silently the moon rose higher up, and smote the water with a silver sword of light. Silently little twinkling stars opened their flashing eyes to look at this picture of affection drawn by Love, painted by Youth, and framed by Hope, to be made or to be marred by the edict of the Academy of Time.

The plash of the distant weir came in on the perfumed breath of the garden, and at last the night let loose her ebon tresses, and combed them with a whispering wind.

"Dearest," Tom said softly, pressing the hand he held, "it *shall* be."

"Say that it *may* be, Tom!" was Lena's thoughtful answer, spoken low.

Chapter II.

AT THE CLUB.

"Give you," said the Man with the Drawl, "three to one about it."

"Won't bet, dear boy, about a woman," replied the Man with the Gold-Headed Stick. "Too doubtful cattle—never run straight. He'll get her if there's the least chance of humanity doing it. I'll back Tom Smith to that extent. But the feminine element comes in, and floors one at once."

"Johnnie," interposed the Mere Youth, with profound sagacity of tone, "with fearful and wonderful powers of work—no doubt about it. Johnnie who has shoved himself to the front in a wonderfully short time. Johnnie who may be relied on, don't you know, with the women. Women *like* a Johnnie who has shoved himself to the front."

"Ha!-ha! That's rather good!" exclaimed the Man with the Gold-Headed Stick. "Here's the Chicken pretending he knows something about women, now! Remembers his nurse-maid, I expect!"

"Shut up, baldhead, we ain't all patriarchs like you!" returned the Chicken, from behind a cloud of cigarette smoke he had just emitted.

"True, Chicken!" returned the Man with the Drawl, raising a big tumbler of soda-and-something; "some are green and tender still."

This little trio of conversation was held by three evening-dressed men towards eleven P.M. in the gorgeous smoking-room of the Beanstalk Club, Pall Mall, and the date of it was a month later than that of the evening when we saw Tom at his best beside the girl on the sofa in the twilight time.

The Chicken took no outward notice of the shot discharged at him, and, seeing he did not, the Man with the Drawl laggingly continued his attack, while the Man with the Gold-Headed Stick lighted a fresh cigar and listened. "Talking of women, by the way—we always do seem to talk of them towards midnight here—talking of women, by the way, how did you get on, Chicken, with the little girl in black the night before last, in the Park, eh? It was awfully late for you to be out. Thought, perhaps, you'd been to some children's party, and the maid was seeing you home. Caught sight of you from a hansom."

"Get out, Woolly! Don't be so cheeky! She's uncommonly nice, I can tell you."

"In what capacity?" asked the Man with the Gold-Headed Stick. "Can't think what the world's coming to, when little boys are seen walking young women about late at night. Shows there's something very wrong somewhere."

"*You* needn't talk," returned the Chicken, quite equal to taking care of himself. "I saw you not long ago with *two*."

"Thinks, I expect," remarked the Man with the Drawl, "that it's time a man had two, when little boys go in for one. Does anybody know, with any approach to certainty, how Tom Smith got elected here?"

"One of those fellows who do whatever they want—merely wanted to get in, and got in at once. That's it," explained the Gold-Headed Stick, authoritatively. "Just the same when he plays me at billiards for a fiver—wants to win, and always does it. Don't intend to play with him much more—simply means my keeping him in pocket-money. Don't see why I should. Because I happen to be a rich fellow, don't see why I should keep a poor fellow in pocket-money under the name of playing billiards with him. No sense in it!"

At this interesting point of the conversation a fourth person was added to the group lounging in the vast leather chairs, in the shape of the Man with the Eyeglass, who strolled up with half the crop of a tobacco-yielding island in his mouth, and wanted to know "who's bolted, don't you know?"

"Bolted? What makes you think any one has bolted, Ted?" inquired Gold-headed Stick with some interest in his tone.

"Three fellows all deep in conversation—someone generally bolted when you see that," explained the Man with the Eyeglass, much disappointed in the discovery that nobody had bolted. "All I can say is, deuced ill-natured of somebody or other *not* to have bolted. Season getting uncommon tame. Somebody might bolt just to give us something to talk of, don't you know; that's all."

"There'll soon be a 'going-away,' if not a bolt," interposed the Mere Youth. "Will that satisfy you? We were trying to make a bet about it just before you turned up."

"Bet? What odds? What chance? Let's hear about it! Might feel tempted, don't you know, to take somebody," returned the Man with the Eyeglass, quite amazingly alive at the mere prospect of backing something, if even that feeblest of broken-down old weeds, his own opi

"I offered," said the Man with the Drawl, indicating Gold-Headed Stick, "to give Choker three to one Tom Smith marries the aluminium girl before the year's out. He won't take me."

"Never," interposed the man in question, "bet about a woman—run too deuced uncertain for *my* money. Besides, if Tom Smith *wants* to marry the girl, he'll do it. One of those fellows who only want a thing, and are sure to get it. Don't know how. Sort of luck. Other fellows want a thing, and are sure *not* to get it. That's how the world wags, dear boys. Take it in a friendly spirit, and make the best of it."

"Will you take three to one about it?" persisted the Man with the Drawl, anxious to book the bet.

"Thanks very much, but I don't think I will, don't you know," returned Eyeglass. "He may do it, or he may not. That's my opinion."

"Bravo, Ted!" exclaimed the Mere Youth. "Very good for you, old man! True sentiment devilishly well expressed! View of the case no one can help falling-in with!"

"The Chicken's been seen out after dark with a young female; hence his attempt to appear grown up," chuckled the Man with the Drawl.

"So you think Tom's likely to pull off the fortune, then, Teddy, my boy, do you?"

"If her mother can be got to overlook his lack of that which 'has been slave to thousands,' and that, by the way, to which a greater number of thousands have been slaves. That's all."

"I should think he's uncommon well-off in that respect," interposed the Man with the Gold-Headed Stick, sadly; "he's played me billiards for fivers for nine months."

"He sold me a gee-gee once," added the Drawler, with a reminiscent sigh. "It was a singularly deceptive gee-gee. Each day I rode him he developed a new disease. I called him 'Hospital Saturday,' and thought with all his faults at least he couldn't bolt. I was totally wrong. Bolted with me in the Row, made three gyrations of the Park at a racing pace I couldn't modify (though warned by the police), and finally fell dead of mad-staggers on the steps of the Albert Memorial. Never cut such a distressing figure, I assure you! Fellows took me for a luny. Smith met it quite calmly; said he'd seen me in my wild career, and hadn't a notion the old gee had so much 'go' in him; said he wouldn't have let me have him at a hundred and fifty, if he'd known. Deuced interesting fellow, Smith! Man without a conscience. Man without a conscience always interesting."

"He always seems selling something," said the Man with the Eyeglass. "Don't know why it is. Sold Marchhare a yacht, Marchhare tells me. Called it a bargain. Forget the details, don't you know, but don't fancy that yacht had a bottom, or something of that sort. I know poor old Marchhare nearly died of fright on the first trip. Found five feet of water in his hold, you know, just when he was sitting down to dinner. Deuced unpleasant to find five feet of water in your hold! Spent three hours pumping for dear life, and then the rudder came unshipped. Marchhare don't know to this day how he got to dry land. Though an irreligious man in a general way, tells me he said his prayers seven times in that one night—yacht being attacked with a new unseaworthiness each time. If he'd had a Bible on board, declares he'd have read it."

"Great Scott! Must have thought himself in *grave* peril!" commented the Mere Youth, rising out of his chair. "Well, you fellows, I must say ta-ta. Getting early."

"Is the young female expecting you?" asked Gold-Headed Stick, stretching himself. "Give her my love and a kiss."

"You be hanged!" returned the Mere Youth. "She don't care for old men. Good-night, you fellows."

"Good-night, Chicken—and be good!" returned the other three men in chorus, and so the Chicken departed on his way, surrounded by cigarette-smoke.

"Not a bad sort of young idiot," remarked the Man with the Drawl, a moment later. "Make a useful member of society some day, if he doesn't smoke his stomach away first."

"Which I think he's trying hard to do," added Gold-Headed Stick.

"His eyesight's getting feeble already," superadded the Man with the Eyeglass, fitting that article into his eye, trying to see what o'clock it was by his watch, and reading it an hour wrong.

Then all three men called for more sodas-and-something, and yawned.

Chapter III.

In the Boudoir at Midnight.

"Well, dear, all the same I think it very strange."

Miss Eva Alloy, most desirable catch in London, only child of the late Timothy Alloy—"Alloy's Inconvertible Gold," a product that had beatified housemaids—left off playing with the coils of her red

hair, and occupied her red hands with pulling down the little dressing-jacket that enveloped her rather diminutive person as she lounged opposite her companion, also half undressed, towards communicative midnight.

"I believe," returned Miss Hallmark, companion aforesaid, to whom the words had been addressed, "I believe, if he *didn't* shy away from the point in that queer way whenever he gets near it, that you'd say Yes!"

Miss Hallmark expressed this sentiment in an accusative tone of voice.

"There'd be an awful job with Ma, if I did!" Eva replied. "She's got such high notions."

Miss Hallmark, whose deceased father had been the younger son of the younger son of a duke, and who had to stifle a good many shudders in the course of the occupation poverty compelled her to follow, said by way of answer that, seeing what a fortune would come to the daughter, it wasn't to be wondered at that Mrs. Alloy should be careful as to the matrimonial choice that daughter made.

"That's just what I don't see," persisted Eva. "If I've got the money, what does it matter about the other person, Georgy? That's what I'm always trying to find out, and never can. 'Tisn't as if I was a child. Here I am, four-and-twenty! we shall be so careful, if we don't look out, that I shan't get anyone at all. That'll be the end of it, *I* know!"

Eva looked disconsolately over the Berkeley Square boudoir as she spoke, and not one of the luxurious objects with which it was so amply filled appeared to afford her any real relief.

Miss Hallmark, smothering a yawn, intimated that people in general didn't look at things in that way; and asked when Mr. Smith might be expected again—to-morrow?

"No. He never will come on a Saturday. I don't quite know why, but he never will. Somebody said he goes out of town every Saturday and comes back on Mondays. I can't think why he should."

"You seem to know a lot about him, dear," Miss Hallmark suggested.

"Oh, I do. I don't want to hide it. I'm rather 'gone' on him, I can tell you. I know a heap about him. He was an orphan adopted by an old uncle who was very rich, and who sent him to college and all that sort of thing, and then, to the surprise of everybody, married his cook and had three children and died; and did it all in a wonderfully short time, and left Tom nothing at all. It must have been an awful blow for Tom, mustn't it? Since then, I don't know

how he's lived—chiefly on his 'brains,' they tell me: which seems an awful sort of diet, doesn't it, and makes one quite shuddery to think of!"

"Mr. Smith certainly has the most delightful manners in the world," Miss Hallmark said, leaving the question of diet. "When he wants to be really agreeable, there's nobody who can help liking him—not even Mrs. Alloy."

"Oh! Ma least of all! That's the joke of it. He gets over her in a moment. Isn't it funny when she's angry with him for 'having the cheek to call so often,' as she puts it, and then he comes, and she's sugar to him the moment he speaks to her! It's just the best joke in the world, I think. Tom's a man——Oh!"

The exclamation was at the sudden opening of the boudoir door and the entrance of an obese figure in nightcap and dressing-gown. Not a romantic figure, but quite the contrary, and rather a nightmare one.

"I heard that name, Eva! I heard that name!" the figure said, with impressive solemnity, standing just inside the doorway, and holding up a pudgy forefinger. "I came to see why you weren't in bed, and I caught that name!"

"Well, Ma, and what of that? I suppose there's no great harm in my speaking of him to Georgy, here, is there?"

"You called him," continued Mrs. Alloy, with the pudgy forefinger still in operation, "you called him 'Tom,' a horrid name! a name that makes one think at once of cats, to which it is most generally applied."

"I can't help his name. That's not my fault, you know, is it?"

"I hear too much of this 'Tom,'" returned Mrs. Alloy, mentioning the name as though it had really quite a disagreeable taste to it. "I can't stand any more of him, so I tell you straight, Eva. The next time I see him—it'll be in the Park to-morrow, no doubt—I shall cut 'Tom' dead. That's what I shall do with 'Tom.' Tom's a name I can't take in such big doses, and there it is. So don't you go making any mistake, please."

"Oh! all right, Ma! I hear what you say!" was Eva's answer. "But don't you think it's about time you turned in, yourself? We're just going to turn in, here."

"And I'm going to turn in too," Mrs. Alloy replied, arranging the frill that ran down the front of her dressing-gown, and preparing to depart. "Good-night, girls. But mind you, Eva, not so much Tom, Tom, Tom-ing, *if* you please! It's all very well for cats, but not for Christians."

Mrs. Alloy pulled the boudoir door together upon herself and that sentiment.

Mrs. Alloy had been rather unlucky in the world, in one respect. Fortune had come to her so suddenly, it hadn't found her ready for it; and all her endeavours had been unavailing to rectify the little difficulty. She seemed, poor woman, to be perpetually endeavouring to come up with her position of wealth and splendour —much as a kitten pursues its own tail, and always as fruitlessly.

"There! what d'yer think of that?" Eva asked when the obese figure was gone. "Going to cut him, now!"

"But do you think she will when the time comes?" Miss Hallmark was anxious to know.

"There's no telling—if she's in a temper, perhaps she may. But if I can get hold of Tom to-morrow morning when we're riding, I'll put him up to what's going to happen, and *he'll* manage her somehow, you bet!"

In which pleasing confidence Eva kissed her companion, was kissed in turn, and finally went into bed and slept soundly.

Love—especially when running pretty smoothly—is anything but sleepless: sometimes making the softest pillow in the world—dove's-down is softer than swan's-down any night.

Chapter IV.

IN THE ROW.

The trees were in heaviest leafage, and the sun shone. The Park was crowded at six o'clock that evening. There were many bright things sparkling to attract the casual eye; and some dull things that had no sparkle in them. The sparkling things were chiefly artificial; being silk hats, varnished boots, carriage wheels, and harness. The things that hadn't much sparkle in them were chiefly natural, such as chaperons' faces and old beaux' eyes. It must be really horribly annoying to old men wishing to appear young ones, that all the glitter *will* go out of their eyes and locate itself in their bald heads. A flashing eye is a fine and impressive thing; a flashing cranium valueless in any useful connexion!

Mrs. Alloy had her armorial carriage drawn up beside the rails at the top of the Row. Eva sat beside her, and Miss Hallmark opposite. Mrs. Alloy's face was extremely black. She only wanted to "catch a sight of that Smith fellow," she said, and "cut him dead!"

That Smith fellow, however, didn't appear anxious for the opportunity of being thus surgically treated, and remained in wise obscurity. Perhaps, as Eva had been riding with him for an hour and a half only that morning, he felt he could deny himself any more of her society for the remainder of the day without fatal consequences.

"I don't see a ghost of him—he's skulking out of sight, that's what he's doing," remarked Mrs. Alloy, surveying fashion through a pair of square-paned eye-glasses at the end of a long piece of carved timber. Her sight really needed no assistance, but she had seen a duchess use glasses of that sort, and had adopted them forthwith.

"Here's the Chicken, at any rate," Eva said, as that child lounged up, very pink and white, youthful, and clean-looking, in a frock-coat-suit of grey.

"How do?" inquired the Chicken, stopping at the carriage side, and holding a hand out for shaking purposes with the exalted attitude of a man gathering cherries without a ladder.

"Why haven't we seen you for such an age?" asked Mrs. Alloy, with much solicitude—she was fond of children. "Now, you've been very gay, I expect, haven't you?"

"Been, don't you know, hanging on," returned the Chicken, with great bashfulness.

The Chicken was not the first of his species to be a lion amongst his own sex and a lamb amongst the opposite one.

Conversation therefore flagged during the following moments, and the Chicken, with a preternaturally long, crook-handled stick of cherry-wood resting on the barouche step, stared all blankly at vacancy, and "hung on" to the best of his ability, in silence; devoutly wishing somebody would say something.

How long he might have remained in that distressing position it is impossible to foresee, but just when he was feeling death would be a relief, a perfectly-dressed man (with another perfectly-dressed man, having a clean-shaved expressionless face, in tow) took the Chicken friendlily by the shoulders and turned him loose upon the world again.

"Oh! Mrs. Alloy, *here* you are! I've been searching for you everywhere! My friend Lord Marchhare wants to be presented. Marchhare, let me present you to Mrs. Alloy."

"Oh! Mr. Smith—oh, really, Lord Marchhare!" exclaimed the poor old lady in a tumult of embarrassment. "Really now!"

Eva's face was turned away to hide a mischievous smile that shone in it, and deepened its colour right up to the boundary of the red hair. Miss Hallmark was calmly contemplative. Marchhare with diff[illegible]d a leaden arm and hand to the necessary

elevation for shaking that of Mrs. Alloy, moved inarticulate lips, and put his stick on the step of the barcuche, as the Chicken had previously done. Tom exchanged one quick, amused glance with Eva, and kept in the background—to let the charm work.

Lord Marchhare! It had been the dream of Mrs. Alloy's life to come to close quarters with a live lord, and here it had happened through the agency of Tom! As a matter of fact, his lordship didn't appear vastly different from any other man, but what of that? He had a title—he had a visiting card!

"I think I had the pleasure of seeing you at the opera, a fortnight ago?—only a very distant glance," said happy Mrs. Alloy, to fill the blank. Lord Marchhare, who usually carried his mouth open when his face was in repose, and whose forehead when he had raised his hat had been conspicuous by its absence, stared harder than ever at vacancy, and murmured:

"Dropped in, don't you know, by accident. Yes. Remember now. Thought it was another place. Found myself there, don't you know, and sat it out. Yes."

"Oh! how droll you are. My daughter," replied Mrs. Alloy, and then, as his lordship wearily raised his hat with the leaden arm and hand, she added, "Miss Hallmark."

His lordship looked sleepily in the last-named direction, and nodded familiarly—appeasing Mrs. Alloy's evident amazement by explaining, more wearily than ever: "Cousin of mine, don't you know, Mrs. Alloy; that's all. Glad to see you're staggering along all right, don't you know, Georgy. Seen Aunt Ann lately?"

"No; how is she?" asked Georgy, without great interest of tone.

"She's—eh—staggering along, don't you know, thanks, Georgy," replied Lord Marchhare with infinite carelessness.

"Now, look here; will you dine with me next Friday?" Mrs. Alloy asked, anxious to bring the introduction to a "head." "It's short notice, I know; but will you?"

Lord Marchhare produced a crocodile-bound diary, and turned up the pages, apparently reading with the greatest difficulty of eyesight.

"Thursday . . Friday . . that will be Friday, won't it? Yes, Friday. Here's a note about Friday: 'Dine with Choker at 8.' So sorry, Mrs. Alloy, find—oh! hold on, here's another note: 'Dine Lady Scraggs at 8.30.' Deuced nuisance to find a note of that sort! Don't know whether I dine with Lady Scraggs, or whether Lady Scraggs dines with me! Hullo! here's another note: 'Dine at Richmond with——' Oh! ah! yes!" continued his lordship, pulling himself up somewhat sharply. "Afraid I'm rather

full up for Friday, Mrs. Alloy. Fellows ask me, and I shove it down without looking, don't you know. Tell you what," added his lordship, with a happy thought, "can't dine with three different people same night, and got it so muddled up I'll cross 'em all out, don't you know, and come to you." And Lord Marchhare began to feebly act on that idea.

"Oh! that is good of you!" Mrs. Alloy replied joyfully. "Thanks so much. Mr. Smith, you'll come too, I hope. Say you will, please!"

"I shall be delighted, Mrs. Alloy," Tom replied with another glance at Eva, and, strange to say, a smothered sigh; "thanks, very much."

Mrs. Alloy felt grateful to Tom Smith at last; he had got Lord Marchhare for her.

Smith hadn't fought the world for seven years for nothing.

Chapter V.

THE MAN'S BETTER SIDE.

Sunday afternoon at Plashet Cottage. The whole landscape a harmony in varied greens. Out upon the little lawn, under the shade of the great lime tree, Lena's sofa, with Lena lying on it, and Tom beside her. In the air, the distant chiming of church bells going for service. Such a peace and calm upon the place that the deep river beside the garden almost seemed too lazy to pursue its course. Most of such boats as were upon it that day had withdrawn into leafy nooks in the curving banks here and there; their pullers ceasing from their labours until the fierce sun should have set and the evening cool stolen forth to fan the fainting world. Only now and again some laughter-bearing craft would sweep along the stream and vanish—as some bright emotion on the stream of Time.

"Why are you so quiet, Tom?"

She turned her beautiful head, and looked up at him, as he sat beside her with his pipe in his mouth; and she saw that his face was at its gravest, staring fixedly out across the river.

"Because," he said slowly, "I'm a brute. That's why, Lena."

Her little hand stole out and rested lightly upon his.

"What," she asked, "is bothering you, Tom?"

"...en all my life surrounded by fools, and that I

haven't been a fool myself. Don't look innocently at me, Lena—it kills me!"

The voice of the "man without a conscience" was quite broken as he spoke.

"You're not well, Tom," the girl said, affectionately. "I'm sure you're not! Come and make a stay down here, and pull yourself together."

"I only wish I could! That's what I should like to do. That's what I long for. But I've got to make my fortune first, and that's what I can't do—except in one way," he added to himself.

"It will come in time," she told him comfortingly from the sofa, with her hand still on his. "I'm sure it will; it must. What do you do, Tom—for I never exactly know?"

Tom laughed a joyless laugh.

"I'm a sort of a merchant," he said. "I buy things cheap, and I sell things dear."

"What sort of things?"

"All sorts of things rich fellows want. Horses, dogs, yachts, or anything."

"And you do well at it, don t you?"

"Too well—and not well enough. I live; but I can't make a fortune and retire from the work. That's what I've set my heart on, and that's what I can't do."

"But you will?"

He looked sadly down at the delicate face that was full of trust and belief in him. He knew she thought him the most honourable amongst men. It cut him to the heart.

"By the time I am old, perhaps," he told her.

The first breath of evening stole out upon the world; the river seemed almost to quicken its serene serpent course, and the plash of the distant weir came coolly to their senses jaded by heat.

"No," said Lena softly; "by the time I can walk again."

"Isn't it uncommonly strange to you," the man went on after a moment's silence, "that I can pull off all the little things that are of no account, but yet can't pull off a single one of the big things that would make me independent at once? I've been within an ace of pulling off big things again and again, and I *never* can quite manage it. I don't know anything more annoying. I put it all down to that nameless enemy. What he is I don't know—whether some one who bears me a grudge, or whether it's merely a run of ill-luck. But there it is, safe enough: always on my heels—always stepping in at the critical moment, and capsizing all my schemes. Very annoying, isn't it?"

"Very, Tom! awfully! 'His Nameless Enemy'—it would make a good title for a book!"

"You write it!"

"I only wish I could! But a name won't do without a plot—and I don't see a chance of a climax, and all those tragic features a book wants."

"Perhaps the tragedy will come in time," Tom laughed, "and the climax will be when I meet my nameless enemy, of course, and there's a breach of the peace. There *will* be a breach of the peace if I do meet him."

Then a laughter-loaded boat went by, and they were silent for a moment until it had disappeared. When it was gone, Lena said, very quietly:

"Do you know you're quite one of my heroes of real life?—because you are."

"Don't," he begged her. "Be silent, please."

"Why? So you are. It's so plucky of you to have fought it out so bravely after all those wretched disappointments, and your uncle's absurd behaviour. I lie here of a day thinking of you fighting your way to the front by hard work in town. I feel so proud of you, you can't think."

"Don't speak of it! Don't say a word about it, Lena! You see me at my best down here. When I come here, I'm different altogether from what I am in town. It's—I feel sure—it's something in *you* that changes me. I feel two separate personalities. Down here, fairly passable; up there—— Well, well! it's no use talking about it; and here's Mrs. Sedgewick coming."

"I never *do* anticipate evil; it's a habit I learnt from your poor pa, Lena; but if there *is* a thunder-storm all of a sudden, you're both under a tree, and will certainly be struck. It's a rapid death, that's one thing, and I believe painless. But, you see, I've brought you a cup of tea apiece, and I'll bring you some bread-and-butter presently. I *believe*, Lena," continued Mrs. Sedgewick, as Tom, protesting he couldn't allow *her* to do it, went indoors for the bread-and-butter—"I *believe*, my dear, there's a wasp's nest close to where you're lying; there was last year. But you'll find it out quite soon enough, if there is, so I won't anticipate."

When Tom came back with a plate of bread-and-butter, ready cut, Mrs. Sedgewick would not stay out there. Nothing could persuade her to do it.

"No," she said, wit' ation, "I'll take mine alone indoors. If peo 'd better

make the best of it, for life is short. I don't believe any of *us* are long-lived people. I'm sure *I'm* not!"

"I'm afraid you have an awful time alone with her," Tom said, when the elder lady had vanished.

"It's not *too* lively," Lena admitted (bravely smiling all the time). "But she's had a lot to make her trying, hasn't she?"

Tom made no answer to that question. He was silent for a moment or two, and as he set down Lena's empty cup, he caught the plump white hand and kissed it fondly.

"I wish—I wish—I wish!" he told her, sighing. "I'm nothing but one great wish!"

"Silly old thing!" said Lena, softly. "Silly old thing!"

So the summer twilight deepened on them, hand in hand, and the man without a conscience at his best. Sorrow in his heart that he was what he was.

"I always feel my home is really here, and not in town," he said, breaking a long silence. "The best of me is drawn to you, Lena. At every crisis in my life I'm drawn to you. If I knew my life were going to end, I should struggle to your feet to die!"

He felt her hand tighten upon his in dumb affection; and his soul was in the dust.

Chapter VI.

LITTLE MATTERS OF BUSINESS.

In a comfortably-furnished, study-like apartment in Duke Street, St. James's, were usually to be found every day, from eleven to four, the oily hair, the red face, and the rotund stomach which combined to make up the individuality of Mr. Checketts. He was a singularly unobtrusive man, and nobody ever chanced to see Mr. Checketts in the streets. How he got to and from his comfortably furnished room was a mystery, for he was far too large to travel in the black bag by which the consumptive clerk in the outer room was usually accompanied.

Mr. Checketts was greatly in demand by certain well-dressed young men at periods immediately preceding those black Mondays at Tattersall's which followed a "bad week."

Mr. Checketts was a christian money-lender: distinguishable from the Jew money-lender by being much more exorbitant in his terms.

Mr. Checketts' chief personal habit was that of shaking his head—a habit which professionally stood him in good stead in furthering a belief in his statements that "money was tight with him at the moment—devilish tight, and there you were."

There was usually some little ceremony with a consumptive clerk to be gone through before visitors were ushered into the august presence, but when Tom Smith came quickly up the first-floor stairs that Wednesday morning, he came with the assurance of a welcome guest, and upon the merest indication from the consumptive clerk that the coast was clear, pushed through into the first floor front at once.

"Ah, Tommy, my boy, Tommy!" exclaimed Mr. Checketts, putting down the *Times* he had been reading, and turning to the heavy carved oak writing-table that centred the room. "Ah, Tommy! Have a cigar?"

Tom, who was in the most elegant perfection of morning dress, took a cigar from the box on the writing-table, sate down in one of the heavy, green leather arm-chairs, struck a match, lighted his tobacco, and exhaled three puffs.

"Well," he said then, looking coolly at Mr. Checketts' red face, oily hair, and grey moustache waxed out at the ends into formidable daggers, "I suppose you can guess what I've come for?"

"Yes, sonny," returned Checketts, beaming, "I *can* guess. Let you alone for leaving it very long. Oh, Tom, my boy! you're a sharp un, you are! Oh, you *beauty*!" The tone was somewhere midway between disgust and admiration, but more admiring than disgusted.

"It's all very well, you know, Checky, for you to chuckle; but I tell you it was deuced hard to do, and not over satisfactory when done. Do you know, the confounded thing hadn't any bottom worth speaking of? Because it hadn't; and what there was of it came out on the first cruise. If Marchhare had been drowned, I shouldn't have felt particularly proud or comfortable."

Mr. Checketts slapped his thigh with a fat, jewelled hand, and roared with laughter.

"It's all very fine for *you* to laugh. Look how you scored over the whole thing. I bring you Drumstick, frantic for what you gracefully term 'the ready.' You take a charge upon his interest in the estates to the tune of a thou. a year, you take the cursed yacht in question, and you let him have five hundred pounds. Within a week—positively within a week—I get Marchhare to take the very same yacht from you for six hundred! You stand pretty well to the good over the transaction, I should think!"

"Well, well, we must live, Tommy; we must live! And I should think it suits your book pretty well to take the little cheque for a hundred I'm going to write you. I suppose that's what you've come for?"

"That's it."

Checketts selected a key from a bunch he kept chained to his person in the region of the hip, unlocked a drawer of the writing-table at which he sat, took out a cheque-book, and began to write.

"Dash it all, you're actually sighing as you write!" exclaimed Tom, with some amusement, "as if you made a heavy loss over the affair!"

"There," returned Checketts, handing the piece of paper, "that's the third I've let you have this year. It suits you to pull with me, I should think, don't it?"

"Will this suit *you*?" Tom inquired suddenly, after pocketing the cheque. "What do you say to the heir presumptive to eighty thousand a year? Strong and healthy as a bullock, weak in mind, and temporarily in want of ten thou.?"

Mr. Checketts looked sharply up.

"How old?"

"Five-and-twenty."

"Why can't he go to the family solicitor?"

Tom smiled.

"Don't want it known.—That he's borrowing, I mean."

Mr. Checketts began rubbing his hands together in an affectionate way, and made an inarticulate noise with his lips such as is generally applied to the encouragement of horses.

"Chercher la femme?" he inquired, with the vilest accent, and one eye closed.

Tom nodded.

"Name your price, sonny, and trot him round."

"I don't know," returned Tom, thoughtfully; 'Moses is after me about him."

'Hang Moses, and name your price! I can't say fairer than that. Come, out with it!"

"Couple of thou."

"Couldn't do it! Could *not* do that! Be reasonable. Say one, and we'll settle it."

"No. Two or nothing. Moses will very likely give more. I never haggle, as you ought to know by this time. I'll try Moses." Tom got up as he spoke.

"Oh, you *beauty*!" exclaimed poor Checketts, divided again

between admiration and disgust. "Oh! you *beauty*! Call it done, then. Two thou.! It'll leave me nothing!—nothing at all! Blow it!"

"That's your look-out. You can squeeze him well. You should have seen the nervous way in which he approached me, as 'a fellow who knows the ropes,' as to how he'd better set to work! It was fine! I said I'd find out by to-day. He'll be round to-morrow. He'll bring you my card. Remember, please, to tell him you only do it as a favour, because he's a friend of *mine*. We must keep the connexion up."

"That shall be as right as rain," returned Checketts, with a grin. "Never you fret about that! I'll be ready for him. Title, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"Good!" said Checketts, chuckling again. "Good! and good day! Oh, you *beauty*!" And, with the same divided tone of exclamation, he watched Tom go out.

The "beauty," finding himself presently in St. James's Street, wore a bright smile upon his face.

"The nameless enemy is lying low just at present," he told himself, making for St. James's Park on his way to attempt the negotiation for a sale of wine (in which he was interested) to an improvident minor in Victoria Street. "Two thou.! Only two or three more slices like that, and I'll chuck the whole affair, turn over a new leaf, and marry Lena!"

He was going down the slope to the suspension bridge by that time, with the billiard-table turf bright in the morning light on both sides of him. Wood-pigeons strolled about with the greatest tameness close to the railings, the lightest breeze rustled amongst the large leaves of the plane trees, and the boat-dotted water glittered in the sun. Save for the sky-encumbering buiidings to the left of the barracks, it was a perfectly rural scene, and its verdure recalled the oily river and Lena Sedgewick. She was never wholly absent from his thoughts.

He sighed as he pictured her upon the sofa, with her delicate complexion, her plump little hands, and the great, steadfast grey eyes that magnetised his soul, and drew it towards the good—drew it so strongly at that moment that he sighed—this striver and pusher in the race of life sighed—to think by what devious paths he struggled towards his goal.

"Two thou.! It brings it much closer! How glorious her face will be the day I go and tell her the fight is fought and won. Now,

if only those Mexican rails I'm rather too deep in will go right, and let me get out at a little profit, I shall do. I've often been pretty close to a good thing, but I've never been *quite* so close as I am this time! If my nameless enemy will only sleep a little longer now, I'm more than half made. Hullo! here's Goldfinch—the very thing! I can tell him I've made it right with Checketts!"

Lord Goldfinch had a bright, ruddy face, adorned by a faint, fair moustache and curly flaxen hair; and it was one of his peculiarities that he was constantly mislaying himself, and coming suddenly upon his personality in totally unexpected places.

"Goldy, old fellow! what are you doing here, eh?" Tom asked, laying a hand upon "Goldy's" shoulder and arresting his progress.

"Hullo! old chap! Oh, St. James's Park, isn't it? What the deuce do *you* do in St. James's Park, Smith? And, by the way, what do *I* do in St. James's Park, I wonder? Know I didn't mean to come here!"

"Well, it's lucky you did, for I wanted to see you. I've not forgotten you, old fellow. I've seen my friend about your little matter, and I think we can pull it off for you."

"Oh! I'm awfully obliged to you, but—I'm no end sorry I gave you all the trouble. Fellow I know kindly took me round to another fellow—hook nose and queer pronunciation—and *he* did it for me."

Tom's face scarcely changed as he heard of the loss of his two thou., but a smothered curse was on his lips.

"Doesn't matter a bit," he said, as cheerfully as he could, next moment. "Glad you've got it all right. That's the main point. What was the accommodating fellow's name?"

"Name," returned Goldfinch, vaguely, "of antique party, don't you know, who did the ten commandments?"

"Moses?"

"That's it! He made me pay pretty stiff; but I got the oof, and there you are. Ta, ta, old chap," continued his lordship, looking hurriedly at his watch. "Know I'm overdue somewhere, and fancy, by finding myself here, it's at the Horse Guards, perhaps. At any rate, I'll try the Horse Guards on spec, and see if anybody knows whether I'm wanted there."

While Lord Goldfinch went to inquire if he were in demand at the seat of war, Tom, passing rapidly and surely to his appointment in Victoria Street, swore below his breath with steadfast persistence.

"My nameless enemy again, up and busy! and I expect, as these hings never come singly, I shall find Mexicans dropped like mad

when I get into the City. It's a devilish strange thing how near I've been to pulling off a good thing, and how regularly something crops up to stop me! Curse that nameless enemy! It will end in my marrying that Aluminium girl, after all! Curse it, curse it!" (He came near grinding his teeth here.) "She'd have said 'Yes' on Friday night in the conservatory after dinner, while Mrs. Alloy courted Marchhare to death. I saw in her face she'd have said 'Yes.' She must think I'm mad not to try my fate. I half think I am! Oh, Lena! Poor Lena! If you only knew how weak I am! People think I'm as hard as nails, and I'm as weak as wax! Oh, Lena! Why couldn't *you* have had a fortune? Things always happen like that. Curse it all!"

He kept his appointment ten minutes later, and made twenty-five pounds by a judicious puffing of a rather inferior sherry, but the fact couldn't cheer him up. Then he went on into the City by sewer railroad, and found Mexicans had fully justified his expectations, and lost him three hundred pounds.

"I'm a mere shuttlecock," he told himself, "and the players are the Fates. They must really get a lot of fun out of me! They never leave off the game, and I'm always up or down!"

In Lombard Street a dark man, with a preternaturally sharp face, clutched him by the shoulder.

"Tom! The very fellow I wanted to see! Look here, you've a heap of rich pals. Do you want to do a *really good* thing—the best thing you've ever done, or ever will do?—a thing to retire upon, eh? What do you say?"

"Come to figures," Tom said tersely, and fuming.

"Do you want to make ten thousand pounds?"

"I do—if it's not *too* fraudulent. I don't want to 'do time'; that's all."

"Shut up! It's the vending of an island—the floating of a company. If you can get your set to take it up (and you can), listen (with a whisper) . . . . . and then . . . . . D'yer see? All you'll have to do is . . . . . See? Now, what do you say? Is it worth ten thou.? Will you try it for ten thou.?"

Tom thought a moment.

"Yes," he said, suddenly determined. "I'll take it on."

When he was going back West on the sewer railroad again, he came to a decision.

"If *this* falls through, I'll have to try the Aluminium girl. There's *no* help for it, and I register a vow to do it. Poor Lena! What a t I am! How sorry I am for her—how sorry I am for myself!"

Over his luncheon at the club, he made seven pounds ten by a little negotiation regarding a case of green cigars which he "planted" upon a budding Q.C., held to be the shrewdest man at the bar of England.

Chapter VII.

AT PLASHET.

The summer sun of a Thursday afternoon shone brightly down upon the little verdant garden, on the oily river, on the gentle ascending green of the opposite shore; and Lena looked thoughtfully out upon the prospect from her sofa beneath the great lime tree that the bees hummed round.

She had one of the books Tom had given her upon the sofa by her, and when she had finished her thoughtful stare across the river, she took the volume up again and read on. Not for long. The sound of laughter came to her—girls' laughter—sharply refracted from the polished surface of the water. Lena looked up. It was a light boat, pulled by three girls, in high spirits over their task, working up stream. It vanished out of sight, the laughter faded from the ear, and all was still. Lena sighed as she glanced at the pretty little tan shoes, whose soles were quite unworn; and, presently, when some other girls from the cottage just below the lock came on to the tennis ground they had made in the level meadow across the water, and began to play, poor Lena sighed again.

"When I can walk about a little!" she thought. "When!"

"I don't wish to anticipate evil or misfortune," came the voice of Mrs. Sedgewick from the house at the moment, "but I *do* feel it in the top of my head, Mr. Petty, and whenever I feel it in the top of my head, I know there's thunder close; but Lena *will* lie under the tree in spite of it, and if you're not afraid to be out there with her, why, that's your affair, and I won't say a word."

So Mrs. Sedgewick, rapidly ushering forth the youngest specimen of blanched and feeble priesthood adorning the Established Church.

A weary look came upon Lena's delicate face as she heard, and she appeared to be deeper than ever in her book when her mother stood beside her, saying:

"Lena, here's Mr. Petty come to sit with you for a little. That's a comfortable chair, Mr. Petty, I think! You'll excuse my going

indoors, I know. I'm really feeling the thunder in the top of my head so very badly. I'll send some tea out presently."

"I hope, Miss Sedgewick, that you're feeling better, and that I'm not disturbing you?" Petty said with extreme bashfulness, shaking hands, and then, a mere strip of broadcloth with an anatomy inside it, sitting down upon the chair Mrs. Sedgewick had indicated.

"I'm about as usual, I think, and I'm not reading anything very thrilling," Lena answered, settling her head more comfortably on the sofa cushion, and holding the book together, with her finger between the leaves.

Mr. Petty, who had thrice failed to qualify for the Church, and had finally been admitted as a Literate by means of a shove from a Dean, and who held tenaciously to the opinion that what he called "the priesthood" were the only true authorities for the guidance of 'the people," educationally and otherwise, took off a hat copied from the undress livery of Rome, and fanned his hairless, yellow-white face with it as he sat there in the shade of the great lime tree. He had come very frequently to Plashet Cottage lately, sat in the shade of the great lime tree, and fanned his hairless, yellow-white face with the hat copied from Rome.

"It is especially sweet," said the curate, presently, finding Lena didn't speak,—"it is especially sweet to sit here and watch the river, and the flying birds, and the dancing butterflies, Miss Sedgewick; and even," continued the curate, battling with an inquisitive wasp, "when the insect world intrudes, we know they are part of the beneficent scheme, and should not murmur."

"I don't murmur, unless they sting me," Lena said.

"That, I trust, does not often happen. A wasp's sting is a most trying experience."

"No, I'm not often stung. Do you read much, Mr. Petty?"

"Little of contemporary literature. Contemporary literature I find tedious. I am really unacquainted with much contemporary literature. For some few years I have confined myself chiefly to the works of St. Augustine. There is a depth, a beauty in them which deeply touches me."

Then there was another silence, and the wasp abandoned his attempt to sample the priesthood: vanishing with an angry dash in the direction of the river, as though meditating suicide. Petty appeared more at his ease upon this departure, and glanced furtively at Lena's beautiful face and white flannel gown, decorated on the shoulder by a cluster of deep red roses. It was noticeable, to the curate grew visibly more and more nervous as he

way of fan. He had screwed himself up to a certain point so often, that he felt an almost now-or-never desperation possess him.

There was a half mischievous smile on Lena's face.

"When," she asked presently, "are you going over to Rome, Mr. Petty? I hear you are getting higher and higher at St. Mary's, and everybody is expecting to hear you've gone over at last."

"I shall never go to Rome, Miss Sedgewick," returned Petty, in hollow tones and quite grave, now almost, indeed, quivering. "Much as I reverence and admire Rome as the undoubted Mother Church, I shall never secede. I have," added the curate with great solemnity, "a reason."

"Have you?"

She looked inquiringly at him, and that did it. With a sort of spasm convulsing him, the curate burst out, "Yes, pray hear me; the reason is here—you are the reason, Miss Sedgewick. For a long time I have striven with this wild infatuation, but fruitlessly. I belong to a rich family, Miss Sedgewick; I can give you every possible luxury—I can offer you the unceasing devotion——"

"Please, please stop, Mr. Petty," Lena said, slightly astonished and very much amused. "I wish you wouldn't say such things. Here am I a cripple on a sofa, and not thinking of marrying. Please never say anything about this subject again!"

"Is—is this final, Miss Sedgewick?" asked Petty, with his eloquence suddenly dead upon his lips.

"Quite! most perfectly final."

The curate, who had been leaning anxiously forward to her, got up out of his chair with an exceedingly crestfallen appearance.

"Then good-bye," he said, sorrowfully. "I shall never forget you. If at any time you should feel a change in your heart towards me, a mere message asking the loan of a volume of St. Augustine will bring me to your feet. I will go now, before Mrs. Sedgewick kindly comes with tea. I will go by the stile, and across the meadows. Once more, good-bye!"

Lena could scarcely avoid a smile at his woe begone aspect, as he clumsily surmounted the stile, and disappeared with a raising of the hat copied from the undress livery of Rome.

"There! I've brought it myself," said the voice of Mrs. Sedgewick, as that lady rounded the angle of a clump of shrubs. "I'm afraid this thunder has turned the milk. But—why, Lena, where's Mr. Petty?"

Mrs. Sedgewick set down the tea-tray she was carrying on a small rustic table by Lena's sofa, and looked about her with the most

searching glance, as though Mr. Petty might be having a little game of hide-and-seek amongst the flower-beds somewhere.

Lena laughed.

"He's gone!" she said. "I'm afraid I sent him away. What do you think? He actually wanted me to marry him! Proposed, you know, in the most solemn manner. What do you think of that?"

"Did he? Did he really? And he comes of a very wealthy family—and you're not really engaged to Tom. Why, you might have had him, Lena! Do you mean to say you flouted Providence by refusing him?"

"I did, really! I can't bear the man. He's such an awful fool!"

"I don't know that being a fool's a drawback in a husband—when he's well off, Lena. I've known fools make the very best husbands. I believe they generally do."

"I don't want to talk of it," Lena said. "Pour me out some tea, please."

Mrs. Sedgewick poured it out with a woebegone face and a melancholy sigh.

"I'm very sorry about it, Lena, all the same. I can't make out how rich Tom is, or whether he's rich at all. He dresses well, certainly, but that's nothing. He might do that to gain credit with tradespeople——"

"How can you say such things, mother? Fancy Tom doing anything that was mean or shabby! The idea! What next?"

There was quite a deep flush of indignation on face and brow. Tom, the hero of her life, disparaged! Tom, the paragon of all manly virtues!

"If you're so fond of him," Mrs. Sedgewick said, with an eye on some distant thunder-clouds, "I think you'd better get really engaged to him, and have it formal. That's what I think about it. I don't like your half-and-half arrangements. Why, up there in town as he is, what's to prevent his coming across some girl with money and marrying her? He's not tied to you, you see, and you say it's your fault he isn't."

"So it is. My idea. And as to Tom doing such a thing as marrying for money, why, he's as likely to commit suicide! But even if he did marry for his own good, I think I wouldn't mind much."

She was so proudly sure of her hero, that her face was glorious as she turned it in [illegible]ing defiance upon faded Mrs. Sedgewick.

"We [illegible]ticipated misfortune, and I never

A VISIT TO A CHINESE LEPER VILLAGE.

ONE afternoon in December, being resident in the foreign settlement at Canton, it occurred to me that a visit to the Ma-feng-yuan, or Leper Court, usually known as the Leper Village, would be of interest. The place of abode for those stricken with this terrible malady is situated in the open country on the opposite side of the city to the pretty island settlement of Shamien, where the foreign community resides; so I hired a Chinese sedan-chair, borne by three men, and crossed one of the bridges connecting the concession with the surrounding country, from which it is separated on three sides by a creek, the boundary on the front or southern side being the Canton or Pearl River, here about half a mile wide. After a few minutes' ride, I was carried through one of the massive city gates and into a scene of perhaps the most curious life on the face of the earth. The streets through which I passed were never more than ten feet broad, and sometimes barely half that width, so that there was usually only just room for my chair and for a single foot-passenger on either side. My bearers, however, proceeded almost at running speed, with the result that, whenever the single file of pedestrians was not strictly observed, a collision occurred between the chair and the unfortunate individual who had stepped out of line at the wrong moment, and the latter was sent spinning into a shop or against the wall of a house with the consequences incident to a smaller mass which comes in contact with a larger one moving at a high velocity. The houses on either side were all of at least two storeys, the ground-floor containing shops open to the street, and the rest of the building being used as dwelling-house and warehouse combined. The narrow space between the two rows of houses could scarcely be said to be open to the sky, for the greater part, from about seven feet from the ground to the tops of the houses, was occupied by hanging signboards of every variety of form and colour, stretching right across the street and giving it the appearance of being decor[illegible]
with flags of gold and red and

inscriptions in the curious Chinese character; so that all the space remaining for the traffic was a tunnel-shaped thoroughfare, of which the shops on either hand formed the sides and the archway of sign-boards the roof. Into this tunnel the sunlight could seldom, if ever, enter, the houses being too high and the boards too close; and it needs but to recall the feeling experienced on stepping from a scorching street into a cool arcade to understand the advantages of this arrangement during the long summer which prevails in the South of China.

After travelling through these streets for three-quarters of an hour, and catching rapid glimpses during my progress of the natives at work of every kind of handicraft, from the stitching of a shoe to the manufacture of a state umbrella, and of the infinitely varied articles exposed for sale in and before the shops, from a matchbox to a coffin, and from a seven-stringed lute to an encyclopædia in a thousand volumes, I emerged into the open country on the east side of the city, and found myself being carried along a narrow stone path, which ran hedgeless between the fields on either hand. The air seemed so pleasant, and the change so refreshing after the noisy and bustling scenes I had just passed through, that I stopped my chair and got out and walked. In the distance high hills clad in a delicate green stood up against the sky, and I was given to understand that the Leper Village lay in that direction, about three miles from where I stood. So I continued my walk, and in less than an hour came within sight of a collection of huts prettily situated on rising ground in a grove of banyan trees about a hundred yards off the main track. A narrow path, almost covered with brushwood, led through the trees, and then widened out into a short broad space, at the end of which stood the entrance-gate common to all oriental towns and villages. On the right side of this space several Chinese were making rope at an efficient if primitive rope-walk, and on the left my eye rested on a mass of rags and dirt which, huddled up amid the spreading roots of a banyan tree, excited my curiosity. I approached, and with a start recognised the shape of a human head amid the rags. It was some time before I could realise that I was gazing upon a human being made of flesh and blood, if an emaciated and dirty collection of leprous skin and bones can be correctly described by these words. Yes, here was a leper in the last fell stage of leprosy. I stood motionless. The maddening problem of individuality came up again in all its fierceness as I gazed at this poor wretch huddled by the roadside. What was the difference between him and me? What had he done that he should be thus smitten whilst I escaped?

Why was not I in his plight, and he well and comfortable? Comfortable, did I say? No—not comfortable. No one with a heart can be comfortable as long as he thinks of or sees the evils of this poor world of ours and the misery his fellow-creatures undergo. Oh, for some great physician to come and inject the curing and saving lymph and to see this poor wretch stand up straight and walk; to watch joy return to his countenance and light to his eyes as he lifted them from the earth to the blue sky, and to say, "Go and live, I have made thee whole!" What a sight! What a mission! How different this ghastly reality!

Is he in pain? and can I do nothing to help him? were the thoughts which at once asserted themselves; and as I meditated, several of the rope-makers, some of them also lepers, though in a less miserable plight, noticing that my attention had long been arrested, came across and stood around me. With oriental stolidity they gazed at me wonderingly, as I took some money from my pocket and intimated my intention of bestowing it upon the leper; but I was stayed by the peculiarly significant shake of the head of one of the bystanders and quick-swaying movement of the uplifted open hand before his face, as he uttered the words "Yun la" ("He is finished," "done for," "beyond hope of recovery"). This was the horribly expressive term applied to him with a smile by the bystanders, who seemed perfectly callous in face of the fact that in a short time their turn to "be finished" would also come. The leper had added the anæsthetic to the tubercular stage of the disease, his bones were being gradually absorbed, he was unable to rise, and was, in fact, dying a slow and miserable death. His head was bowed on his knees, and there seemed to be but half of him left as he crouched up against the tree-trunk. The ear which was turned towards me was long and pendulous, and at least four times its natural size. The man appeared to be breathing gently, and until the arrival of the rope-makers had seemed absolutely unconscious of our presence. But at the sound of voices he raised his head and gave me a look which I shall never forget. It was not a look of pain or anguish. It was not a look of remorse, or even of sorrow. There was an almost imperceptible sign of curiosity at the sight of a foreigner; but this was only momentary, and the look said, plainer than speech, "Pity me; I am doomed." And then the diseased head sank again on the feeble knees, and I shuddered to think that a cruel world can bring its children into being to die such deaths as this.

Saddened by this terrible sight and still more by the thoughts which it had aroused, I [illegible] the

village. Silence reigned everywhere. From the spot where I stood under the massive portico I looked down a narrow street, along the centre of which ran a single line of kerbstone paving. On either side was a gutter, which acted as a drain for the lazar-houses before which it passed. The whole village consisted of some half-dozen of these streets, and that along which I proceeded ended at the open door of a large temple. Passing round the screen which stands at the entrance of nearly every important building in China, I entered the door, and saw around me several lepers, sitting or lying mute and motionless on wooden benches along the wall. Had I not known that the building was a temple, I should have been forced to the conclusion, from the arrangement of the interior, that I was in a hospital, and that the victims in whose presence I found myself were patients undergoing treatment for their maladies. But the reality was far different. Here were no physicians, no clean beds, no kind nurses, not even the ordinary comforts of life. The lepers simply sat or lay there on the hard wooden benches because they had reached the stage at which they could no longer perform their customary duties. Those in a sitting position had all a dogged expression of indifference on their faces, and kept their eyes fixed on the ground as they smoked their pipes, which seemed to be the only comfort they possessed. Here were to be seen illustrations of every phase of the terrible disease. This man sitting on the edge of his bench, with one leg hanging down, shows in his pendulous ears and the gaping wound on his shin—a large festering ulcer unbandaged and unwashed—that the malady has not so far done more than obtain a firm hold on his body. That one not far off, whose right foot is nothing but a diseased and pulpy mass curving almost horizontally from the end of his shin-bone, whose neck is of nearly the same diameter as his swollen head, and whose eyebrows form the crest of unnaturally large ridges above his eyes, is a step nearer the end, which, it is to be hoped, will not long delay its coming. And here, reclining on the hard boards, and occupying no more space than a child of five, covered by a few filthy rags, with an almost featureless countenance, is an old woman of at least fifty years. By her side stands a bowl of water, evidently put there at her request; but now she seems to be beyond the need of it, and I find it impossible to judge whether or not she is still alive. Her bones are apparently almost all gone—drawn up and absorbed—and it is difficult to imagine that there still exist under what remains of the pulpy flesh any organs capable of carrying on life. As I gazed a feeling of sickness came over me, and I was obliged to turn away. The greater portion of the

money I had brought with me I distributed among the sufferers, but they seemed utterly indifferent and ungrateful, and I felt that, after all, monetary aid given in this way can avail but little in these cases. Here were numbers of poor creatures deprived even of the low standard of lazy comfortableness of the Chinese, condemned, as Carlyle has it, through no fault of their own, "to die slowly all their lives long." How privileged, thought I, is even the poorest in a London slum to such as these. Casting my eyes around, I seemed to be a Hagar in the desert. I waited and desired a living soul. It is the wish of many to live after death; here before my eyes were creatures of flesh and blood whose one desire was to live during life.[1]

Leaving this chamber of living dead, I went again into the street, and bestowed upon an aged leper whom I met outside the last small dole of copper "cash" I had with me. At first he showed the same characteristic indifference as all the rest, but just as I was about to proceed on my way he drew my attention by touching my arm, and then, kneeling down, performed the "Kotow" as a sign of gratitude, bowing his head in the dust before me. His feelings were genuine, and that an old and diseased man should thus express his sense of obligation for so small a token of sympathy and pity cut me to the quick, and I hurried onwards. I had only proceeded a few steps, however, before I encountered the most horrible of all the horrible spectacles I had witnessed during my stay in the village. Coming towards me, at as rapid a pace as her almost toeless feet would permit, was a woman with literally no features whatever to her face; a sort of flat slab, with small holes for eyes, nose, and mouth, was all that was left of this portion of her head, and it was rendered all the more hideous by the diseased and pendulous ears which stood out in all their sickening ghastliness on either side. That her sight was not entirely gone, though anything that could be called a pair of eyes was invisible, was evident from the fact that she was walking, or rather jogging along with mincing gait, unaided, and also from her turning her steps towards me as I approached. In a few seconds this awful apology for a human being confronted me, and, without uttering a

[1] Leprosy is said by the Chinese to result from the eating of too much fish, but the real cause is, I believe, still a mystery. Poor blood and uncleanly habits have doubtless a great deal to do with it, but a satisfactory investigation as regards the best means for its prevention and cure is much needed. There can be no doubt that in the South of China the disease is greatly on the increase. The number of victims sent from Hongkong to Canton is becoming larger year by year, and unless some effective means are adopted to prevent it spreading there seems to be no reason why it should not by-and-by invade the more northern latitudes, which have been until now exempt from its ravages.

sound, held out two fingerless stumps. The thought flashed through my mind that the best thing to do, if I did not wish to be taken ill on the spot, was to keep as far from this creature as possible, but a sort of feeling that I should be acting the part of a coward prevented me from hurrying away. The Chinese money I had brought with me had all been exhausted, but I rummaged in my pockets and fortunately found that I had with me a few ten-cent pieces. Two of these I laid upon one of the extended stumps, and was about to make off with all speed when I perceived that my action had attracted the attention of the passers-by, who, intent on also becoming possessed of some of the silver pieces, now crowded round me. In a moment I was surrounded by a howling mob. The former indifference had entirely disappeared, and lepers of all sorts and conditions, in every stage of filth and disease, crowded in upon me, yelling for a portion of the alms of which they seemed to imagine that I possessed an infinite supply. Eyes looked at me from deformed and repulsive grimaces, diseased and fingerless hands were stretched out towards me, and the uproar prevented me from making myself heard. To be for any length of time at such close quarters with these lepers, or to come in contact with any of their festering wounds, would be to run a great risk of contracting the disease, and this did not strike me as being altogether a pleasant or fitting reward for my charity. The crowd, taking me with it, was gradually drifting towards the side of the street, so, throwing into the air the last ten-cent piece I had, I pushed or rather fought my way out; and then, leaping over the drain which passed along the side of the street, ran for some distance on the narrow strip of ground under the eaves of the houses, and recrossing into the street, soon reached the gate of the village, and emerged once more into the open country.

Once well away from the scene of the terrible experiences I had just undergone, I sat down by the roadside, and endeavoured to satisfy myself that I was not suffering from some ghastly nightmare. Would indeed that it had been so; but no, there, still visible, standing up pure and peaceful in contrast to the scenes of filth and degeneration I had just witnessed, was the avenue of green trees which led up to the village gate. Then the thought suddenly occurred to me that I might myself have contracted the dreadful malady, and that, unless precautions were adopted without delay, I too might be even as one of these lepers. I rose hurriedly, and, altogether forgetting that I had left my sedan-chair near the village, walked rapidly in the direction of the city. On reaching the suburbs

which lie along the river bank, I entered a shop and asked for a basin of water, in which I washed my face and hands. The shopman demanded money, but remembering that I had nothing left, and not being well enough versed in the southern dialects to explain to him where I lived, I abruptly left the shop, to the astonishment of the shopkeeper, who, however, offered no protest, but doubtless put me down as a demented foreigner of whom he was well rid. Making along the street, I arrived in a short time at the river bank, and, entering a boat, floated up with the tide to the foreign settlement. As I stepped on to the Bund I was accosted by a friend, who wished me to make up a set of tennis with himself and two others ; and though I felt less inclined to be gay than I could recollect to have done for a long time past, I went mechanically to my house, and having sent their fare to the boatmen by a servant, changed into tennis costume. But hideous visions of the leper village and the crowd of wasting human beings still haunted me. Fingerless hands seemed to grab at the balls as we played, and before the beautiful countenance of my lady partner there would pass, when I looked at her, a misty shape of a featureless slab. The blue blood which coursed in her shapely forearm, only partially covered by the short sleeve of her tennis jacket, served but to remind me of the suppurating ulcers on the limbs of the all but dead human beings I had visited that day.

As the game went on these visions increased, and so pestered my every thought that there was no energy left in me. By several bad strokes I lost the set, and through the misty image which encircled the fair head of my partner I perceived an angry frown. To the frown was presently added a sharp reproach for my stupidity, but I answered naught, for I was beginning gradually to see the light. Two little things had happened that afternoon : I had lost a tennis match, and had given a few cents to an aged leper. What different results these two little things produced—from the healthy and cultured an angry frown ; from the diseased and uncultured a smile of joy ! Of what use after all, thought I, is our high civilisation if our feelings are numbed and our hearts beat not? There recurred to my mind the Chinese saying, that in former times the figure of men resembled that of wild animals, but their hearts contained the most perfect virtue, whilst nowadays the outward appearance of men is human, but their dispositions are utterly brutish ; and it seemed to me that its author spoke the truth. And as I walked away from the scene of my disgrace a worse vision haunted me ; for I saw around me crowds of my fellow-crea but whose hearts were diseased, and

I had received an invitation to dine out, and in the evening betook myself to the house of my host. Beautiful dresses and costly jewels were there in abundance; but my two visions gave me no peace. On looking at each comely face or fair form my sight would either be obscured by a vision of the grim realities it had that day been my lot to witness, or behind the beauty and grace I would perceive the hard heart of the hypocrite who works his fellows ill; and at every step of the dance which followed I was buffeted with the idea that I was dancing with an individual inwardly or outwardly diseased. My brain was racked by the two revolting revelations of the afternoon. I was tormented by a continual "swing and sway of my thoughts' collision," which allowed me no rest. With the author of "Looking Backward," but in a manner infinitely more appalling, I had learnt what it was to behold the worst side of my kind in all its ghastly nakedness. Truly I had been in Golgotha—yes, I had seen Humanity hanging on a cross.

. . . . . .

Some weeks have elapsed since the day on which I visited the Leper Village; but the impressions produced by that visit remain. Humanity (the exceptions are, unfortunately, so few that I need not modify the term) is diseased, inwardly and outwardly. When those who are inwardly diseased have been cured by the only physician who can cure them; when sympathy and real love—not that love which is of words only, whilst the heart is far from it—shall have replaced the lying, backbiting, and hypocrisy which now take up so much of men's time and detract from their higher natures, then, and not till then, will they be in a position to successfully attempt the restoration of their less fortunate fellow-creatures, and then only will right progress begin.

E. T. C. WERNER.

THE EXORCISM OF CHARLES THE BEWITCHED.

THE pallid little milksop in black velvet, with his lank tow-coloured hair and his great underhung chin, who will simper for ever on the canvas of Velasquez, had grown to be a man—a poor feeble anæmic old man of thirty-seven,[1] the last of his race, to whom fastings and feastings, the ceremonies of the Church, and the nostrums of the empirics had been equally powerless in providing a successor for the crumbling empire of his fathers. The strong spirits upon whom he had leant in his youth and early manhood had passed away. His imperious mother, who reigned so long and unworthily in his name, had died of cancer only a year or two ago. His virile brother, Don Juan José of Austria, in whom the worn-out blood of the imperial race had been quickened by the brighter but baser blood of his actress-mother, had been poisoned. His beloved first wife, the sweet Marie Louise of Orleans, had faded away in the sepulchral gloom of that dreary court, and his new German wife, Marie Anne of Neuberg, with her imperious violence, frightened him out of what little wit he had left by her advocacy of new ideas. For new ideas to that poor brain were the inventions of the very Devil himself. He had been drilled for years into the knowledge that the claims of his French kinsmen to his inheritance were just; and, though all the diplomatists of Europe had been plotting and planning for one or the other claimant with varying success, all that poor Charles the Bewitched himself wanted was to be left alone in peace whilst he lived, and that one of his French cousins should

[1] Stanhope, the English Minister in Madrid, writes to the Duke of Shrewsbury, September, 1696: "They cut off his hair in this sickness, which the decay of nature had almost done before, all his crown being bald. He has a ravenous stomach and swallows all he eats whole, for his nether [illegible] that his two rows of teeth cannot meet, so the [illegible] down whole, and his weak stomach not be [illegible] same manner."

succeed him when he died. There was not much chance of either wish being fulfilled from the time that England and the Austrian faction juggled Marie Anne of Neuberg into the palace as his second wife. She made short work of all the courtiers and Ministers who favoured the French succession—they had one after the other either to come round to her side or go. Most of the best of them—not that any of them were very good—sulked in their own provinces awaiting events, whilst others still plotted in the capital. In the meanwhile the Queen and her camarilla were all powerful. After various weak and futile explosions, the smashing of crockery and breaking of furniture and the like, the poor King, for the sake of peace, let her have her own way, and ostensibly favoured the claims of the Austrian Archduke to his inheritance. But like most semi-idiots he could not relax his grasp on an idea of which he had once become possessed, and though he was surrounded day and night by the Queen's creatures, and was content that they should have their way whilst he was well, he no sooner fell into one of his periodical fits of deadly sickness than, with all the terror and dread of death, and constant fear of poison and witchcraft upon him, he yearned for the presence of those who had been with him in earlier and happier days, before the German Queen and her base bloodsuckers had come to disturb his tranquillity. The story of the strange and obscure court intrigue which resulted in the gaining by the French faction of the upper hand in the palace during the critical time preceding Charles' death, has often and variously been told, mostly with an ignorant or wilful distortion of events. M. Morel Fatio has shown how Victor Hugo has deliberately falsified the character of the Queen Marie Anne of Neuberg, in order that he might make use of the local colour furnished by the Countess d'Aulnoy's letters written from Spain fifteen years before the period represented by the dramatist;[1] and many other writers, French and English, who have been attracted by the romantic elements of the witchcraft story, have surrounded it with an envelope of fictitious persons and incidents which makes it difficult now to distinguish between history and romance. Every writer on the subject, so far as I know, moreover, has stopped short at the story of the exorcism itself, whereas it really developed into a great struggle of many years' duration between the Grand Inquisitor on the one hand, and the Council of Inquisitors on the other, in which, curiously enough, the latter body championed the cause of legal process as against the arbitrary power

[1] "L'Histoire dans *Ruy Blas*" in *Etudes sur l'Espagne*, by A. Morel Fatio: Paris.

assumed by its own chief. There is in the British Museum[1] a full manuscript account from day to day of the whole transaction from beginning to end, written at the time by one of the clerks or secretaries in the Inquisition, who, although he avows himself a partisan of the French faction and of the King's confessor, Froilan Diaz, around whom all the storm raged, declares that he has set down the unvarnished truth of the whole complicated business, in order that people may know after his death what really happened, and how much they "owe to his Sacred Majesty Philip V. for preserving the privileges of the holy tribunal of the Inquisition, or, what is the same, our holy faith." By the aid of this set of documents, and another set in the Museum (part of which has been published in Spanish), the story, which is well worth preserving, may be reconstructed, and the hitherto unrelated particulars of the actual exorcism rescued from oblivion.

The most powerful person at court next to the Queen was Father Matilla, the King's confessor, whose hand was everywhere, and who said on one occasion that he would much rather make bishops than be one. Then came the other members of the Queen's camarilla, an obscure country lawyer who had been created Count Adanero, and Minister of Finance and the Indies, who provided the crew with money to their hearts' content, and squandered and muddled away the national resources, whilst all Spain was groaning under impossible imposts; Madame Berlips, a German woman who had an extraordinary influence over the Queen, and an insatiable greed; two Italian monks, and a mutilated musician of the Royal Chapel. There were two great nobles also who, after several periods of disgrace and hesitation, had at last thrown themselves on to the Queen's side, the Admiral of Castile, and Count Oropesa, the ostensibly responsible Ministers; but these practically only carried out the designs of the Queen's camarilla, and were content with the appearance and profits of power without its exercise. The populace, as may be imagined, were in deadly opposition to the Queen and her foreign surroundings, and were strongly in favour of one of the younger French princes whom they might adopt and make a Spaniard of, as they never could hope to do with a German archduke, and thus, as they thought, avoid the threatened partition of their country.[2]

[1] *Add.* 10241 *MS., British Museum.* See also "Proceso criminal fulminado contra el Rmo. P. M Fray Froylan Diaz, de la sagrada religion de predicadores, Confesor del Rey N. S. D. Carlos II.: Madrid. 1787."

[2] *Stanhope to his Son, March 1*[illegible] order: the grandees all dog and cat, Tur

This was the position of things in March, 1698, when the King, who had partly recovered from his previous attack eighteen months before, was again taken ill.[1] He was dragged out by the Queen to totter and stagger in religious processions, was made to go through the ceremonial forms of his position, nodding and babbling incoherently to Ministers and Ambassadors whom he was obliged to receive, and at last, weary and sick to death, haunted by an unquiet conscience and with the appalling fear of hourly poison, he sent word by a trusty messenger to the wise crafty old minister of his mother, Cardinal Portocarrero, who had been banished from the court by the Queen, that he wished to see him. The Cardinal needed no two invitations, but posted off to the palace. He had still plenty of friends of various ranks, notwithstanding the Queen, and amongst them was Count Benavente, the gentleman-of-the-bed-chamber. By him he was conducted at night to the King's bedside, after the Queen had retired, and heard the heart-broken recital of the monarch's troubles. The King told him he was ill and unhappy and in trouble about his soul's health. He was conscious of a struggle going on within him between his knowledge of the right thing to do and his incapacity to do it, and this left him no peace or happiness. The people who surrounded him were distasteful to him, his confessor Matilla gave him no real consolation, and he ascribed much of his own illness and misery to the bad management and ceaseless worry he had to endure from those who had the direction of affairs. The King unburdened himself to the Cardinal in his lisping, mumbling fashion, his utterance broken with sobs and tears, but sufficiently plainly for Portocarrero to see that if he and his friends acted boldly, swiftly, and secretly they might again become

dition, so weak and spent as to his principles of life that there is only hope of preserving him for a few weeks. . . . The general inclination is altogether French as to the succession, their aversion to the Queen having set them against all her countrymen, and if the French King will content himself that one of his younger grandchildren be King of Spain, he will find no opposition either from grandees or common people. The King is not in a condition to give audience, speaking very little and that not much to the purpose. The terms in which they express it to me is that he is *embelecado*, *atolondrado*, and *dementado*. He fancies the devils are very busy in tempting him.

[1] The King is so very weak he can scarcely lift his hand to his head to feed himself, and so extremely melancholy that neither his buffoons, dwarfs, nor puppet shows, all of which show their abilities before him, can in the least divert him from fancying everything that is said or done to be a temptation of the Devil, and never thinking himself safe without his confessor and two friars by his side, whom he makes lie in his chamber every night.—*Stanhope to the Earl of Portland, March* 14, 1698.

predominant and dispose of the splendid inheritance of Spain and the Indies. He said some consoling, soothing words to the King and promised him that steps should be taken to insure him tranquillity, and then he took his leave. The interview took place in the ancient Alcazar, which stood on the site of the present royal palace in Madrid, for poor Carlos had no spirits for the new Buen Retiro Palace, where his father had been so gay and splendid. It was nearly eleven o'clock at night, but as soon as the Cardinal got back to his own house he summoned his friends to a private conference. They were all of them courtiers in disgrace with the Queen, and most of them extremely popular with the mob in Madrid. There was Count Monterey, mild and temporising, with his hesitating speech, and his irritating "hems and hahs"; there was the Marquis of Leganes, a hot-headed soldier, rash and pugnacious; Don Francisco Ronquillo, ambitious, intriguing, and bold, who, with his brother, was the idol of the *chulos* of the capital; Don Juan Antonio Urraca, honest, uncouth, and boorish; and, above all, quiet, wise, and prudent Don Sebastian de Cotes, a close friend of the Cardinal's. First, Monterey was invited to give his opinion as to what should be done, but he dwelt mainly upon the danger to them all presented by the King's infirmity of purpose; and how one Minister after the other who had for a moment succeeded in persuading him to make a stand had been disgraced and banished the moment the Queen got access to her husband and twisted him round her finger, as she could. He had no desire to take risks, apparently, and could recommend nothing better than that the Cardinal Archbishop should keep his footing in the palace, and gradually work upon the King's mind. Leganes scoffed at such timid counsels; where the disease was so violent as this a strong remedy must be adopted. This should be the immediate banishment and, if necessary, the imprisonment of the Admiral of Castile, the principal Minister. He, Leganes, had plenty of arms at home, and had hundreds of men in Madrid who would serve him, with experienced officers to command them, and could soon make short work of the Admiral and his train of poets and buffoons. Ronquillo went further still. He said that was all very well, but at the same time they must seize the Queen and shut her up at the Huelgas de Burgos. Monterey called him a fool, and said such an act would be the death of the King and would ruin them all before he could alter his will; and the two nobles rushed at each other to fight out the question on the spot before the Archbishop himself. When they were separated the Cardinal no doubt thought it was time to do something prac-

opinion. Cotes was prosy enough but practical. He said of course Portocarrero could easily get the King to sign any decree he liked, but the Queen could more easily still get him to revoke it; and, although it would be well to strike at the Queen herself, he did not know who would dare to do it. But after all she could only influence him by mundane means; the confessor Matilla, whom the King hated and feared, and flouted only yesterday, must be got rid of, and the Queen would lose her principal instrument. This was approved of, but no one could suggest a fitting successor except Ronquillo, who, of course, had a nominee, who was promptly vetoed. Each of the others doubtless had one too, but thought best to press his claims privately. So it was left to the Archbishop to choose a new successor and gain the King's consent to his appointment. The choice fell upon a certain Froilan Diaz, professor of theology at the University of Alcalá. One of his recommendations was that he was near enough to the capital to be brought thither quickly, before the affair got wind, and no sooner did the Ronquillos learn that Cotes had recommended him to the Archbishop than they sent a mounted messenger post-haste to Alcalá to inform Father Froilan of his coming greatness, and claim for themselves the credit of his appointment. A few days afterwards, in the afternoon, the King lay in bed languidly listening to the music which was being played in the outer chamber, with which his own room communicated by an open door. The outer room, as usual, was crowded with courtiers, and in the deep recess of a window stood the confessor Matilla chatting with a friend, alert and watchful of all that passed. Suddenly Count Benavente entered with a stout fresh-coloured ecclesiastic, quiet and modest of mien and unknown to all. They walked across the presence chamber without announcement, and entered the King's bedchamber, shutting the door behind them. Matilla's face grew longer and his eyes wider as he saw this, and he knew instinctively that his day was over. Turning to his friend he said "Good-bye; this is beginning where it ought to have left off," and with that he left the palace, and went with the conviction of disaster to his monastery of the Rosario. They had all known for some days that something had been brewing. Spies had dogged every footstep of the Archbishop and those who attended the midnight meeting at his house, but they had left out of account the King's own Gentleman-of-the-Bedchamber, Count Benavente, who had arranged the whole affair. It is true that when the Queen had, as usual, entered the King's bedroom that day, at eleven o'clock, to see him dine, he had told her in a whisper, unable to retain his

secret, that he had changed his confessor. She, astounded and disconcerted at the news, pretended to approve of the change—anything, she said, to give tranquillity to her dear Carlos. But when she could leave she flew with all speed to her room, summoned the Admiral and the camarilla, and told them they were undone. Panic reigned supreme, the general idea being that Matilla himself had betrayed them. In any case they saw that he was past praying for, so they threw him overboard, and decided to try to save themselves, and see if, in time, they could not buy over the new confessor. The only man of them who kept his head was a great ecclesiastic, a brother of the Admiral of Aragon and of a member of the council of the Inquisition, one Folch de Cardona, Commissary-General of the Order of San Francisco, who was subsequently to play an important part in the tragi-comedy. When Matilla learnt that the Queen and her friends had known of the change an hour or two before it happened he broke down. "Oh! for that hour," he exclaimed; "in it I would have set it all right." Divested of all his offices, dismissed from his inquisitorship, with a pension of 2,000 ducats, he died within a week of poison or a broken heart, and he disappears from the scene. In his place stands Froilan Diaz, a simple-minded tool of the courtiers who had appointed him. He did not look very terrible, even to the panic-stricken Queen and her friends, and they decided to make the best of him, and try to confine the changes to the confessorship. Henceforward Froilan Diaz was a man to be courted and flattered. Honours and wealth were lavished on him, and for a year no great change was made in the palace or outside, but under the surface intrigue was busy, both at the King's bedside and in the haunts of the Madrid mob. At the end of a year the latter element made short work of the Ministers and the Queen's gang, and drove the lot of them out, to be replaced by Arias, the Ronquillos, and the French party; but with this revolt the present article has nothing to do.

The King's extreme decrepitude for a young man had several years before given rise to rumours amongst the vulgar that he was bewitched, and the assertion had been made the subject of grave consideration by the Grand Inquisitor of the time, who reported that he could find no evidence to act upon. At the time of the first serious illness of the King, in 1697, he had of his own action sent to the new Grand Inquisitor, a terrible and austere Dominican monk called Rocaberti, and had confessed to him his conviction that his illness was not natural, but the result of charm, and besought him earnestly to have an inquisitor told him that he would,

but saw no possible result could come of it, unless the King could point out some person whom he suspected, or some plausible evidence to go upon. And so the matter remained until some weeks after Father Froilan had become confessor. As may be supposed, Froilan Diaz's elevation had reminded all his old friends of his existence, and, amongst others, an old fellow-student visited him, with whom he fell into talk about past days and former acquaintances. "And how is Father Argüelles getting on?" said the confessor. "Ah, poor fellow!" was the reply, "he is confessor at a convent at Cangas, terribly ill, but in nowise cast down, for the Devil himself has assured him in person that God is preserving him for a great work yet that shall resound through the world." The King's confessor pricked up his ears at this, and wanted further particulars. It appeared, according to the friend, that Argüelles had had much trouble with two nuns of his convent, who were possessed, and in the course of his exorcisms had become quite on intimate terms with his Satanic Majesty. Froilan thought this was too important to be neglected, so he consulted the Grand Inquisitor, the Dominican Rocaberti. The grim monk did not, apparently, much like the business, but consented to a letter being written to the Bishop of Oviedo, the superior of Argüelles, asking him to question his subordinate as to the truth of the assertion that the King was suffering from diabolical charms. The bishop, determined that he would not be made the channel for such nonsense, wrote a sensible answer back, saying that he did not believe in the witchcraft story. All that ailed the King was a weakness of the heart and a too ready acquiescence in the Queen's wishes, so he would have nothing to do with it. Then Froilan sent direct to Argüelles, who himself was afraid of the business, unless he was secured from harm, and refused to put any questions to the Devil unless he had the warrant of the Grand Inquisitor. A letter was therefore written by the latter on June 18, 1698, ordering him to write the names of the King and Queen on a sheet of paper, and, without uttering them, to place the paper on his breast, summon the Devil, and ask him whether the persons whose names were so written were suffering from witchcraft. Froilan sent the letter in a long one of his own to his old friend, with an elaborate cipher and other devices for secrecy in subsequent communications. No names henceforward were to be written. The vicar, Argüelles, replied expressing no surprise at so strange a request, but said the Devil had previously told him that he was reserved for great things, but had not given particulars, only that he should receive an order from a superior. Then he tells the result obtained by his first effort. He

says he placed the hands of the possessed nun upon the altar, and by the power of his incantations commanded the Devil to answer the question put to him. The Devil was not at all shy, but "swore by God Almighty that it was the truth that the King was bewitched," *et hoc ad destruendam materiam generationis in Rege et eum incapacem ponendum ad regnum administrandum.* He said the charm had been administered by moonlight when the King was fourteen years of age. So far the Devil. Then the vicar, as an expert, gives some advice of his own. He says the King should be given half a pint of oil to drink, fasting, with the benediction, and the ceremony of exorcism which the Church prescribes.[1] He must not eat anything for some time afterwards, and everything he eats and drinks must be blessed. The case is a very bad one, he says, and a miracle will be performed. If the King can bear it he should be given, in addition, the charm prescribed by the Church, but not otherwise. He gives the not improbable opinion that as the King will vomit dreadfully he must be held in the arms of the "master," by which name it was agreed that the Grand Inquisitor should be referred to in the correspondence. But he says not an hour is to be lost, and the master himself must administer the draught. But this remedy was too strong, and Froilan and the inquisitor, or the friend and the master, as they are called henceforward, write to say that, although they are much obliged to the Devil and the vicar, such a draught as that recommended would certainly kill the King, and they beg the exorciser to ask the Devil again for a more practical and a safer remedy. "How much and in what form is the Church charm to be given; at what hour; on what parts of the body?" And so on—queer questions, indeed, to be addressed by two pillars of the Church to the Devil. But this is not all. They draw up a series of questions that would do honour to a cross-examining barrister. "What is the proof of witchcraft? In what way does it act so as to make the King do things contrary to his own will? How are the organs affected cleansed by the charm? What compact was made with the Devil when the witchery was effected? Was it administered

[1] How fit the King was to undergo such a régime as this may be judged by Stanhope's letter to his son, dated Madrid, June 25, 1698: "Our gazettes here tell us every week that his Catholic Majesty is in perfect health, and it is the general answer to all enquiries. It is true that he is abroad every day, but *hæret lateri lethalis arundo*; his ankles and knees swell again, his eyes bag, the lids red as scarlet, and the rest of his face a greenish yellow. His tongue is *traboda*, as they express it; that is, he hassuch a fumbling in his speech, those near him hardly understand him, at which [illegible] asks if they all be deaf."

internally or externally? Who administered it? Has it been repeated? Is the Queen included in its operation?" And other questions of a similar sort. The vicar is rather shocked at their inquisitiveness and refuses to put such questions. How can he ask the Devil anything that the Church does not deal with in its exorcising ceremonies? Another letter is sent asking him to consult the Devil as to whether it will be well to take the King to Toledo, to which the vicar replies somewhat evasively, reproaching his associates. What is the good, he says, of all their professed desire to heal the King whilst they refuse to carry out the directions sent them? A change of place is useless if he takes the malady with him, and until they follow out the instructions already given it is no good for him to consult the Devil again. "Besides," he says, getting into dangerously deep water for a country vicar, "how can you expect the King to be well? Justice is not done, the churches are starved, hospitals are despoiled and closed, and souls are allowed to suffer in purgatory because money is begrudged for masses, and, above all, the King does not administer justice after swearing on the cross that he would do so. The divine message has already been delivered to you. I have told you all it is fitting for you to know and how to cure the patient, and you do nothing but ask a lot more questions. I tell ye, then, that you will find no excuse for this at the supreme judgment, and the death of the King will be laid at your door, since you could cure him and will not." This was almost too bold to be borne, and the inquisitor's secretary writes back in grave condemnation. He again insists upon the questions being put to the Devil: "You are presumptuous to dare to suppose that you know better than the friend and the master, and that you can command in this way whilst refusing to obey. You want to get out of it now by attributing the King's illness to other causes. The 'friend and the master' are deeply offended, and if you do not do as you are commanded all will be frustrated, and we distressed to feel that, just as God had begun to open the door of knowledge to us, all is spoilt by your presumption and obstinacy." After a good deal more of mutual recrimination the vicar gave way, and on September 9, 1698, he wrote that he had sworn the Devil on the holy sacrament and he had declared that the charm had been administered to the King in a cup of chocolate on April 3, 1673. "I asked," he writes, "what the charm was made of, and he said three parts of a dead man." "What parts?" "Brain to take away his will, intestines to spoil his health, and kidney to ruin his virility." "Can we burn any sign to restore him?" "No, by the God that made you and me." "Was it a man or a woman who

administered the charm?" "A woman, and she has already been judged." "Why did she do it?" "In order to reign." "When?" "In the day of Don Juan of Austria, whom she killed with a similar charm, only stronger." This of course was directed against the late Queen-mother—a dangerous line to take, considering that the Cardinal Archbishop Portocarrero, whose creature Froilan was, had been her friend and Minister. Lucifer continued, that the remedies were those that the Church prescribed. First, the drinking of blessed oil fasting; secondly, anointing the whole body with the oil; next, strong purges and absolute isolation of the King even from the sight of the Queen. Then the Devil got sulky, said he was tired and knew no more, and refused to say another word. The adoption of such a course with a man who was dying already of exhaustion would have been murder; and of course the associates again hesitated, writing to the vicar directing him to inquire of the Devil if any witchery has been practised since the first, and why the King cannot do right when he wishes to, instead of being, as he complains, impelled to act wrongly against his will. It seems impossible that this can be the result of the original charm, particularly as the person who gave it is dead. Has anything been given since? "Yes," says the Devil, "in 1694, only four years ago, on September 24, a similar charm was given in food and left no outward sign," and this the Devil swears by God and the Holy Trinity. Then Lucifer, tired of answering questions, apparently gives a bit of advice. He says they are thwarting Providence by their delay, and if they do not hurry up, the King will be past help. But again the friend and the master want more information, and on October 22 write to say that it is of the highest importance that they should know the name and residence of the witch; who ordered her to act, and why. This the Devil absolutely refuses to answer; but as his past proceedings proved him to be a demon somewhat infirm of purpose, they do not seem to have been at all discouraged, but a week or so afterwards return to the charge with a perfect catechism, which they order the vicar to put to his diabolical interlocutor. "Who was the witch? What was her name, condition, and residence? Who ordered the charm, and why? Who got the corpse and prepared the conjuration? Who handed the chocolate to the King? Had the witch any children?" And so on at great length. The answer came from the vicar on October 7, in which the Devil seems to have made quite a clean breast of it. The Queen-mother, he said, had ordered the first charm; the first witch was a woman named Casilda, mar- two sons, who lived away from her. The go-between

was Valenzuela (the Queen-mother's favourite) and the witch had no accomplice but the Devil. She sought the corpse and prepared the charm and handed it to Valenzuela. The second charm in 1694 was administered by one who wishes for the *fleur-de-lis* in Spain; one who is a great adulator of the King, but hates him bitterly. The Devil could not mention names, he said, but they knew the person well. This witch was a famous one named Maria, living in the Calle Mayor; but he could not give the number of the house or her surname. The Grand Inquisitor's secretary wrote in answer to this, thanking him, but regretting that his information was so limited. The street mentioned as the residence of the first witch, namely, the Calle de Herreros, did not exist in Madrid, and the friend and the master beg the vicar to ask his friend the Devil for more information as to the houses and husbands of both witches, "as to seek a Maria in the High Street of Madrid was like looking for a needle in a haystack." They want also the name of the person who ordered the second charm, and the secretary ends his letter with an astounding invocation of the Devil's aid. He is conjured in the names of God, of His holy Mother, and of St. Simeon of Jerusalem, the King's patron saint, to intercede with God, "who, the lessons tell us, is a relative," to aid in the King's recovery. No reply appears to have been received to this letter, but it is soon followed by another, saying that the friend and the master have administered the charm recommended by the Devil, and the King is better, but they urgently beg for further aid from the same quarter, and more charms if possible. This letter was written on November 5, 1698, and produced two replies from the vicar, who said that he had been conjuring all the afternoon fruitlessly, and at last the Devil burst out in a rage, "Go away! don't bother me." In fact, it is quite clear at this point that the vicar, having got himself into a perfect net of confusion and contradiction, was getting very frightened indeed, and his next letter said that the Devil was sulky, and would only reply to all his conjurations that he, the Devil, had been telling him a lot of lies and would say no more. All would be known by-and-by, but not yet. The vicar added to this a remark to the effect that all the King's doctors were false and disloyal, and should be dismissed; the doctor to be appointed in their place was to be chosen more for his attachment to the old Church than for his medical science, and, in the meanwhile, the King's abode and garments were to be changed and the exorcisms continued. The vicar is again gravely rebuked for daring to say that the King's physicians are disloyal, but they, the friend and the master, will refrain from

employing them. A further letter of November 26 urges the vicar not to stand any more of the Devil's nonsense. Tell him he *must* give the names and addresses, as the friend and the master are put to great trouble seeking them, and he is exhorted to be diligent in completing the good work he has begun, as the King is much better for the exorcisms administered to him. The doctors were, of course, nominees of the now dominant French party, and the friend and master did not like their loyalty to be called into question; but the vicar was firm, so they were changed, and the poor King was taken on his journey to Toledo and Alcalá. He certainly had got much better, and Stanhope ascribes his improvement to the plasters of his new Aragonese doctor, or "rather," he says, "what I believe has done more is that he has of late drunk two or three glasses of pure wine at every meal, whereas he had never taken anything before in all his life but water boiled with a little cinnamon." As soon as the King was well enough, the intrigue that had been brewing ever since the new confessor had got a footing was completed, and the third claimant to the succession, the young Prince of Bavaria, was solemnly adopted as heir to the crown. This, of course, offended all the great Powers of Europe, but it had the effect of reconciling most of the Spanish courtiers who had espoused either the French or the Austrian cause, and for a few months, until the new heir died, the court quarrels were patched up. Still the inquiries of the Devil went on, and the vicar stumbled and blundered deeper into the mire. He tried to correct his mistake about the street where the first witch lived by saying that the street called Herreros was now the Cerrajeros, and that the surname of the witch was Perez, the commonest name in Spain. The secretary wrote to say that the friend and the master could not make head or tail of it all, and begged the Devil to be more explicit—first he said the witch was alive, and then dead. The King was much better. By this time, the beginning of the year 1699, the vicar evidently thought that as he had so far come out of the affair with flying colours he ought to be brought to the capital and placed on the main road of promotion, instead of being kept in a remote village, and he wrote that the Devil had declared that the whole truth could only be divulged in the church of the Virgin of Atocha in Madrid, and that as he, vicar, had begun it, so he must conduct the affair to the end. A week or two later he wrote again pressing to be allowed to carry on the rest of the conjuration at the Atocha, in order, as he says, to reanimate the devotion to the image which he thought was cooling. He gives the name of [illegible]s Maria Diez, another extremely common

name, and then falls ill, sulks, and refuses to invoke the Devil again except at the Atocha. Still his correspondents continue to press him for fresh signs and information, without result except to produce fresh demands that he should be brought to Madrid. The confederates, however, deemed this too dangerous, and the correspondence with Argüelles closes in the month of May, 1699. About this time the Queen's suspicions were aroused by a hint dropped by the King, and she at once set spies around those who had access to the monarch's room, particularly Froilan Diaz. She soon learnt something of what was going on, and, as the chronicler says, "roared from very rage." She called her friends together, and in a tearing passion told them what she had discovered, demanding immediate vengeance on the King's confessor. Some of her friends, particularly Folch de Cardona, were cooler-headed than she was, and pointed out that as the Grand Inquisitor was mixed up in the business, it would be imprudent to take any steps until it was seen how far the holy tribunal itself was implicated, and that in any case the Queen's vengeance should be wreaked on Froilan by the action of the Inquisition if possible, so that she might avoid the unpopularity of appearing in the matter herself. The next day Folch de Cardona sounded his inquisitor brother, and found that the council of the holy office knew nothing of what was going on, and when the inquisitor was informed and asked whether the tribunal would consider Froilan guilty if the facts were proved, he cautiously answered his brother that he would not venture of himself to decide, but personally he considered so much hobnobbing with the Devil both delicate and dangerous. In June the Grand Inquisitor Rocaberti died suddenly, probably of poison, and left Froilan to face the matter alone; and a few days afterwards a report was sent from Germany, having been transmitted to the Emperor by the Bishop of Vienna, containing a declaration, said to have been made by the Devil to an exorciser in the Church of St. Sophia, to the effect that Charles II. was bewitched by a certain woman called Isabel living in the Calle de Silva, in Madrid, and that if search were made, the instruments of her incantations would be found beneath the threshold of her house. The Queen thought to prove that this was another of Froilan's tricks, and had the whole matter discussed by the Inquisition, who, however, could find nothing to connect him with it, but proceeded to excavate the spot indicated in the Calle de Silva, and there found sundry dolls and figures dressed in uniforms, which dolls were borne in solemn procession and burnt with all the ceremonies of the Church at the end of July. All this was of course conveyed to the King by

Froilan, and it, together with the positive assurance that he was bewitched given to him by a German exorciser named Mauro Tenda, who had been secretly summoned to Spain, threw the poor creature into such an agony of terror that his state became more and more pitiable.[1] In September a mad woman in a state of frenzy presented herself at the palace and demanded audience. She was refused admittance, and thereupon began to scream and struggle in a way that attracted the attention of the King, who told his attendants to admit her. She burst in foaming and shrieking with a crucifix in her hand, cursing and blaspheming at the poor trembling King, and she had to be borne out again on the shoulders of the guards, the King nearly dying of fright on the spot. The maniac was followed, and it was found that she lived with two other demoniacs, one of whom was under the impression that they were keeping the King subject in their room. This nonsense was also conveyed to the monarch, who was now thoroughly persuaded that he was under the influence of sorcery, and he ordered that all three of the women should be exorcised by the German monk. This was done, Froilan standing by and dictating the questions that were to be asked of the Devil by the exorciser. Unfortunately for the confessor, the questions he asked were rather leading ones, in which his desire to injure the Queen was evident. "Who was it," he asked, "that had caused the King's malady?" The answer given was that it was a beautiful woman. "Was it the Queen?" was next demanded, to which the reply was somewhat confusing, as it was merely the name of an unknown man, "Don Juan Palia." "Is he a relative of the Queen—what countryman is he?" received no reply; but when the Devil was asked in what form the charm had been administered he said, "In snuff." "Any of it left?" "Yes, in the desk." "What queen was it that caused the malady?" was again asked. "The dead one," said the Devil. "Is there any other charm?" "Yes." "Who gave it?" "Maria de la Presen-

[1] *Stanhope to the Earl of Jersey, June* 24, 1699: "His Catholic Majesty grows every day sensibly worse and worse. It is true that last Thursday they made him walk in the public solemn procession of Corpus. However, he performed it so feebly that all who saw him said he could not make one straight step, but staggered all the way; nor could it be otherwise after he had had two falls a day or two before walking in his own apartments, when his legs doubled under him by mere weakness. In one of them he hurt one eye, which appeared much swelled and black and blue in the procession, the other being quite sunk into his head, the nerves, they say, being contracted by his paralytic distemper. Yet it is thought fit to have him make this sad figure in public, only to have it [illegible] strong and vigorous he is!"

tacion." "Who ordered it?" "Don Antonio de la Paz." "When was it given?" No answer. "Of what was it made?" "Of a dog's bone." "Why did you send the woman to frighten the King?" No answer. Other questions and answers were given of the same sort, the latter mentioning at random the names of unknown people, and in some cases libelling the Queen and the Ministers—all of it obviously the babble of a mad woman. Secret though the exorcism was, the Queen had a full report of it, and was of course furious with rage at the open attempt to cast upon her the blame of the witchcraft. The first step towards her revenge was to get a new Grand Inquisitor in her interest, and she pressed the King to appoint her friend Folch de Cardona. He refused, no doubt prompted by his confessor Froilan, and, notwithstanding the Queen's passionate protests, appointed a second son of one of the noblest houses in Spain, Cardinal Cordoba, to whom the King unburdened himself completely and Froilan told the whole story of the exorcism from beginning to end. From these confabulations a most extraordinary resolution was arrived at. Probably the Queen herself was too high game to fly at, so the new Grand Inquisitor and his friends decided that the Devil and the Admiral of Castile, the late Prime Minister, were at the bottom of all the King's trouble, and they ordered the Admiral with his papers to be secretly seized and imprisoned by the Inquisition of Granada, whilst all his household were incarcerated in another prison. They had no doubt, they said, that he would soon confess all, even if his papers did not incriminate him. No action, however, could be taken until the new Grand Inquisitor's appointment was ratified by the Pope; but on the very day the bull of ratification arrived the Cardinal Grand Inquisitor died of poison, and the Queen once again urged her nominee for the place, but without success as before. She then cast about for an ambitious man who was unobjectionable to her opponents, but who might nevertheless be bought over by her. She found him in the person of Mendoza, Bishop of Segovia, to whom she promised her support and a cardinal's hat if he would serve her. He was appointed Grand Inquisitor, and the Queen had now the whip-hand of her enemy, the confessor. First the German monk was netted, and under torture by the Inquisition made a clean breast of his exorcism in the Calle del Olmo, when Froilan was present. Then a monk of the Atocha, who had been sent by the provincial to investigate the strange doings of Friar Argüelles at Cangas, produced the letters from the "friend and the master," and told the story of the conjurations. This was quite enough evidence to ruin Froilan, and he was apprehended. He refused to answer

any questions, as all he had done had been by the King's own orders, and as the confessor of His Majesty his mouth was closed. He was at once dismissed from his offices, and the Grand Inquisitor appealed to the King to allow all privilege to be waived, and his confessor punished. Poor Charles the Bewitched was dying in good earnest now, and could only mumble out that they might do justice. But Froilan had powerful friends both at court and in the Council of the Inquisition, and before the blow fell he retired, ostensibly to his monastery, but thence fled to the coast, and so to Rome. But he was not safe even there, for the Grand Inquisitor had him seized for heresy by the Papal officers and brought back to Spain. Then came the long struggle between the Inquisition and its head. First, Froilan's case was submitted to the theological committee of the holy office, who unanimously absolved him. On June 23, 1700, he was fully acquitted by the General Council of the Inquisition, the Grand Inquisitor alone voting for his secret imprisonment without further trial. At the next meeting of the full council, to the intense surprise of the members, a decree for the secret imprisonment of Froilan was placed before them for signature. They unanimously refused to sign it, and came to high words—almost blows—with their chief, who threatened them all with dire consequences for their obstinacy, and, to show that he was in earnest, there and then sent five of them down to their dungeons on his own responsibility. This was too high-handed even for the meekest of the inquisitors, and the council broke up in confusion. The Council of Castile, the supreme advisers of the Crown, appealed at once to the King against the imprisonment of the inquisitors, but the King was helpless now, for the Queen and a new confessor were at his bedside bound to stand by the Grand Inquisitor through thick and thin. They got the dying King to sign a decree appointing new inquisitors enough to swamp the votes of those left, but, lo and behold! they turned against their own creator at the very first meeting, and refused to endorse the Grand Inquisitor's action, either as to the imprisonment of Froilan or that of the inquisitors. The strong man who led the revolt was Lorenzo Folch de Cardona, the brother of the Queen's old friend, now Bishop of Valencia, and they decided that he must be silenced somehow. They offered him a bishopric, which he refused. They threatened him with prison and banishment, and he told them that they dared not touch him; and he was right, for all Madrid was looking on. Then the Inquisitor-G
be judged by a provincial council of th

was subservient to him, but the General Council at Madrid told them they would be acting illegally if they decided against the verdict already given by the committee of theologians and the General Council, and even they did not dare to find Froilan guilty. In the meanwhile, guilty or not guilty, the poor man was kept a close prisoner in a dark cell of a monastery of the Dominican Order to which he belonged. In November, 1700, the King died, and the Grand Inquisitor was one of the regents, making himself remarkable by his splendour and ostentation during the short period of uncertainty after the King's death. But the arrival of the French King, Philip V., put an end to the Queen's hopes, and the Grand Inquisitor was sent off in disgrace to his diocese. As soon as his back was turned the General Council of the Inquisition, with Folch de Cardona in the chair, demanded of the Prior of the Atocha by what right he still kept Froilan in prison. His answer was that he did so on the warrant of the Grand Inquisitor. An appeal was made to the King, but the fortune of war kept Philip for ever on the move, and for years no decision was given. In the meanwhile the Pope espoused the cause of the Inquisitor-General, and protested against his deprivation. The King appointed a new Inquisitor General, and the Pope vetoed the appointment. Then the Pope sent special power to the Grand Inquisitor to sentence Froilan to whatever punishment he liked without more ado, and the Council of the Inquisition and Folch de Cardona protested to the King against the attempt of the Pope to override the law of Spain, and at last Philip V. put his foot down once for all: dismissed the Inquisitor-General, reappointed the old council, and authorised them to release Froilan in the King's name. They found him, after nearly five years' close confinement, nearly blind in the dungeons of the monastery of the Atocha, and brought him out in triumph to be appointed Bishop of Avila. In vain the Pope protested, and the dismissed Grand Inquisitor fumed. Philip the Magnanimous was a very different monarch from Charles the Bewitched. The black bigotry of the house of Austria was gone, and thenceforward, though the Holy Office existed in the land for a century longer, the arbitrary power of the Inquisition to override the law of the land was gone with it.

MARTIN A. S. HUME.

"A HORSE! A HORSE! MY KINGDOM FOR A HORSE!"

WE seldom know when we are well off, and fancy that if we had this or that so-called luxury we would be happier. The writer used at one time to be of this acquisitive disposition, and in an evil moment he resolved to buy and keep a horse. He now gives a little of his experience in this matter, so as to save, if possible, some fellow-creature from the trouble and worry that he has himself endured. Once, if he had had a kingdom to barter, he would have shouted with Richard III., "A horse! a horse! My kingdom for a horse!" Now, the last thing he wants to be possessed of is a horse, and he is quite sure that he would be more comfortably carried to his last resting-place by any other means than by horse-power. A friend of mine who used to be a medical officer in the army, and who must be supposed to be a brave man, as he won a Victoria Cross, has such a dread of horses that he will not even get into a cab. I can, in some degree, understand and sympathise with him.

The first horse I bought was a fine showy mare, and she was examined and pronounced to be sound by a veterinary surgeon. It turned out afterwards that she had something wrong with her hip, which had been temporarily doctored up and made to appear all right by the dealer. At first she was very quiet, but when she got good food, and had recovered from her hip affection, she waxed fat and kicked. For three months she could not be used on account of lameness, and afterwards, becoming only too handy with her feet (to speak as an Irishman), she nearly kicked my trap to pieces. I learned from this transaction that it is as unwise to put one's trust in "Vets." as it is to put it in Princes. I heard afterwards that this precious veterinary surgeon and the dealer had a drink together after making a fool of me.

The next horse was a much older one, and it developed a "seedy toe." Another "Vet." whom I got to see him said that the horse would never be any good for road work, and that I had better sell him to a farmer, where he could earn his living on soft ground.

Accordingly, I sold him to a man who said that his father had a farm, that he would put him on it, and that I would never see him again. To my horror, he put him in a cab, and I can seldom go out of my house without being pained by the sight of the poor old fellow limping along.

My third horse was a really good one, but it caught a prevailing epidemic and gave much trouble. However, I shall not risk wearying my readers by going through the list of those that followed. It will be sufficient to give a few hints as to the sort of things about which one ought to be on their guard when buying a horse.

If you want a steady family one, it is better not to get a very young horse. Young horses become unmanageable if, owing to bad weather or any other cause, they are not worked for a day or two. They are liable, too, to take all kinds of infantine diseases, from which older ones with set constitutions are free. On the other hand, if you get an "aged" horse—that is to say, one past seven years old—you cannot tell by its teeth how old it is. You will probably have to give a pretty stiff price for it, but you will get almost nothing for your "old horse" when you come to sell it. Then it is not pleasant to drive an animal that you have to be pitying and wondering, as is the case with some old horses, whether, when he has got to the end of his journey, he will be able to bring you home again.

Badly bred animals are lazy and stubborn. Those with plenty of blood in them have a playful trick of running away and spilling *your* blood. Indeed, every kind of horse has his own particular trouble to inflict upon his master. None of them are without faults, and he who will not have a horse until he get a perfect one, must go on foot.

We said that when buying a horse "Vets." are not to be trusted, and neither ought we to pin our faith to those of our friends who think that they know one. It seems to me that no one knows a horse, and that he who fancies he can distinguish it from a cow, overrates his abilities. I have discovered that of those who pride themselves most upon having "an eye for a horse," hardly one out of six can even judge accurately the age of the animal by his teeth.

The element of lies that surrounds a horse is very extraordinary. It is well known that people who are truthful in reference to other matters will tell falsehoods that ought to choke them when they begin to speak of this poor animal. If you would hear a thing well done, listen to a horse dealer trying to sell a horse to a parson or an old lady. "There, sir, is as pretty a little cob as you ever looked at," he begins, when he has brought you to an ugly, long-legged, raw-

boned creature. The next shown is called "a sweet little thing," and he assures you that "it will suit you down to the ground," and is "just what you want." How he knows this last you cannot discover, as you do not yourself know the kind of animal you want, or, indeed, whether you want any. It may here be remarked that dealers call every horse a "*little* cob," no matter how large it is. The other day one of these lovers of truth showed me a pony, and said that a year ago it was bought by a nobleman for £600, but that he had got it cheap at his lordship's auction. And yet he only asked £25 for the wonderful animal. Another dealer wanted to sell to me a cob for £20, which, according to him, was "a most accomplished huntress and good all over." When I said that it would not be right for me to allow him to so far wrong himself as to give to a stranger this bit of equine perfection for only £20, he quite altered his tactics, and said, as he pointed to the mare, "But look, sir, how ugly she is!" No people are so obliging as horse dealers. If they have not the sort of beast that you want, they promise to get it for you in two hours. There is always a father or a brother who has a little cob that will just suit you on his farm in the country.

Having got your horse, the next thing to be done is to get a carriage to put him in. As a carriage is connected with a horse, it need hardly be said that coachmakers are up to a trick or two. You buy one that looks well, and which, you are told, is as good as new, having been only used two or three months. You do not pay much, and fancy that you have got a "bargain"; but no; it was puttied and painted up to the eye, and was dear at any price. All it wanted was "a little doing up"—that is to say, three or four new wheels, new springs, stronger shafts, and to have its cushions stuffed and covered. If you are not on bad terms with your money, and do not wish to part with it, never buy an old carriage, and if you care for your life beware of second-hand harness. It is humiliating after having bought a carriage, said to have been used only a few months, to hear afterwards from one of those consoling persons who give disagreeable information just too late to be of any use, the names of a long list of previous owners, and to have the pedigree of your "almost new" conveyance traced back for about fifteen years.

But carriage and horse must have someone to look after them. Shall we get a man, or a boy? If the former, he will probably give himself the airs of a professional coachman, and become master in your stable. He will only allow the carriage to go out when it s ake a suggestion as to the feeding of the horse, h -sulky at the interference, and

pitiful because your words have, in his opinion, revealed an almost inconceivable amount of ignorance. Boys do not get drunk, and are more obliging and pleasant in manner; but then they are generally away when you want them, and if anything goes wrong they do not know what to do. Boys, too, tease horses and make them tricky.

Of course the business of some people requires them to keep horses, and no doubt they are a source of great pleasure to men who hunt, unless when they are kept in the stable for weeks at a time by frost. To those, however, who only want to be drawn or carried along a road, and who are unskilled in buying, keeping, and using horses, a nag is a questionable luxury. Any other means of locomotion is always cheaper and often more comfortable. A bicycle or a tricycle has no humours to guard against. It does not get splints or spavins. It only wants a little oil to keep it in good condition, and never becomes a crib-biter. Pay twopence in a bus or tramcar, and you need not trouble yourself about the way the horses are shod, or the moral character of the driver. When in a railway carriage, if not always safe from danger, we are at least free from responsibility. We are not afraid that the groom has stolen the oats of the motive power, or that it is tired, or so fresh that it will be unmanageable.

Then it is a great trouble having to go out every day, not because you want to do so, but for the sake of your horse. A friend of mine had a very valuable horse which he exercised every day himself, not liking to trust it to a groom. So intolerable did this daily task become that one day he exclaimed, on seeing the animal led to the door, "There is my horse, the only enemy I have in the world!'

E. J. HARDY.

HOW THE FRENCH FIRST CAME INTO SIAM.

WE have lately heard much, and probably we shall hear more, of the French in Siam. While waiting to see what the future brings forth, it may not be uninteresting to cast a glance backwards to the days of Louis-le-Grand, when they first gained a footing there, and when, after a few years' possession, they were turned out again, by means of a revolution which, preceding by just one year that of England, was commented on at the time as a curious instance of the less foreshadowing the greater.

The kingdom of Siam, discovered by the Portuguese early in the sixteenth century, had since that time carried on a small trade with the Portuguese and the Dutch, and had become a centre of work for the Jesuit missionaries and a place of refuge for the converts persecuted in Japan and Cochin-China. But its connection with France, and its importance in European history, dates from 1684, and is due to one Constantine Faulcon (called by the French M. Constance), born about 1650, of Venetian parents, in the Greek island of Cephalonia. The beginning of his story suggests that of Dick Whittington. He had been factor to a Mr. White, East India merchant; and on his master's death he had tried three successive ventures on his own account, to be thrice wrecked, the last time on the coast of Malabar, with nothing but the two thousand crowns he carried about him. Lying on the shore, between sleeping and waking, there appeared to him a majestic personage, who looked tenderly on him and said sweetly, "Return, return whence you came." Constance (as we will call him for uniformity), being thoroughly roused, rose and paced the shore, musing on the vision and on the means of obeying it. Suddenly he ran upon another castaway, an Oriental, dripping with sea-water and sad of countenance, who, on being addressed in the Siamese tongue, made himself known as the ambassador from that country to Persia, wrecked with the loss of his all. Co[illegible]sand crowns availed for the purchase and fitting [illegible]the two returned to Siam.

The grateful ambassador recommended his protector to the Prá-Clang, or chief minister, who took Constance as his secretary, and, recognising his business faculties, made him practically his deputy, with the result that, on the minister's decease, his place was offered by the King of Siam to Constance, but was declined for fear of native jealousy. Still Constance had his ambition, which was to be known as the christianiser and civiliser of Siam; and with this aim he made overtures to England, and sent to Charles II. a present of six thousand pounds' worth of native produce. England being (as usual) slow to respond, he turned his attention to France, and began by making abjuration of Anglicanism before the Jesuit missionaries, and being married by them to a Japanese Christian. Then, to the great displeasure of the Court mandarins, and of the King's daughter and the King's two brothers, he persuaded the King to adopt as his heir a young Jesuit convert, Prapié by name, believed to be his son by a slave woman. And none viewed these changes more amiss, nor nourished more bitterness against Constance and his allies, than Pitracha, the King's foster-brother, belonging to the highest noble family in the kingdom, and one reputed, indeed, to have a claim on the throne prior to that of the reigning monarch. But to the outer world he seemed careless of his various dignities of Mandarin, Governor of the Palace, and *Opra* (which the French render as Marshal), and solicitous only to frequent the pagodas, give alms, and carry a palm-leaf fan inscribed with sacred words in the mystic priests' language.

The first embassy from Siam to France was despatched in 1684, with a present worth sixty thousand pounds, which was unfortunately lost at sea, together with the chief ambassador. But the second vessel, carrying two mandarins and a Jesuit priest, Le Vacher, reached Brest in safety; and the party arrived at Versailles, where the mandarins gazed with wonder upon the waterworks, while the Jesuit was occupied to more purpose, enlarging upon the Siamese king's leanings towards Christianity, and pressing upon Louis XIV., who was then in the midst of his persecution of the Huguenots, the duty of seizing the opportunity to extend Christendom eastward as well as westward. His exhortation produced the desired effect: Louis was induced to send a return embassy, of which the chiefs were the Chevalier de Chaumont, sea-captain, a convert from Huguenotism, and a man of known piety; and the Abbé du Choisy, whose character hitherto had been precisely the opposite. The pet of a doting mother, who had kept him in girl's clothes till he was two-and-twenty, he had profited by the disguise to carry on secret amours, and, under

the pseudonym of Madame des Barres, he had been the hero of a succession of intrigues which are supposed to have furnished the Girondin novelist, Louvet, with the idea of his *Chevalier de Faublas*. But now, at forty years old, Choisy was thinking of his soul : he had translated the *Imitation*, and it was with intent of receiving priest's orders from the missionaries at Siam that he set sail with Chaumont and the returning Siamese ambassadors on board the frigate *L'Oiseau*, March 3, 1685. Among the secular suite, we shall have occasion hereafter to mention the Chevalier de Forbin, a rising naval officer, destined to win popular fame as the companion of Jean Bart in the war with William of Orange ; and among the ecclesiastics, Père Tachard, a missionary returning to the scene of labour, and the Abbé du Chayla, going out for the first time—a man who has been the occasion of much controversy. The dispute does not turn upon his conduct in Siam, where he showed himself a man of austere and blameless manners, and where his zeal nearly won him martyrdom. It belongs to a later stage of his career, in France, when he had been appointed Grand-Vicar of the mission to the Cévenol Huguenots. Dark rumours flew about, not only that he personally guided the dragoons to the conventicle, but that he tortured prisoners with his own hands, and even that he made proposals, after the manner mythically attributed to Colonel Kirke, to wives and daughters trembling for the lives and liberties of their dear ones. What is certain is, that on the night of July 24, 1702, a band of peasants broke into his house, granted him a quarter of an hour to prepare for death, and then each in turn gave him a sword-thrust, accompanied with an accusation, "Take that for my brother at the galleys ;" "Take that for my wife in a convent ;" and that this assassination was the signal for the Camisard War of 1702–1704. Protestant and Catholic historians dispute to this day whether he was a savage fanatic, or "one of those strongly-tempered souls which Heaven in troublous times raises up as a dyke against the rising flood of false doctrine."

A journal of the voyage was kept by the Abbé du Choisy, trying hard to be amusing, and betraying that towards the end he was thoroughly weary. He tells how they set sail from Brest, with the crew crying "*Vive le Roi!*" how Père Tachard, having his sea-legs, said Mass, Chaumont attending to set a good example ; how the poor Abbé du Chayla was prostrated with sea-sickness. "For myself, I am quite lively," but the next day he has to admit that he has succumbed. He makes resolutions that when he gets better he will study sea terms, astronomy, and Portuguese. The sick regain their

appetites about the 6th, but, alas! in their more or less ecclesiastical capacity they must keep Lent—"on salt fish and bad butter, with our ducks and hens dying of over-fatness!" Indeed, as the fish diminishes, and the heat increases, they all silently relax, save only the good Chaumont, who keeps it up to the last, on ship-biscuit. Five or six Masses are said daily, with a Sunday sermon in simple style for the crew's benefit. Tachard and Chayla are ever among the men, catechising, reproving swearers, reconciling enemies, with such good effect that "there is not a cabin-boy who has not made up his mind to go to heaven," and they have the great triumph of receiving the abjuration of two Huguenots. The Jesuits, good humble folk, furnish continual amusement with their disputes for the lowest place and the most menial office; Chaumont prays three-fourths of the day, and then looks on indulgently while his suite dance on deck and the sailors display their agility in climbing. They have the excitement of an alarm of fire, owing to some stupid sailor having stuffed tow into a broken lantern; then they have their first sight of flying-fish and sea-devils; they duly dip their heads in a pail of water on crossing the line, and Choisy learns that on the approach of a squall (*grain*) you must furl, or at least reef, the sails. "I am getting into practice. I always say to my valet, 'Belay (*amarrez*) my collar.'" At Easter "we rejoice to sing Alleluia, and fall to at a fat pullet. Excuse my writing so much about eating."

After touching at the Cape, May 31, and visiting the rising Huguenot colony, after being refused by the native king permission to land at Bantam, and being compensated by the hospitality of the Governor of Batavia, they anchored on the bar of Siam, Sept. 24, and sent Forbin to conduct M. Le Vacher up the river. Forbin, who makes it his business to correct the too magnificent accounts of his companions, tells how they landed at a group of wretched bamboo huts, and entering one, found three or four half-naked men sitting on their heels doing nothing, and on their inquiry for "the governor of the bar," one of these replied, "It is I."

"We want some food," said Forbin. The governor produced rice. "Have you nought else?" asked Forbin. "*Amay*," (no), replied the governor. They continued their voyage, to arrive near nightfall at the fortress of Bangkok, where the Turkish governor was a shade above the native one; but he too gave an indifferent supper, and, to Forbin's disgust, with no drink stronger than sherbet. Forbin saw M. Le Vacher into a native canoe next morning, and tried to negotiate with the governor for the purchase of victuals. "*Amay*," was the only answer. Forbin, ill content, was rowed

back, to be hailed from his ship with eager demands for victuals. "*Amay*," he replied, "I bring you nought save mosquito-bites, which have tormented us all our voyage."

On the 29th appeared M. de Lano, Bishop of Métellopolis, with two mandarins, good-looking men under thirty, wearing the native costume, of open-breasted muslin shirt and wide scarf wound in trouser-fashion. Chaumont gave them tea in his cabin, he seated in an arm-chair, with the Bishop on a lower seat at his side, and his suite, as well as the mandarins, cross-legged on the carpet; so that, in accordance with Siamese etiquette, no man's head might overtop his superior's. Then barges laden with fruit, meat, and fowls, began to approach, and temporary bamboo huts rose on the banks, for the visitors to rest and refresh during their journey up the river. The King sent twelve gilt canoes with two parasols apiece for the ambassadors, and one finer than all, with four four-fold parasols, for the King of France's letter; and they set out, between banks lined with spectators and amid little canoes paddled by women—who did most of the work at Siam, the men owing six months' *corvée* to the King, and considering themselves entitled to take holiday for the other six. M. Constance came to meet them, and some days were consumed in disputes how to present the letter: M. de Chaumont would needs give it himself into the King's hand, and this being decreed far too familiar, a gold cup was provided, with a handle a yard long, in which to hand it up to the King at a window. This settled, they disembarked, and the letter was conveyed in a gilt car, while the two ambassadors and the Bishop were carried in palanquins, and the rest of the suite followed on horseback. They passed through two lines of red-shirted soldiers, playing drums, horns, and trumpets, and entered the outer court of the palace, where elephants were ranged on either side, and the sacred White Elephant fed from her own golden manger. The second court was filled with the King's body-guard, who also acted as executioners—the *Bras-peints*, the French called them, their arms being tattooed with gunpowder. The third contained horsemen armed with lances; and in the last, mandarins crouched on the ground, while behind them stood elephants housed in crimson velvet with gilt buckles, and horses with gold rings on their fore feet, and harness so thick-set with jewels that you could not see the leather. The mandarins crept up the steps to the inner hall so noiselessly as to suggest to the French the idea of stage conspirators; and on following them, Chaumont was vexed to see that the window at which the letter was nearly nine feet from the gr[illegible]h," he said to Constance, as he

took his seat in an arm-chair, with Choisy on a stool at his right, and the Bishop cross-legged on the floor at his left, while all the suite were instructed to sit cross-legged too, and on no account to let their feet appear, that being held improper in Siam. A drum sounded, and all the mandarins went down on hands and knees, each poking his pointed hat into his neighbour's body in a way which set the French choking with laughter. At the sixth stroke, the King appeared at his window. He was a man over fifty, short and thin, wearing a pointed straw hat circled with diamonds, while diamonds also edged the neck and sleeves of his robe of gold-flowered satin, and the haft of his poniard. Chaumont, seated, and with head covered, Eastern fashion, delivered an harangue expressive of his august master's friendly sentiments to his brother of Siam, his gratitude for his protection of the Christian missionaries, and his hopes that this was an indication of approaching conversion (but the Bishop of Métellopolis afterwards told Forbin that Constance, when interpreting the harangue, left out this last article). Then Chaumont rose, took the cup with the letter from Choisy, and, heedless of Constance's frantic signs and whispers, he held it by the bowl, so that the King nearly tumbled out of the window in taking it. Thus the French triumphed, and the next envoy from their nation found a pair of steps provided for him. The King asked after Louis XIV.'s health, and whether he had made any fresh conquests: then he shut down his window and disappeared, and the ambassadors were conducted to the brick house assigned to them. The next two months were one round of fêtes and spectacles—an elephant-fight, the combatants having their hind legs shackled, and being scarcely allowed near enough to cross their trunks: a fight of three elephants against a tiger, in which, as might be expected, the tiger was worsted: an expedition to witness the capture of wild elephants by means of decoys: a Chinese comedy with feats of tumbling: a canoe race and a procession of the King and Court by water; and the new year's Feast of Lanterns. The Princess assisted, but in a covered canoe, or in a close box on an elephant; and French curiosity had to content itself with making inquiries of Madame Constance, who, in virtue of her husband's position, attended the Princess's Court. But each fête involved fifty sendings to and fro of Forbin to arrange the ceremonial; and his ill luck decreed that the King, seeing him so often, took a fancy to him, and spoke to Constance about persuading him to remain after his companions' departure. As it happened, this jumped with Constance's wishes.

Constance had been watching the effect of his gorgeous display

and his accounts of Christian progress, and he was satisfied that Chaumont, good simple man, would believe what it was pleasant to believe, that Choisy, a mere courtier, would frame his report to please Louis; but Forbin, whose keen eye had detected the plaster under the gilding of the colossal image of Buddha, Forbin, who paraded a sailor's frankness—he would spoil all, and he must be detained, at least till the ambassadors had had time to produce the desired impression at home. Moreover, Constance wanted to retain a tried naval and military commander. In his uncertain position, with the King's health failing, the foreign favourite longed to have at his call a body of troops of his own colour, and he had sounded both the ambassadors as to whether the cession of the fortress of Bangkok, "the key of the kingdom," would tempt the King of France to send a body of troops to occupy it. They doubting, he applied to Père Tachard; and the Jesuit, dazzled with the idea of protection for his brethren, readily agreed to change his original plan, and to return with the ambassadors to France, there to concert with Père La Chaise as to the best means of recommending the project to Louis. It was to be a case of vaulting ambition overleaping itself. The mandarins were hostile enough already, and little as Constance foreboded it, the sight of foreigners garrisoning their chief fortress would be to them the convincing proof that "the gunboat comes behind the missionary."

Constance laid before Chaumont the Siamese King's proposal to keep Forbin; and Chaumont, much perplexed, repeated it to the man concerned. Constance, who was present, enlarged on the immense fortune to be made in Siam. "Out of what?" asked Forbin, pointing to the reed huts. Still Constance returned to the charge; and Chaumont, pressed on all sides, took Forbin apart, and urged on him that duty to Louis bade them propitiate the Siamese monarch. "I will never stay unless you order me in the name of my own king," protested Forbin. "Well, then, I order you," said Chaumont. Forbin reluctantly yielded, only demanding the ratification of the order in writing. Little consoled by being invested, in presence of French and Siamese, with the brocaded vest and gold-hafted sword of the Siamese general-in-chief and grand admiral, it was with a heavy heart that he saw his countrymen depart, December 14, 1685, in a vessel loaded with presents, from the King of Siam to the King of France and the Dauphin, from the Princess to the Dauphiness and her two little sons, and for every sailor some cup or saucer as a souvenir. A goodly show, but deceptive as an exhibition of native products, for the most part of it consisted of Japan ware or

Chinese porcelain. There were, however, some genuine specimens of Siamese nature and art—polished rhinoceros' horns, a sandal-wood crucifix, a young elephant for each of the boy princes, and finally two silver-chased cannon, whose destiny was undreamt of alike by the Eastern giver and the Western recipient. After being admired by the Court at Versailles, they lay quietly in a Parisian museum for a hundred years, when they were seized on by a frantic people searching for arms, and they played their part in the taking of the Bastille.

Forbin then returned with the Court to the King's country-house at Louvo, where his ideas of Siamese poverty were confirmed by seeing that there was but one lamp for the whole hall, and that anybody who wanted to read or write had to pull his own candle-end out of his pocket. Moreover, he was alarmed to find what small offences rendered a mandarin liable to the bastinado and the wooden collar, tooth-drawing and maiming; and Constance, though assuring him that foreigners were exempt, yet grew pale when Forbin ventured on the unheard-of audacity of begging a slave off from punishment. Everybody made sure that he would have his mouth sewn up; however, Forbin calmly informed the frowning monarch that Louis XIV. liked to be given the opportunity of displaying his clemency, and of converting a trembling culprit into a grateful debtor; and the King, relaxing, granted the boon, only remarking that it would be a dangerous rule for Siam. Forbin's boldness was again successful when, the King having fallen ill, and everyone being at his wits' end how to get him bled with a proper regard for his dignity before his subjects, Forbin ran off for a French surgeon, who did it at once without ceremony. High in favour, he was taken elephant-hunting, and the King asked him what he thought of the spectacle. "Sire," replied Forbin, to the Oriental's delight, "it reminds me of my own sovereign, at the head of his troops, preparing for a day of victory." "This was not quite humbug," he adds, "for these displays, and these alone, really come up to the conventional ideas of Eastern splendour." The King told wonderful tales of elephant sagacity, which Forbin only half believed; but he admits to having seen the elephants carrying the Siamese babies in their trunks, and rocking their little hammocks, and he gives, as witnessed by himself, the incident, preserved in "Sandford and Merton," of the keeper's wife calming the furious elephant by throwing her baby down before it, and the still more famous one of the elephant and the tailor's needle. He avers that the beast, after inflicting his ludicrous chastisement

upon the offending tailor, "seemed to laugh within himself, like a man who has played a clever trick."

After a short stay at Louvo, Forbin was despatched as governor to Bangkok, to superintend the erection of a new fort for the French soldiers whom the King made almost sure of receiving. Here he had proof of the hostility with which his nation was regarded. He had scarce set the sappers to work, when the colonel of the half-breed Portuguese and Japanese garrison came to say that all the men were in revolt, refusing to serve under a French officer. A Portuguese priest, with the air of an inspired prophet, had protested against the affront to the Portuguese, hitherto the sole commanders in the Indies, and had given his blessing to those who should maintain the rights of their people. And, looking from the bastion, Forbin perceived a troop, musket on shoulder, marching towards the fort. Springing at once upon the colonel, he "disarmed him like a child," and, treating him as an accomplice in the mutiny, he bade him, on pain of death, order his men back. Constance meanwhile, advancing towards the mutineers, assured them that Forbin was placed in command of the Siamese only, and in his turn disarming a man who laid his hand on his sword-hilt, he succeeded in pacifying the rest. Forbin afterwards held a council of war, "very ill-arranged truly, but we were in a country where such were unknown;" and the ringleaders were condemned to death or mutilation, some of the officers were exiled, and the men were put in chains and set to work upon the fortifications. Leaving matters thus, the two Europeans returned to the Court, where it was now Constance's turn to find himself in trouble.

The factor of the French East India Company had made complaints on behalf of a trading compatriot, and the King, in his newborn Gallomania, would have sent the Greek Constance to the bastinado, had not Forbin pointed out that the aggrieved merchant, being, as it happened, a Huguenot refugee, was a rebel to the French King, and could not be considered as belonging to the French nation. No doubt, as Forbin considerately added, his Huguenotism had been unknown to the factor. Constance professed eternal gratitude for his deliverance, but in his heart there grew up jealousy and distrust of a man whose influence with the King was becoming stronger than his own; and after an unsuccessful attempt to poison Forbin in curds and cream, he contrived to have him sent back to Bangkok, previously despatching orders for the striking-off of the mutineers' chains, thus placing him, as he hoped, at their mercy. And when Forbin's good management had averted this danger, the next trap laid for him

was an order to search a Macassar galley, and while on board to arrest the crew and captain — a little piece of business which Constance hoped would prove too much for his enemy. Forbin evaded part of his orders by contriving that the captain should land and wait upon him ; but he had a hard fight all the same, for at the first word of arrest, the captain and his five followers slew each his man, while the remaining forty-seven of the crew, rushing out, killed forty more, put a thousand to flight, and passing through the fort, burnt the reed huts, driving the terrified inmates to the river, which was soon covered with fugitive swimmers. Finally the Macassars, with a loss of only seventeen on their side, as against four hundred on that of the defenders, made good their escape to the woods. Forbin pinned with a lance one of "these demons," who, like Scott's Colonsay islander,

"Yet writhed him up against the spear,"

making "incredible efforts" to reach his foe with his *crease* ; another, with seventeen lance-thrusts in his body, crawled to seize a French halberd, but fell exhausted in the attempt ; and a third, badly wounded, and shamming dead, slashed open a French officer who rashly approached him. The survivors, after spreading terror throughout the country, were gradually hunted down, much reduced in number by want and the effect of wounds aggravated by leeches and mosquitoes. A missionary priest, Manuel, had the satisfaction of converting two wounded prisoners, who were baptized and died soon afterwards—whether of their hurts or otherwise is not made clear. A third, having asked whether if he turned Christian his life would be spared, and receiving an answer in the negative : "Then, if I must die," said the benighted heathen, "what matters it whether I go to dwell with God or with the Devil?" He was at once beheaded.

After this, Forbin went a tour of inspection through his government. He found the people on good terms with the missionaries; indeed, rather too good in some cases, where the missionaries had let themselves be corrupted by the people, to the point of consenting to solemnise temporary marriages for them. But he adds that these unworthy shepherds were very few in proportion, and that the Jesuits especially "were as irreproachable in the Indies as in Europe." In this tour his Western prejudices were sometimes shocked ; as when a Buddhist monk, meaning to do him honour, offered to transfer the half-chewed betel-nut from his own mouth to Forbin's ; and, again, when the chief of a village offered him, as a great delicacy, a white worm, nine inches long, and thick in

proportion. On both occasions he shifted the honour to his attendant mandarin, who, in the case of the worm, champed it up with such gusto that Forbin began to regret having refused a morsel perhaps as delicious as an oyster. He came back to his fortress to continue his superintendence of the works, which advanced but slowly in a country where every day some workman was bitten by a serpent, and had to be put to bed and treated with snake-stone. Forbin began to find the life dull, so he wrote to Constance intimating his desire for a recall to the Court. But all that came of this was a new trap, this time in the form of an order to board, taking two men only, an English forty-gun ship, and arrest the captain, who was supposed to have stolen some Siamese merchandise. Forbin, in malice, chose as one of these two, Constance's wife's uncle, a Japanese—"a good sort of man, but no warrior"—who, after the nature of the enterprise had been explained, got into such a fright that, when he followed Forbin on board the English vessel, he looked "more dead than alive," and the English captain asked what ailed the gentleman. "It is nothing," said the ready Forbin; "he is timid at sea." Then Forbin ran off a long rigmarole about the necessity of assembling all the shipmasters to confer on the means of resisting an expected attack by the Dutch, and proposed that they should each set out to collect their brethren. The Englishman agreed. "Let us start at once," said Forbin. Then, having got into his own boat, he called out to the captain that he still had something of importance to say to him. Down jumped the captain as he was, in his night-cap and dressing-gown. "Cast off the boat!" said Forbin aside in Siamese. When the captain realised that he was being carried off, and in dishabille too, he shouted lustily to his crew, who put out the long-boat and gave chase. Forbin, however, pistol in hand, told the captain he would kill him unless he ordered his men back—under which pressure the captain was fain to comply. And so the Frenchman triumphantly landed his prisoner at Bangkok, where he furnished him with "everything that could render his captivity more supportable," and then sent him to Louvo, where he got off with the payment of ten thousand crowns. Constance now took the line of disowning the order, and imposing upon Forbin, in the King's name, the prohibition of going two leagues beyond Bangkok, where he passed the time catching crocodiles with live ducks, and resolved to seize the first opportunity of quitting "this cursed country." The opportunity came when the usual East India trader arrived from Pondicherry; and Constance, by this time, was [illegible] of Forbin's rivalry at the

Siamese Court than at that of France, that on the first application he granted him his *congé* on his own responsibility. The King of Siam, learning this accidentally, was much surprised, and ordered that Forbin should be sent for to explain his grievances. Constance accordingly despatched a Portuguese officer to fetch him; but Forbin, now safely on board his East Indiaman, was too wary to comply. He set sail next morning, "forgetting all past sufferings in the joy of release." At Merguy they came up with the returning French envoy, M. Ceberet, and learnt from him that Constance's intrigues with the French Court had been successful. Père Tachard had persuaded Louis XIV. to send out a force of some three hundred French troops, and their commander, the Chevalier Desfarges, had just been installed in Forbin's government of Bangkok. Forbin wished him joy of it, and thoroughly confirmed Ceberet's suspicions that Constance was playing his own game, that the Siamese trade was not worth protecting, that the whole country was a desert with a varnish of barbaric splendour; and, in short, as the returning Siamese ambassador put it in his broken language, "*La France grand bon, Siam petit bon.*"

Forbin landed at Brest in July, 1688, after three and a half years' absence, and straightway took the post for Versailles, where he was received by Louis XIV., and questioned about Siam. "Sire," replied he at once, "the kingdom produces nothing, and consumes nothing." "That is tersely put," replied Louis. The monarch went on to ask many pertinent questions, among them whether the King of Siam was really thinking of becoming a Christian. "Sire," answered Forbin, "he has never had a thought of it, and no mortal would dare to propose such a thing to him." Had there been many conversions among the Siamese? "Not one, sire," was the reply: the good missionaries' work resolved itself into dispensing medicines and medical advice to the villagers, acting as chaplains to the Portuguese, Cochin-Chinese, and Japanese Christians, and baptizing foundlings. Forbin afterwards had interviews with the Minister of the Navy, Seignelay, and with the King's confessor, Père la Chaise. To Seignelay he explained that the East India Company's force was amply sufficient to protect merchandise crossing from Japan or China, and that the new French garrison, disliked by the natives, would assuredly not be left in peace a day after the decease either of the King or of M. Constance. With Père la Chaise he again entered upon the religious question. "At the death of the present King of Siam we may look to have the Jesuits back on our hands." "That is not what Père Tachard says," objected the Father, but Forbin

stuck to his views. "The Buddhist monks," he continued, "listen while we preach our religion, but when we go on to assail theirs, they reply: 'Since I have had the complaisance to approve your religion, why will you not do as much for mine?' The people believe heaven to be like their King's palace, with many doors all leading to one centre. Naturally sober and temperate, submissive to parents, and well trained by their monks in charity to the poor, they have nothing to learn from us in morals, and in austerity of life the Buddhist monks outdo our own."

Forbin was to have the doubtful satisfaction of saying, "I told you so." Early in 1689, there struggled back to France the "*tristes débris*" of the armament which so lately had gone out hopefully to play its part in the great work of enriching the West with Eastern products, and the East with Western civilisation and Christianity.

In March, 1688, the King of Siam fell ill, and his foster-brother, the Opra Pitracha, casting off the mask of devotion, assumed the regency, and decoyed into his hands all the claimants to the throne, namely, the King's two brothers, his daughter, and his adopted son, the Christian Prapié. Then, by a string of falsehoods so audaciously simple as to suggest the stock devices of comic opera, he assured the sick King that all these claimants were conspiring against his life, and must all be put in custody; and to each claimant separately he declared that all the others were conspiring against *him*, the claimant addressed, but would he, that claimant, only put his trust in him, the Opra, it was he whom the Opra favoured, and whose succession he would secure. Thus deluded, each of the Princes in turn was persuaded to set out, with an escort of Pitracha's choosing, for the King's hunting-lodge of Thlée-Poussonne, and each on the way was thrust into a red velvet sack and knocked on the head with a bar of sandal-wood (for blood royal must be treated respectfully). The Princess either shared their fate, or became one of the wives of the Opra; and the low-born Prapié was slain with daggers in the King's own bedroom, while the sick King vainly called from his bed to the murderers "to spare his son."

Though all this was done in the secrecy of Oriental palace life, yet Constance, according to one account, had some inkling of what was going on, and made application to Desfarges at Bangkok for aid. "Why was not I there?" exclaimed Forbin on hearing of it. Desfarges himself avers that he did set out with seventy men, and then, hearing no more from Constance, he turned back again. However it was, the delay was fatal. Constance [illegible] the King's name to the palace, to

Opra at the head of the King's guards, and charged with treason. The French officers, Desfarges' son among them, who accompanied Constance, would have shown fight, but Constance bade them surrender; and, still under pretence of concern for their safety, Pitracha had them also conducted to Thlée-Poussonne—civilly at first, but on the second day they were dragged at horses' tails, beaten with sticks, and hooted by a populace eager to vent its long-repressed spite against the foreigners. One of them died on the road. Meanwhile, Constance was displayed in chains on the walls, and then tortured to extort a confession of intriguing to bring in the French and to secure the succession to Prapié. All this he supported with Christian fortitude, and finally received the death-blow, June 4, 1688, still maintaining his innocence towards the King, but asking pardon of Heaven for the sin of ambition. "He had great qualities," says his generous foe, Forbin. "Pity they were obscured by greed and jealousy." Though his last request had been for her safety, his wife, too, was put under arrest: her house was pillaged, and finally two executioners were sent to her, who struck her blows which dislocated her arms. "Spare my family the sight of my sufferings!" she cried, and accordingly she was dragged off to the palace, where a missionary afterwards saw her lying on a mat in the elephant-stable, with her infant son crying by her side, but herself preserving a Christian calm, fortified by recollections of her ancestors, the Japanese martyrs.

All these things passed unknown to General Desfarges at Bangkok, and when the summons to the King's palace came to him in his turn, he obeyed it at once, nothing doubting. But as he came up by the river, his suspicions were aroused by the number of war-galleys which seemed to follow his canoe, by the close palanquin with an armed escort which came to meet him, and still more by the refusal of his request to halt and refresh at the Jesuit college, where he had hoped to learn what was going on. After supping in the palace, he had a visit from the Opra, who told him of the condemnation and death of Constance, and bade him, in the King's name, bring his troops to resist an expected invasion from Cochin-China. Desfarges warily replied that, in that case, he must go back to Bangkok to collect them. This, after some demur, was granted, he being required, however, to leave as hostage a son who had accompanied him (besides the one already detained at Thlée-Poussonne). He hastened back, and at once set to work to prepare for a siege, raising bamboo stockades, spiking the cannon he could not carry off, drawing his men together into the greater fort, and trying to dismantle the lesser. M. de Bruan, his subordinate, occupying the

frontier fort at Merguy, did likewise; and when the Opra sent his forces, sixty thousand Siamese, Chinese, and Malays, against Bangkok, and twelve thousand against Merguy, he found both commanders on the alert and prepared for resistance. They held out for two months, during which the Siamese women, zealous partisans, supplied and cooked food for the besiegers. Pitracha wrote threatening torture and death to the sons of Desfarges; Desfarges replied by exhorting them to die for their God, their King, and their country, and Pitracha turned his enmity against the French missionaries, gave the Jesuit college up to pillage, put priests into the wooden collar, and exposed the old Bishop of Métellopolis, bound hand and foot, to the fire of the besieged. The sick King, in great grief, contrived to send fifty crowns to the sufferers, bewailing his subjects' ingratitude. He died broken-hearted soon afterwards. Pitracha was crowned King amid the acclamations of the Buddhist monks and of the people; and now desirous only to get the French out of the country without more loss of life on his own side, he released first the bishop and then the two young Desfarges, and sent them to negotiate terms of peace with the besieged. But there was a further complication: Madame Constance, released from prison, but reduced to the slave class, had been persecuted by the attentions of the son of Pitracha; and, after again suffering blows, and seeing her kinsmen and kinswomen tortured before her, she fled with her child to Bangkok, and placed herself under Desfarges' protection. Every one of his officers swore to die rather than yield her to the usurper's loudly expressed demands, but Desfarges himself, partly influenced by the Bishop, took a less heroic line. Having obtained guarantees for her safety, freedom of conscience, and freedom to marry, he sent her away weeping, and lamenting that "the widow of Constance alone should be refused an asylum beneath the French banner!" Her fate, however, was better than she expected. Pitracha's son had forgotten his fancy for her, and she was installed as governor of the new King's kitchen and keeper of the plate and wardrobe. Disdainful of perquisites, she effected such a saving in the royal household as to draw from the King an exclamation that "there must be something in Christianity!" Her son, who, to her great comfort, was brought up by the missionaries as a Christian, entered the Siamese navy, and had the credit, in 1749, of conducting a successful negotiation with Dupleix, of the French East India Company.

The affair of Madame Constance being settled
cluded between Desfarges and the King of S

and surrender of Bangkok, the release of the French prisoners, and the loan of four frigates for them and their countrymen to leave the kingdom—as they accordingly did. Out at sea they were joined by Bruan, who, after holding out at Merguy till a cannon-ball broke his last water-jar, had cut his way through the besiegers, and had embarked with his remaining twenty men on board a small frigate. The combined parties of Frenchmen directed their course for Pondicherry. The Christians felt the loss of their protectors: the persecution broke out anew, the Bishop of Métellopolis being loaded with chains, and dragged bareheaded under a hot sun, while Christian maidens were carried off to be the wives of heathens, and priests, chained two and two with criminals, were forced to work as street scavengers, and begged bread which their criminal companions snatched from them. English officers protested, threatened a cruel Mohammedan official that they would make reprisals on any Moors who might fall into their hands, and advanced a large sum for the relief of two Christian priests. "The missionaries make it a duty to publish that, wherever they have come in contact with the English, they have experienced that generosity is natural to them."

The restoration by Desfarges, on his arrival at Jonsalam, of the borrowed frigates and of the crews sent as hostages with them, was the signal for the release of the Bishop and for mitigations in the lot of his fellow-sufferers; but they were not wholly set free till, in 1690, Père Tachard arrived on a third embassy, to renew the alliance between the Kings of France and Siam, and to arrange for the better treatment of the Christians. The Jesuit college was then restored, much reduced in funds and burthened by the maintenance of distressed co-religionists, and with most of its work to begin again, for the Siamese, lacking in martyr-spirit, had largely apostatised.

Desfarges had already arrived—in 1689—with the wreck of his forces in France, thus ending "an enterprise ill-concerted, costly, of no possible utility, the result of hearkening to promises fair to see, but without solidity."

E. PERRONET THOMPSON.

GOETHE AND CARLYLE.

SPEAKING to Eckermann, in 1827, Goethe said of Carlyle that he, Carlyle, was a moral force of great importance; that he had a great future before him; and that it was impossible to foresee all that Carlyle might produce and effect. Goethe said, also, that it was admirable in Carlyle that, in his judgment of German authors, he lays particular stress upon their spiritual and moral essence as the most important factor in their work.

Carlyle, among so many other things, said of Goethe, after finishing a reading of "Wilhelm Meister," that he realised, "with a very mixed feeling in other respects, that here lay more insight into the elements of human nature, and a more poetically perfect combining of them, than in all the other fictitious literature of our generation." Illustrating Goethe's estimate of the points upon which Carlyle laid most stress, Carlyle also said: "To our minds, in these soft melodious imaginations of his, there is embodied the wisdom which is proper to this time; the beautiful, the religious wisdom, which may still, with something of its old impressiveness, speak to the whole soul." "Of Goethe's spiritual endowment, looked at on the intellectual side, I have to pronounce an opinion that it is great among the very greatest."

Again: "We find, then, in Goethe, an artist, in the high and ancient meaning of that term; in the meaning which it may have borne long ago among the masters of Italian painting, and the fathers of poetry in England; we say that we trace in the creations of this man, belonging in every sense to our own time, some touches of that old, divine spirit, which had long passed away from among us." These, truly, are the judgments of a man who was a great moral force.

In comparing, or contrasting, Goethe and Carlyle, the main question is not one merely of comparative greatness. The chief interest consists in considering the spiritual intimacy of two such great men who differed so widely in gifts, in character, in temperament, and in circumstances. The relations of great writers form one of the most interesting chapters in the history of literature; and it is curious to consider the sympathy which existed be

and so widely differing as Goethe and Carlyle. They met and touched mainly in the essential points of religious wisdom, of noble aims, and of lofty effort. The same spirit animated in part their high literary endeavours, though their literary workings remained as far asunder as the poles. No two great writers could have done each the work that the other did ; but there is as profound discrepancy between the work, as between the natures, of Goethe and Carlyle. Goethe could no more have written "Sartor Resartus" than Carlyle could have written "Iphigenie" or "Faust."

The one was essentially a poet in the highest faculty of poetry ; the other was merely a poet in prose. They were in true and intimate accord only in the abstract region of spiritual wisdom. Carlyle did not wear the magic, mystical singing robes of supreme and sovereign melody. He translated "Wilhelm Meister," but his own "Wotton Reinfried" proves that he had no gift of narrative fiction. Carlyle rested on an original foundation, and was great in his impassioned imaginative treatment of fact ; he was also great in creation —that is, in the living portraiture of historical characters, as, for instance, in that of the father of Frederick the Great ; but he could not deal with abstract ideals of character—such as "Faust" or "Egmont." Carlyle had no practical influence upon the life or work of Goethe ; but Goethe exercised the most vital control over the life of Carlyle, who says: "Of dramatic art, though I have eagerly listened to a Goethe speaking of it, and to several hundreds of others mumbling and trying to speak of it, I find that I, practically speaking, know yet almost as good as nothing. Indeed, of art generally (*Kunst*, so called) I *can* almost know nothing. My first and last secret of *Kunst* is to get a thorough *intelligence* of the *fact* to be painted, represented, or, in whatever way, set forth." No criticism could more accurately represent Carlyle's position towards art and fact. His grim earnestness could only care for those themes which seemed to him the most vital in human existence. He was limited, in choice of theme, by the very strength of his intense convictions. Again, Carlyle says of Goethe : "The sight of such a man was to me a Gospel of Gospels, and did literally, I believe, save me from destruction outward and inward. . . . The memory of him shall be ever blessed to me as that of a deliverer from death." Higher obligation than this is scarcely possible from one man to another. Carlyle always regarded Goethe primarily as a great teacher and preacher. Terribly in earnest on all moral questions ; genuine, sincere, and zealous, he had yet something of Scottish rigidity and Puritan narrowness. The home surroundings of his youth, though of truest worth, were

deficient in joy, in culture, or in grace. Carlyle was not born for happiness. He had the disease of irritable nerves, and that long struggle with dyspepsia which, if it did not shorten his life, yet subjected that life to chronic misery and depression. Around his early years darkened Calvinistic gloom and spiritual dread. He was poor, hopeless—hopeless both from circumstance and temperament—and knew but little of that form of worship, so well known to Goethe, which consists in an endeavour rightly and worthily to enjoy life in time. If Goethe had had the sorrowful youth of Carlyle he would have been softly victorious even in that element; he would have conquered evil fortune without yielding to gloom or stooping to complaint.

For Goethe was calm, and sovereign in his stately majesty of soul. He was the superior, and not the victim of fate. He knew sorrow, but never gloom; and sorrow was borne with a loftily victorious control of every grief. The most universal man of letters, he had so many and such wide ranging interests in this wonderful life of ours, that he was in keenest sympathy with every phase of human existence, with every subject that can engage human faculty. He was the wonder of his time as an all-embracing, many-sided intellect. Religion, politics, all science and all art were included in his interest, and subjugated by his world-wide genius. The time in which he lived was one calculated to develop all his powers and engage all his efforts. He had not to contend with the laming obstruction of youthful poverty, with the constriction of mean birth, or with the downward pressure of unfavourable material conditions. He could unfold himself in all his fulness, and with all his force. He could perform all highest mental endeavour at its highest altitude. He was not bitter or scornful, and was never querulous. Of jealousy of other minds he knew absolutely nothing. Generous and helpful to all worthy workers, he assisted all talent, and furthered every honest aspirant. His serene and stately self-control and cheerfulness served his ends in life. His "kingly benignity" was extended to every rising talent and to all modest merit. He and Carlyle were contemporaries living in different lands. Each knew the other through his highest qualities; each held the other in reverence and respect; but, though they lived not so very far apart, the two great writers never met. It is probable that Goethe could comprehend Carlyle more fully than Carlyle could comprehend Goethe.

In their method of working there was a world-wide difference. Carlyle says: "My work needs all to be done with my nerves in a kind of blaze; such a state of soul, of body ... would kill me, if not intermitted." Far other was it w

indeed, in work ; but he was master of his materials and of himself. His strength was exercised with calmness, and his might laboured in composure. He worked, indeed, with regal ease. He knew that every theme demanded so much work, and no more. There was one point upon which these two lofty spirits were in full accord. "Wir wandeln alle in Geheimnissen," says Goethe ; and Carlyle also felt to the full the mystery and the wonder which surround this unintelligible world of ours. In another matter they were in partial sympathy. "Die Kunst ruht auf einer Art religiösem Sinn, auf einem tiefen, unerschütterlichen Ernst, deswegen sie sich auch so gern mit der Religion vereinigt." Carlyle could understand hardly anything of art that was not based upon the religious sense.

On one important subject, connected both with art and with religion, the two great men felt and thought very differently ; and the difference was caused by differing temperaments, characters, and gifts. I allude to the drama and the stage. Goethe was dramatist, theatre poet, theatre director, and stage manager. He gave much love and labour and intelligent care to the drama, especially in Weimar. The singular effect of poetry in action ; of passion, power, pathos, expressed by the human voice, and exhibited through the beautiful human form divine, was well known to and worthily prized by Goethe. He recognised how fully the drama answered a deeply-implanted human need ; he knew the stage's efficacy, and he felt the drama's charm. He was in fullest sympathy with the rare and high delight which the mighty art of acting can give ; and his deep insight realised the influence of the fairy world of the theatre. He looked intently into that magic mirror which the drama holds up to human nature. He loved the playhouse, and—when they behaved well—the players. He gave his audiences the plays which they ought to like and to enjoy ; and cared little for popularity, and almost nothing for pecuniary success. He aimed at a much higher than a money result. He was not a trading theatre director. He might make occasional mistakes in management, but he knew that "wenn du nicht irrst, kommst du nicht zu Verstand ;" and he, of all men, felt that the temple sanctifieth the gold, but that it cannot sanctify meaner metal. He was a noble adherent of the noble drama ; and he cared, not for the mere amusement, but for the art delight of his, unfortunately, too small and select public. The stage, and the art of acting, produced but little, if any, effect upon Carlyle. To his apprehension, acting was but "painted mimicry"; and the actor was not an artist, but a mere "sham." The player was only that, and nothing more. He saw the actor through the king

that the actor might be representing, but he never saw the king in the actor. Of the scope, and range, and working of the drama he had no adequate conception. Peasant-born, and surrounded in his youth by the harsh stern limitations of Calvinism, he never, in his later years, attained to more complete comprehension of that "spell o'er hearts which only acting lends." The theatre was, to him, a mere booth in Vanity Fair; and acting was simply mimetic and a hollow mockery of life. His early training, and his later views, had set constrictive limitations upon his mental endowment in connection with the drama in action; and he could not recognise the value or the charms of the art comprised within "the wooden O." The wonder-working stage, the home of imaginative illusion, was a thing outside his sympathy and beyond his knowledge.

Indeed, it would almost seem that Carlyle's feeling towards Shakespeare himself, as dramatist and as actor, was one of incomplete appreciation and imperfect liking. "What *Kunst* has Shakespeare?" asks Carlyle, in his sublime simplicity. Of Goethe it may well be said that a deeper truth his heart divines. He was far more profoundly impressed by the greatness of the man who "wears the crown o' the world"; the poet whose imagination and intellect are a revelation of the very highest faculty that God has given to man. Goethe was nearer to Shakespeare than Carlyle could be. Carlyle speaks of Shakespeare as singing the "practical life"; but, to take two instances only, the "Tempest" and "Midsummer Night's Dream" belong surely rather to purely imaginative than to "practical" life. In connection with Shakespeare, Emerson, the lecturer, and Carlyle, the teacher, are at one. Emerson says: "It must even go into the world's history that the best poet led an obscure and profane life, using his genius for the public amusement." Carlyle appears to share this regret. "Alas! Shakespeare had to write for the Globe playhouse: his great soul had to crush itself, as it could, into that and no other mould." Goethe could see more clearly how little Shakespeare's environments could hinder his revelation of himself, and of the many-sided, wonderful life which lives in the complex world which God himself created. Goethe's finer insight could better estimate all that Shakespeare accomplished, in despite of let and hindrance.

The beautiful and gracious gifts of Walter Scott, qualities so genially felt by Goethe, were beyond the comprehension, and lay outside the range of sympathy, of Carlyle. Speaking of Scott, Carlyle complains that "the great Mystery of Existence was not great to him; did not drive him into rocky solitudes to wrest

for an answer; to be answered or to perish. He had nothing of the martyr; into no 'dark regions to slay monsters for us' did he, either led or driven, venture down." No, wrestling with demons was not Scott's business. His sweet and healthy nature had its own genial trust. His path might lead him where fairies, even angels, or the vision of an armed knight, were to be found; and if Scott sought rocky solitudes it was for the sake of the poetically picturesque. Goethe, again, had no vocation, or much time to spare, for wrestling with demons. Demons, if not omniscient, are, probably, very knowing; and no one of them would, I fancy, waste his time in trying a fall with great Goethe, who was divinely uplifted beyond their sphere of successful action. Goethe, indeed, stood so much above demons that, while he could recognise the dæmonic, he never stooped to struggle with such infrahuman beings. They could have no power over him. His early, fanciful, mock attempt at suicide, in emulation of the Emperor Otho, ended in hearty laughter. Carlyle got near to Goethe when he said: "But if God made the world: and only leads Beelzebub as some ugly muzzled beast is led, a longer or shorter temporary *dance* in this divine world, and always draws him home again, and peels the unjust gains off him, and ducks him in a certain hot lake, with sure intent to lodge him there to all eternity at last." Mephistopheles is based upon something like this theorem. Carlyle did not think that a second part of "Faust" was needed; but such a conclusion was imperatively called for in order that Goethe might be able to show conclusively his conviction of the ultimate divine triumph of Good over Evil.

A strong point of contrast between Goethe and Carlyle consists in their attitude towards women. A great poet is made for women; and women are made for the poet. He fascinates them as they fascinate him. The poet is susceptible, alike in his brain, his senses, and his soul, to the grace, to the tenderness, to the purity, to the loveliness of woman. His relation to them is that of cavalier to lady—of poet to woman. Their reciprocal influence is that of glamour and of grace; of the attraction of beauty for genius; of the homage of chivalry; of the rapture of delight, on the part of the poet, for creatures so soft, so gentle, loving, bright and fair. His admiration is a glow of sentiment, a worship of reverence; and he delights in the fine, romantic, liberal intercourse which soul to soul affordeth. Genius is set in grace, and woman is effluent of charm. She fires the poet's imagination, and inspires his eloquence. We may well realise what was the relation of Goethe to the magic of feminine beauty and of womanly worth. His eyes, "extraordinarily

large, dark, and piercing," would glow with magic fire as they gazed upon the bright glances which would respond so readily to the love-lit light of his brilliant eyes. Goethe had the eye of fire, and the voice of charm. Wit and wisdom were the staples of his talk to women; and deep thought alternated with fine fantasy; while both were expressed in sweet and flowing courtesy. Add to all this, the dignity of his stately, virile figure, and the changing expression of his mobile features. He was full of the courtesy of chivalry; of that homage which is reverence, of that gallantry which is worship.

Carlyle was very different. He was not a cavalier, and had no gleam of gallantry. He was constant and loyal, tender and true. Entirely noble in his patient fidelity to a not quite suitable wife, he did not idealise, as a poet would, the abstract witchery of women; and he was without the poet's keen sympathy with their unspeakable charm of divine grace and mobile attraction. He was not formed for happiness, or for the poet's joy in beauty. Dyspeptic and heavy laden, all his energy flowed into his work. His burning honesty, his fervid emphasis, his profound convictions, his fiery scorn, his drastic humour, his Puritan purity—all his essential qualities rendered him indifferent to romance, and insensible to the delicate delight of ideal woman worship. If more intense, he was much narrower than Goethe; and his austere nature rejoiced not in the love of art or in the love of loveliness.

"Wie einer ist, so ist sein Gott;" and Goethe and Carlyle, naturally enough, differed widely in their relations to religion. Their faiths took widely sundered form, and shape, and spirit. Carlyle's admiration for Goethe was heartiest for the poet's moral and spiritual gift and endowment; but Carlyle failed to embrace the whole wide range of Goethe's thought, effort, and working. Carlyle's religion was gloomy, but most earnest. His faith was very vital to him; it actuated every action, and influenced every view. His religion was an integral part of his life.

Carlyle may be roughly defined as a Deist, worshipping intently a just, yet terrible, and Nemesis-like God; but he is quite individual in his strong conviction, and stands alone in his faith as in his originality. There was a strong affinity between Goethe and Carlyle in their unworldliness and in their lofty aims; but a wide gulf separated the training of the Frankfurt burgher from the Scottish peasant. Goethe was more highly lifted above the smoke and stir of this dim spot; and he moved, and lived, and had his being in serener air. He was a Christian; and his high conception rose to [illegible] ideal height of the great argument.

The best picture of Goethe's relations to the Unseen is that presented to us in the *Selbstzeugnisse*, or evidences drawn from his own sayings and writings, brought together by Th. Vogel. This most remarkable work, which is worth whole libraries of ordinary theology, and which contains the best explanation and defence of the highest Christianity, ought to be translated into English, since, in England, a most erroneous impression about Goethe's religion obtains.

To Goethe's apprehension God is always divine. No shows of evil can pervert Goethe to hold Him to be a fiend. Goethe is full of noble awe, but never of base fear. It is love, and not dread, which draws him to God. Goethe calls himself "ein protestantischer Christ" ("a Protestant Christian"); he says, of himself, "Wie ich war, so bin ich noch, nur dass ich mit unserem Herrn Gott etwas besser stehe, und mit seinem lieben Sohne, Jesu Christo." ("What I was, I am still, except that I stand somewhat better with the Lord God, and with His dear Son, Jesus Christ.") In another place he says: "So soon as one has understood, and absorbed into oneself, the pure doctrine and love of Christ, one feels oneself great and free as man."

The greatest thinkers can never be exactly classified. The nomenclature which sufficiently defines ordinary men is not elastic enough to include the souls that sing at heaven's gate. The power and range of great individual genius transcend all popular definition as they surpass all common conception. Goethe calls himself a Protestant Christian; but the phrase must be applied to him in an incalculably greater than the ordinary sense. In religion, Goethe was love; Carlyle had a touch of terror. They differed—except at the few points at which they directly touched—as widely as did their mental endowments and physical gifts.

We have now endeavoured, necessarily in very narrow limits, to form some estimate of the high matters on which Goethe and Carlyle were in accord, and to understand where their natures and their powers diverged; and we have wished to apprehend *the why* of sympathy and of dyspathy; nor can such an inquiry be unprofitable.

One star may differ from another star in glory; one star may be somewhat greater than another star; but each of the two stars which thus differ may be luminous and may be splendid; and it is not necessary always to measure too closely comparative size and distance. Goethe and Carlyle are literary stars of the first magnitude. As writers they are entirely lofty, and wholly wonderful; and behind their glorious work we find two noble men.

H. SCHÜTZ WILSON.

POISON IN THE CUP.

IT may seem a startling assertion to make, but it is, nevertheless, a true one, namely, that more people are killed by drinking water than are killed by drinking alcohol in all its various forms, and this applies as much to countries that call themselves civilised as to those where sanitary laws are unknown. Why should this be so? Absolutely pure water is harmless in any quantity, but unfortunately, water may appear pure to the ordinary observer, and still be impregnated with the deadliest poisons, and this is the reason why it is so insidious and treacherous an element. It may be absolutely free from smell, and still alive with the germs of typhoid. It may be sparkling and crystal, and still be full of cholera poison. We must drink it, though the grisly spectre of death hovers over the cup. The unfortunate part of it is that we are not able to distinguish when this is the case, for the crystal liquid looks to the thirsty individual so clear and pure and tempting; indeed, I very much question whether the most exhaustive analysis of water charged with cholera or typhoid germs can always show it to be free from all danger, so small is the quantity of these deadly poisons that may, when taken into the system, rapidly destroy life.

There is scarcely a day that we do not read of an epidemic of typhoid or cholera, either in England or some neighbouring country, that is due to drinking-water contaminated by the germs of these dreaded, but preventable, diseases. Only recently in Worthing from this source a town has been ruined and hundreds of homes made desolate through the drinking-water being contaminated by typhoid poison. If the same number of people in Worthing had died in the same time from alcoholic poisoning, every pulpit in England would have rung with the fact, and temperance orators would certainly not have failed to improve the occasion; but when water is the vehicle of disease we hear little about it, and the Angel of Death follows in the wake of the limpid and harmless-looking fluid, that is a necessity of every household
both rich and poor alike.

If we take England alone, more deaths are attributable to impure water than to pure, impure, and adulterated spirits and alcoholic drinks altogether, and the diseases from which the miserable victims die are as hideous and repulsive as those caused by drink.

Five-and-twenty years ago, during a most fatal epidemic of typhoid in the West of England, I had to assist the Government inspector in tracing its cause to its source, and the result was most conclusively established as due to impure water. The supply of water as it entered the town was pure, but in many houses the water-closets were supplied by the same pipe and cistern as the water for drinking purposes. As the water was turned off during the night to prevent waste, the pipes emptied and subsequently became filled with air poisoned by the foul gases from the closets; and when the town water was turned on in the morning it rapidly absorbed the poisonous air in the pipes.

The outcome was that those houses supplied from this source were decimated by an epidemic of typhoid. In those cases where the inhabitants got their water from wells, it was found that they escaped, unless, as in many instances, they procured milk from the shops supplied with the tainted water. The whole problem worked out like a sum in arithmetic.

The State takes great care that the public have their alcoholic poisons in the strongest and purest forms, as if they were really of the utmost importance to the health and well-being of the community. If an innkeeper is found adulterating any spirit with water he is severely punished. The Legislature takes care that the drunken mother, going with her miserable infant at the breast to the glaring gin-palace for three pennyworth of gin, gets it pure and strong, but the State does not exercise the care it should in seeing that the supply of drinking-water, which is, of course, as much a necessity as food, and more necessary than gin, is conveyed to the teeming inhabitants of large, and, indeed, small towns in the same pure state as the heavens send it.

The State also takes care that articles of food should not be *too much* adulterated, even with harmless ingredients. If a grocer is caught mixing a little chicory with his coffee he is held up to public execration. The Legislature also takes care that if fish, or meat, or game, or fruit are in any way tainted or unhealthy, they shall be destroyed, and this in such a way as not to poison the living after. Most stringent measures are employed with regard to cattle affected by any epidemic disease, these being destroyed and every precaution being

used to prevent other cattle becoming subjected to the same influences; but the State never seems to have passed sufficiently stringent laws for the supply of pure water, and the proper analysis of water furnished to towns and villages, and for compelling landlords to supply their tenants' houses with pure water, or that owners of houses have the wells deep enough to be free from contamination by surface-water, and sewer leakages, and gases. In most towns now even the plans for a new house have to be "passed" by some recognised authority, but there is no supervision as to the depth of a well or the purity of the water supply.

It seems a most extraordinary thing that in these days the sewage of a town like Shrewsbury should be allowed to be poured into the river Severn to poison the inhabitants dependent on its waters from there to the sea. If there were an epidemic of cholera in Shrewsbury, there is not a town or village on the banks of the Severn right away to the Bristol Channel that would not undoubtedly be attacked with cholera, and from such a source extending over so large an area the whole country might be affected. In these days, when communication from town to town is so rapid, a person may contract the disease in Shrewsbury and die of it in York, and there form a focus by which the disease may again spread.

The history of the epidemic at Hamburg last year is a proof of this assertion. In this case, if I remember rightly, the water was contaminated above the source from which Hamburg derived its supply by some filthy Russian Jews who were encamped on the banks of the river, and who brought the disease with them from Russia, and though the brunt of the plague fell upon this city, isolated cases occurred in distant towns that were traceable to a sojourn in this place.[1]

For months the eyes of Europe were turned to this city of death, and its tale of horror sent a thrill of pity far and wide. But the awful lesson was not thrown away either in Hamburg or on the surrounding countries, and the care that is being taken now in England to prevent the spread of the disease is due in a great measure to that lesson.

With these facts before us, showing the importance of pure water and the manifold dangers of drinking from a tainted source, those who derive their supply of water from wells and pumps should every now and again have the water analysed to see that it contains no organic impurities, and if it is forced to [illegible] top of the

[1] Even now, after the lapse of a ye[illegible] cholera in Hamburg, due to a recru[illegible]

house, that the cistern that supplies the drinking-water should be separate from the one that supplies the closets. It is surprising how careless people are on these points. They are very careful to inquire whether a house is damp or draughty, but they do not, as a rule, trouble about the water supply, which is of far more importance to health.

I remember some years ago going to live in a large house where the water supply came from a well. It had been drunk by former tenants for years, but I thought as a matter of precaution I would have it analysed, so I sent it to a well-known analyst for this purpose. He informed me that it was not even fit for washing purposes, being full of animal and vegetable matter and all sorts of impurities. I hope the former tenants appreciated it, but I took care to have a supply from a more trustworthy source. Part of the house had been a Roman Catholic chapel two or three hundred years ago, and, in making, during my stay in it, some alterations, human bones in good preservation were turned up under the kitchen floor within ten feet of the well that supplied the house with water. This was only about sixteen feet deep!

What a vast amount of human suffering and death would be saved if the Government allowed, and indeed compelled, medical officers of health to send occasionally, free of charge, to the county analyst or some central bureau instituted for this purpose, water used for drinking purposes from wells and other sources, more especially where suspicion arose as to its purity. With articles of food this is done. The myrmidon of the law, in the shape of the policeman, occasionally pounces down upon the poor grocer and carries off some pepper and coffee for analysis. If it is found to be adulterated with something equally harmless the victim is fined. This majestic and important individual also sometimes favours the publican with a visit, and woe betide him if he dilutes his spirituous poisons and other beverages, and defrauds the tottering victim of alcoholic abuse of his full dose.

I remember some years ago a brook that supplied a village with water being contaminated at its source. An epidemic of diphtheria broke out. In one house the whole family of six children, from a boy of eighteen to the infant in the cradle, were swept away. As soon as the cause was found out and the water secured from contamination the disease abated, but not before a great many households had to mourn the loss of one or more of their number.

It could not be the water, said the villagers, for it was clear and pure! The ignorance of ordinary people on

lurks in apparently pure water is inconceivable. It cannot be smelt, seen, or tasted; therefore, they argue, it cannot be there. I give the above cases from circumstances that came directly under my notice many years ago, and I am not able to discover that any substantial laws to obviate such evils have yet been framed. No doubt, if I am wrong in this assumption, some one will correct me, and though I know that more care is exercised now than was done then, and that a River Pollution Act has been passed, I know it is almost, if not quite, a dead letter.[1] The proverbial coach and four is driven through it every day, I think I may say, in every county in England. Of all foods required—water is a food—to keep the system in healthy working order, water is the most important; a man may live without any one particular kind of diet, whether it be flesh, fish, or vegetable, but he cannot live without water. It enters into the composition of every tissue and fluid in the body. Digestion cannot be carried on without it, and when food has accomplished the nourishing of the different tissues, it is by means of water that its waste is carried away. Indeed, without water dry food would be poison and the digestive apparatus as useless as a miller's wheel with no stream to turn it. There is not one hour of our existence, from the cradle to the grave, that it does not fill an important part in the operations of life.

An ordinary adult requires from four to five pints of liquid a day, and this amount is excreted after it has served its purpose in the system in the same period. Some of this amount is taken into the system in the solid food consumed, as well as in the way of beverage; many of these which we do not look upon as fluids for quenching thirst are nearly all water. Port and sherry, for instance, contain over eighty per cent.

Naturally, the quantity of water that a person requires in a great measure depends upon the occupation and the season of the year. It is a well-known fact that the Cornish miner loses during the eight hours he is in the heat of the mine five pounds in weight through the evaporation of water from the system, and we all know that the

[1] In Leicester and other large towns in the Midlands the beneficial vaccination law is openly set at defiance, and many thousands of children are totally unprotected from the ravages of small-pox. If these people possessed live-stock that was likely to spread infectious disease, and attempted to set the law at defiance by moving them out of the neighbourhood, they would soon find where they were, but human life is not so valuable apparently as that of pigs and oxen. Ignorant and bigoted faddists have it in their power to spread a loathsome disease far and wide. If they themselves were the only sufferers there would be no harm, but unfortunately they are not.

ordinary Turkish bath will cause at least the evaporation of two pounds. For these and other reasons, as water is a food that both rich and poor absolutely require, the more important is it that this most necessary article should always be procurable pure, as far as human ingenuity and foresight can furnish it. This, I maintain, is far more important than any one of the thousand and one articles that make up the daily dietary of the people. A very large proportion of these are unnecessary or luxuries, and can be foregone, but water everyone requires, and its purity is a matter of national importance. The diseases that are caused by impure water are the most fatal of any, and are the most dangerous to healthy persons brought in contact with them. I allude more particularly to cholera, typhoid fever, and diphtheria.

The rich man has it in his power to prevent any risk of the water he drinks being contaminated; he can drink one of the many aërated waters that are bottled from mountain springs in Germany and elsewhere, but the ordinary man cannot do this, for they are beyond his means. These are not only absolutely pure, but also far more pleasant as a beverage than ordinary water. Many of them contain a percentage of salts that give an improved flavour, and at the same time are useful to the dyspeptic, gouty, corpulent, or the rheumatic subject.

It is a remarkable fact, however, that though so many patronise the different table-waters of whose virtues, real or imaginary, we are so constantly reminded, very few people seem to take the trouble, when they select, to learn whether it is best suited for their particular constitutional requirements. For instance, a gouty man or a person suffering from rheumatism would do well to choose one that contains some antacid constituents. This, acting as a solvent, would assist in ridding the system of uric acid and other poisons for which a free use of water is so beneficial.

In this way a pleasant beverage, either taken alone or mixed with wine or spirit, may be made a useful adjunct to health. I have in my professional capacity tried very many in England and in Germany in the effort to combine a pleasant flavoured water with one that should possess some antacid properties and be absolutely pure from animal impurities, and, at the same time, naturally aërated.

A water bottled from the springs in the Taunus mountains in Germany has seemed to me to fill these requirements; it is called Sparkling Kalzmar.[1] It is a water highly suitable to those of gouty, corpulent, or rheumatic diathesis, and will, when it is more known, I

[1] May be had of Aldous & Co., 66 Hatton Garden, London.

feel sure, become a favourite with those who can afford to drink something less likely to poison them than the water that is commonly used in England for household purposes, and that in most cases comes from shallow wells or rivers polluted with sewage.

Though water is of such importance to the well-being of the body in health, there are certain cases where it is of peculiar importance to the body in disease. It is not many years ago that it was considered dangerous for a person with fever to drink cold water; the parched tongue had to go unmoistened, and the terrible thirst unassuaged. Happily, this erroneous opinion as to the danger of fluid has passed away, and now I believe there are very few, if any, physicians who do not allow a person to drink as much as he feels disposed to so long as the fluid is harmless; in gout, when the blood is overcharged with gout poison, plenty of water undoubtedly assists nature in throwing it out. When the system is accumulating this unpleasant element—and it goes on accumulating it until, like a thunderstorm, an explosion takes place—nature holds out early enough, in the persistent headache, irritability, and other symptoms, the danger-flag to give warning of impending trouble; but the ordinary individual will not take warning, and goes on eating and drinking until the acute attack comes, and the inflammatory action this sets up once more *for a time* clears the system of the poison.

Prevention is far better than cure, and a little dietetic care, with two or three tumblers a day of hot water, is a pleasanter way of curing gout than the agony of a swollen joint, or an attack of gouty dyspepsia or bronchitis, or something worse.

The wise man, when he begins to feel twinges of what Byron calls "the rust of aristocratic hinges," takes six or seven miles a day of brisk walking exercise, or a couple of hours' gallop, so as to get the skin into free action, indulges in plenty of fluid, and avoids rich foods and those wines and liquors that contain sugar, and by this means clears the system of the poisons of gout as effectually as if he went to Homburg or Carlsbad for this purpose. My experience of those who go to these places to cure gout or reduce fat is, that as soon as they return to England they go back to their old mode of life and soon accumulate a fresh supply of one or both again. The reason for this is, that they are not taught what little modifications they should make in their daily diet. The old adage that says, "What is one man's food is another man's poison," applies here with peculiar force. Over-fatness, gout, rheumatism, and indigestion are diseases due to improper food or certain foods taken in excess. As soon as the dietary is adjusted to the requirements of the indiv'

there is no relapse of either one or the other. But this is a digression.

In a country like ours, so teeming with population, it is only natural to suppose that all water in low-lying localities—brooks and rivers—must run a risk of becoming dangerous to health from pollution. Indeed, impure water is, as I have shown before, the birthplace of epidemics of the most fatal description, and it would seem as if the rich and the luxurious were more susceptible to attack than the poor and needy. Under these circumstances it would be always safer if water was boiled or filtered before being drunk by those who value health. Even filtering water does not always make it safe, but *boiling* does. The *bon vivant* finds the advantage of free consumption of waters occasionally; hence he goes to Marienbad or Carlsbad, or some other well-known spring, for his annual flush-out. Indeed, with a dietary embracing every luxury that culinary art can fabricate, it is a wonder that the system does not become clogged oftener than once a year. The benefit attaching to a visit to one of the foreign watering-places is really due to the large amount of water that the individual consumes while there, the quantity drunk being sometimes enormous. While doing this but little food can be taken, so that the starvation and the washing-out clears the system of all the accumulated waste of a year's gorging, and the individual returns home, if feeling weaker and out of condition, at all events tolerably free from gout and other kindred poisons.

Comparatively few people know what a large amount of water the human body consists of. A man weighing two hundred pounds is made up of one hundred and twenty pounds of water and eighty pounds of solids. The latter includes bone, muscle, &c. Even the fat of the body contains fifteen per cent. of water; the liver is made up of sixty-nine per cent., and the blood of eighty-three. The skin contains seventy-two per cent., the brain seventy-five, and muscle seventy-five.

It may be naturally supposed that a fluid so universally distributed throughout the body must constitute a very important article of its existence. Recent experiments have shown that on water alone life may be sustained as long as fifty-five days, whereas, if dry food only were given, death would ensue in a quarter of that time, and this in a most agonising way. The terrible agony that shipwrecked mariners sometimes suffer in this way will induce them to drink sea-water, and this adds a hundredfold to the incontrollable thirst that induces delirium and death.

With regard to drinking-waters, the purest is that which comes

from deep springs or deep wells, where the access of surface-water is guarded against, or from lakes at high altitudes. These waters, as a rule, are very palatable. The most dangerous waters to drink are those that are stored in the form of rain-water, or surface-water running over cultivated lands, as these absorb all the impurities that they come in contact with. River-water is always dangerous, as it invariably becomes contaminated with sewage. Water from shallow wells absorbs surface drainage, and may be always considered utterly unfit for drinking purposes.

As water absorbs readily deleterious ingredients and dissolves them, it may be contaminated in this way and still be perfectly tasteless and apparently pure.

The characteristics of pure water are largely negative. It should have no colour, no odour, no taste, no deposit, and it should be aërated, but it must be borne in mind that clear, sparkling water may be highly dangerous. Clearness is no test of the harmlessness of water. To make *this* sure it is necessary that it should be chemically, microscopically, and physically tested, that is, before a correct knowledge as to its purity can be arrived at. There are districts in England where even water in every way suitable for drinking purposes may be the cause of disease ; in this case it contains inorganic matter, such as lime, in excess. For instance, in Derbyshire there is a disease called Derbyshire neck, which is an enlargement of the thyroid gland in that part of the body. It is conclusively proved that this arises from the mineral constituents of the water being in excess. In Switzerland a disease called goitre is common from drinking-water containing carbonate of magnesia and other ingredients. However, water of this kind never produces such terribly fatal diseases as cholera, typhoid fever, and diphtheria, and may be taken for long periods with no ill effect.

In large towns the supply of water allowed per head to each inhabitant differs greatly. Glasgow allows to each of its citizens fifty gallons, Edinburgh thirty-five gallons, Liverpool thirty gallons, Paris thirty-one gallons, Sheffield twenty gallons, London thirty-two gallons, Norwich twelve gallons, Derby fourteen gallons. Twelve gallons is the smallest allowance that is compatible with comfort and health ; this, of course, means for drinking and all other purposes for which water is used in ordinary households. Sixteen to twenty gallons may be considered a fair and healthy allowance per head, while thirty gallons is by no means excessive. Indeed, the health of a town may be measured in a large degree by the amount of water allowed to each of its inhabitants, and *its purity*.

One notable example of the beneficial influence of a liberal and regular supply of pure water is found in the well-known case of Glasgow. When this city was supplied by Clyde water it passed through two cholera periods. In the first, in 1832, the mortality was 2,800; in the second, in 1854, the mortality was 3,900. After this the pure water of Loch Katrine was introduced into the city, and when the next cholera period took place, in 1866, the mortality was only sixty-eight. Nothing can show more plainly than this the importance of pure water and its good influence when epidemic disease is rife.

London supplies the same evidence in this respect. In the cholera epidemic of 1848–49 the disease raged most fiercely in those parts where the water was supplied from the Thames. At Hungerford the death-rate was 12·5 per thousand. In those localities supplied by water from Thames Ditton the mortality fell to 3·7 per thousand, and a noteworthy fact was also seen in the cases of those districts supplied from the Thames at Battersea, where the deaths from cholera were 13·0 per thousand, the fact being that the water there became impregnated with cholera discharges.

The delta of the Ganges from this cause is the home and happy hunting-ground of this awful scourge. This part of India is never free from it.

The water used to make ordinary aërated waters, such as soda water, may be taken from a source by no means pure, and, unless it is made by some maker of repute, may be full of animal and vegetable impregnation; those who drink these beverages should look to this point.

It is well known that what is commonly called soda water contains no soda at all, and unless the individual who orders it has it specially prepared, it is simply plain water charged with carbonic acid gas.

There are very few people who take harmless fluids to the extent they should. In this case, unless a large amount of exercise is taken, the blood becomes overcharged with uric acid and other ingredients, the result of over-eating and under-working, and hence are developed gout, rheumatism, boils, rashes, and other indications of retrograde metamorphosis.

Pure water is to the kidneys what pure air is to the lungs, and if the ordinary individual were to begin the day by drinking a tumbler of hot water, say, half an hour before breakfast, and finish up the day by taking a tumblerful the last thing at night, it would very much conduce to continued health. Of course, during the day water

should be taken with meals, but it is not a good plan to drink a very large quantity at a meal; about half a pint to a pint is sufficient then. Tea and coffee are always safe beverages, as the water with which they are made has necessarily been boiled.

Pure Ceylon tea always furnishes a harmless and agreeable drink when it is properly made, and may be taken twice a day with advantage. Ceylon tea is freer from tannin than other teas, and certainly more delicately flavoured. It should infuse not longer than eight minutes. Absolutely pure Ceylon tea may be procured from the Agra Tea Company, 76 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, who own large estates in that island.

Most of the solid food we eat contains a considerable percentage of water. For instance, bread contains thirty-seven per cent. of water, potatoes seventy-five per cent., milk eighty-six, cream sixty-six, cheese thirty-six, lean beef seventy-two, mutton seventy-two, poultry seventy-four, fish seventy-eight, eggs seventy-four, butters and fats fifteen per cent., and beer and porter ninety-one per cent. From this it will be seen that the larger part of what we eat, and nearly the whole of what we drink, is made up of this liquid.

Though water does not furnish the body absolutely with nutriment, the nutrition of the body cannot be carried on without it, and it is a curious fact that many people have the idea that water fattens. Pure water taken to any extent makes no difference with regard to fattening a person, though the contrary opinion seems to be held even by some medical authorities.

One German physician reduces fat people in a great measure by debarring them of water, and many who consult me for this purpose, who have tried this system, tell me that this is the most painful part of the whole treatment. I allow those who come to me for the reduction of obesity any amount of fluid, so long as it is free from sugar. I find that where all *fat-forming ingredients* are cut out of the dietary, and the quantity of food adjusted to the requirements of the individual, three or four stone of fat may be got rid of permanently in three or four months, with vast improvement in the general health and condition, and any amount of water may be taken daily—the more the better, if it is free from sugar.

With regard to water used for drinking purposes, unless it is known to be pure and to come from a source that cannot be contaminated with surface drainage or sewage, the safest plan is to have a quantity boiled in the morning and kept in a covered earthenware pan for the day's use. In summer this should be wrapped in wet flannel to keep it cold. It is true boiled water is rather insipid, but

better this than run the risk of contracting one of the many loathsome and fatal diseases that impure water brings in its train. Boiled water may be made very palatable by the addition of the juice of a lemon to each pint, sugar or saccharin being added as a sweetener.

Many people are under the impression that if spirits or wine are added to water it is thereby made harmless, even if contaminated before. Of course this is by no means the case. Poisonous germs are not destroyed in water by adding wine or spirits to it, but they undoubtedly are by boiling. The average adult requires eighty to one hundred ounces of water daily, and though, as before mentioned, a large amount of this is taken in the form of food, where active exercise is indulged in, especially in hot weather, a very much larger loss of fluid takes place, and consequently a greater supply is requisite.

One reason why exercise is so beneficial to health is due to the fact that more fluid is consumed under these circumstances, and this fluid washes from the blood its impurities, and thus assists, by means of the kidneys, lungs, and skin, in eliminating the waste that the system does not require, much in the same way as a fire, when it is blown with a bellows, will burn up refuse that it would not otherwise consume. The perspiration induced by exercise eliminates some of the solids, and other waste products are carried off by the kidneys and lungs. That the skin is an active agent in this way may be surmised from the well-known fact that if the body is completely tarred over death soon takes place through the suppression of perspiration alone.

From the foregoing remarks it is obvious how important it is that a fluid that plays so necessary a part in the operations of life should be both plentiful and pure, and that every care that human foresight can suggest should have that end in view.

The highest duty of the State is to safeguard the health of the people, and it cannot do this more effectually than by passing and *enforcing* laws which will prevent drinking-water being contaminated by sewage.

N. E. YORKE-DAVIES.

THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE.

WHAT is an Americanism? In a good many instances the name is given to some archaism belated, or some English provincialism that has worked its way into general acceptance in the States. In the former case it may be a word or expression that has survived from the earliest settlement of the country—and it is quite easy to distinguish the aristocratic intonation of Virginia from the nasal twang of Puritan New England, where also Biblical words and phrases still mark the home of the Pilgrims. Provincialisms old and new are carried over by rural and provincial emigrants, and by-and-by find their way into general speech, sometimes by a process quite readily traceable. It is usual to object, when expressions of either kind are classed by someone as Americanisms, that they are nothing of the kind, which, though in strictness true enough, is a little unpractical; for surely, when words that have become obsolete in the mother country, or are merely local here and there, "find themselves" in wide or universal popularity in America, it is at least convenient to class them as what they have practically become—Americanisms. Indeed, if historical etymology be allowed too much weight, we shall have next to no Americanisms, recognised as such, at all—in the dictionary—though their elimination from the language (a much more desirable consummation) will be hindered rather than assisted, because of a certain sanction thus given. If you take even an Americanism which hardly anyone questions, and examine it closely enough, it shall go hard but your philologers will hunt it down somewhere. It is a wise word that knows its own fatherland. For instance, a speculative lawyer primarily, and in general any kind of scheming rogue in bad repute, is called by Americans a "shyster." Mr. Schele de Vere, perhaps slyly playing upon British credulity, suggests that this is because the shady legal practitioners in question sometimes find it advisable to fight *shy* of their clients. This is plainly inadequate; and it is quite easy, besides, to suggest a derivation looking much more learned, and certainly more probable, in the admit[illegible]
dence. Why should not the wor[illegible]

"Chiche," which occurs at least twice in Wycliffe's Bible, and also in the "Romaunt of the Rose," appears to mean stingy, parsimonious, "shabby"; it is Anglo-Saxon, Middle English, and Old French.

The suffix "ster" is very old also (but not *so* old), and has a sinister sense, as mentioned by Mr. Skeat. Now, "chiche-ster" is at least as suggestive of the euphonious term "shyster" as the vague notion of a rogue shyly stirring from the neighbourhood of his victims. The now almost admittedly American verb "to skedaddle" has, as is well known, been the subject of a succession of learned theories supposed to account for it. Personally, I believe it to be a negro word, like "absquatulate." But this will not do for the lexicographers at all, though the latter are far from agreeing among themselves. The word is stated (on what evidence does not appear) to date from the first battle of Bull Run. Anyhow, just after that combat a group of young Harvard professors set on foot, doubtless as a kind of *jeu d'esprit*, a wild suggestion that the popular "skedaddle" was none other than the σκεδάννυμι (aorist σκέδασα) of Homer. Some of the etymologists have gravely adopted this, and, as usual, made matters worse by explaining that numbers of educated men may have been engaged in the battle. But there seems now to have set in a kind of interlingual competition for the paternity of this inelegant word. First of all, not to be in the background of the nations, Ireland has claimed it. It seems there were a number of Irish emigrants in the battle (the composition of the army shows an obliging disposition to vary with the exigencies of the argument); and one of them is supposed to have naïvely described them as having been "sgedad-ol"—scattered. Now, this is a very old word, which occurs in an old Irish Bible: "I will smite the shepherd, and the sheep shall be *sgedad-ol*." It is gravely added that in Ayrshire and Dumfries to "skedaddle" milk (which looks like an onomatopœia) is to slop it over in carrying the pail. The movement of liquid in a bucket produces a sound not at all unlike "skedaddle." Again, there is a Swedish word "skuddadahl," meaning "to spill," and something very similar in Danish. But in what particular the spilling of milk or water resembles the flight or skedaddling of men running away from a battle must be left to the learned to explain. "Meeching" (sly, sneaking, or underhand) is a true archaism of much more respectable lineage. It is clearly defined in the "Biglow Papers"—

> But I ain't one of the meechin' kind that sets and thinks for weeks
> The bottom's out o' the Universe 'cos their own gillpot leaks,

and is very old English. Hamlet calls the murderer in the dumb-

show "miching mallecho," and the other Elizabethans use it too, and all with one vague connotation of illicit love-making :

> Sure she has
> Some meeching rascal in her house.
> Beaumont and Fletcher.—*Scornful Lady*, V. i.

It is interesting to note, however, that this special connotation was not "classical," and has not been preserved in the American use. The word is the middle English "michen," which has simply the sense of secret or underhand, and is so used in the "Romaunt of the Rose." Mr. Skeat connects it intimately with Hamlet's "hugger-mugger" (secret), and with the still vexed "curmudgeon."[1]

Such words as these are for all practical purposes Americanisms now, and are best classed and defined therewith ; and so long as in the glossaries a proper note is kept of their original habitat no harm is done, especially as the words which have so clear an ancestry as "meeching" are not numerous. If we reject them, we must reject also such characteristic words as "boss" (Dutch, "baas") ; "stoop" (door-step : Dutch, "stoep") ; "portage" (French) ; "bankit" (foot-pavement: French, "banquette") ; "Vamoose" and "mosey" (go away : Spanish, "vamos"). Carry it far enough, and we shall have hardly anything left but neologisms.

The latter are numerous and racy. "Two-shoot scatter-gun" for a fowling-piece has been lately remarked as particularly choice ; but "idea-pot" for one's head is not less picturesque. Many new and transitory words are of journalistic origin, and are derived according to the fancy of their creators from various existing and legitimate terms. It is too late now to hope that the verb "to interview" will ever be got rid of ; and there are numberless other loosely-derived verbs which seem to have taken a firm hold on what passes for public taste in America. Such are "to suicide," "to ambish" (from ambition), "to affection," "to locate," "to resolute," "to merchandise," "to difficult" (said by Jamieson to be good Scots), "to confidence," "to approbate," "to fellowship," and "to peddle." The last is undoubtedly re-derived from pedlar, and the latter word is, in sympathy, now usually written "peddler"—one who peddles. Mr. Lowell spells it "pedler." There is, however, a certain sanction for "to peddle" in the long obsolete English verb ; but that the American word, oddly enough, has been independently and factitiously coined there is very good evidence to show. Among miscellaneous false derivatives may be mentioned "clergywoman," "doxologise,"

[1] Adopting the deri[illegible]to steal. "Muchare" is a very much older

"bibible" on the analogy of "edible"; "happigram," "alder-woman," "firtatious," "anxietude," "bestowment," "involvement," "publishment," "composuist," &c. Proverbial expressions, too, are racy of the soil. "To keep a stiff upper lip" is to exhibit courage or resolution. A youth "between hay and grass" is more poetically described thus than by our own "hobbledehoy, neither man nor boy." "As hungry as a graven image" is perhaps derived from the supposed ferocity of heathen divinities; but who shall explain the curious similitudes "as happy as a clam at high water" and "as interesting as a shimmy (i.e. a shirt—French, "chemise") in a wash-tub"? Why is a shirt or chemise interesting when in a wash-tub? "To face the music" is about as common in England as anywhere, but it is an Americanism, and derives colour from the extreme badness of American orchestras. "To paw the ivories" is to play the piano. A man who is angry is said to "fly off the handle"; a busy one "has a long row to hoe"; a "smart" one will always "keep his eyes skinned" (which is rather repulsive), so that having "the inside track" of any aggressor he may make the latter "eat crow," of which ill-favoured bird humble pie is invariably made in America.

In these times of six-day steamers the nations mix too freely for many actual misunderstandings to arise as to the signification of words; but it would not be difficult to set down a page or two of perfectly usual American words which are either not used at all in England or are used in a sense that would make them incomprehensible in America to five Englishmen out of six. There are, moreover, subtle differences in the use of common words which might well lead to error. "Corn" in America always means maize. Wheat is distinguished as "grain." To be clever often means, especially in New England, to be kindly or good-natured—not acute, intelligent, or "smart." A person described in America as being "queer" is, not a little "out of sorts," as with us, but mildly insane. "Mad," of course, usually means angry (as in Acts xxvi. 11); "crazy" is the right word for insanity. A lady who described herself as "knocked up" would be thought to have indelicately confessed to a condition sometimes affecting young married women, but not usually spoken of. "Clear" applied to a fluid means, not transparent, but undiluted. "Sauce" is used to mean vegetables in New England. "Long sauce" means carrots, parsnips, and so on; "short sauce" signifies potatoes, turnips, and the like. "Long sweetening" and "long sugar" mean treacle, more usually, however, called by the correct name of molasses. A railway "sleeper" is not a cross-tie, but a sleeping compartment—wherein arose the expressive

proverb "to wake up the wrong passenger," which is the equivalent of our own "to have the wrong pig by the ear." A "cracker" is, of course, not a firework, but a biscuit, the last word being applied to small loaves such as we call French rolls. "Chores" (odd jobs in the house) often occurs in American books, and (as one generally hears it pronounced by English people with a hard χ) it may be worth while to mention that it is of the same root as our English "charwoman," and is pronounced "tshores." A charwoman in America might probably be a "choreslady"; there are also "washerladies," "salesladies," "foreladies," "domestic helps," and "hired girls," but no servants or women. A "despatch" is a telegram; a "doggery" or "dive" is a low public-house ("saloon"); "a hog in togs" is a Jack in office; and "a lame duck" is a defaulting stockbroker. Bulls and bears in Wall Street are "longs" and "shorts." A "dodger" is a small cake or biscuit, and also sometimes an advertising handbill; a "casket" is a coffin; a "fakir" or "crook" is a swindler; "gall" is, not bitterness of nature, but impudence. "To hump oneself" is to make haste, which may perhaps be old, seeing that "hump" is etymologically of the same root as "hop." In a fight a "socdolager" is a final knock down. It is supposed by some to have been corrupted humorously from "doxology," coming at the end of an encounter as the Doxology comes at the end of Divine service. I may say, however, that I personally suspect it of being Dutch in origin.

The American use of "guess," it may perhaps be permitted me to observe in closing, is grievously misunderstood by most English people. The American guesses, quite correctly, in order to draw conclusions from imperfect evidence. He would frequently "presume," "calculate," or "believe" where English writers insist that he shall still "guess." Nobody ever heard an American say, except on the English stage, "I guess and calculate." The respective employment of the words enumerated is governed by perfectly clear though unformulated principles, and the expressions are certainly not incapable of defence at greater length than the present opportunity permits.

T. BARON RUSSELL.

EVENING.

FAR o'er the plains the setting sun
Sinks in a flood of liquid light;
The creeping shadows dark and dun
Speak the diurnal journey run,
And herald the approaching night.
The slanting sunbeams glance and gleam
On many a broad and winding stream,
Whose slowly winding waters seem
Full loth to lose a ray.
The smiling groves, the fruitful trees,
Deserted by the wand'ring breeze,
Fade dimly on the eye that sees
The gently dying day.
The mountains bare their storm-beat breast
In gladness to the golden West,
And every shining height
Ambitious rears its joyful peak
To catch the last faint golden streak
Of slowly waning light.
So dies the day, and as it dies
Fair Luna mounts the Eastern skies,
Calm, cold, majestic, as to say—
"Why mourn the slow-departing day?
Let grief for fair Aurora's flight
Be lost in rapture for the night."

JOHN SANSOME.

TABLE TALK.

Heine upon Kean.

SOME light upon the English stage in the first half of the present century is cast by Heine's confidential letters to August Lewald, director of the "Dramaturgic Review" in Stuttgart, now first, as I believe, translated into English by Mr. Charles Godfrey Leland, best known in England as Hans Breitmann.[1] Heine's opportunities for forming a judgment upon things English were not particularly great, and his views were coloured by an unreasoning and subsequently in part discarded prejudice against them. He saw Edmund Kean, however, in some of that actor's greatest parts, and he takes part in that chorus of approval which seems to establish the position of Kean as the greatest of tragic actors. We know, of course, what, in addition to critics so brilliant as Hazlitt and Leigh Hunt, was said by men so competent to judge as Coleridge and Byron. Heine approaches us from without, and was little likely to acknowledge merits the sense of which was not borne in upon him. "Kean," says Heine, "was one of those men whose character defies all the rubbing or polish of civilisation, and who are, I will not say of better stuff than the rest of us, but of an entirely different kind, angular originals with a single gift on one side, but in this one-sided faculty, surpassing to an extraordinary degree all surrounding them, fully inspired with that illimitable, unfathomable, unconscious, diabolically divine power which we call *das Dämonische*—the *dæmonic*. This dæmonic (force) is found in all men great by word or deed. Kean was by no means a universal actor, for though he could play in many parts, it was always himself whom he played. But in so doing he gave us a tremendous truthfulness; and though ten years have passed since I saw him, I still behold him before me as Shylock, Othello, Richard, or Macbeth. The full meaning of many a passage which had been dark to me was made clear by his acting. There were modulations in his voice which revealed a whole life of horror; there were in his eyes lights which illuminated within all the

darkness of a Titanic soul, sudden actions in the movement of a hand, a foot, or the head, which told more than a comment in four volumes by Franz Horn." The last most characteristic phrase is, of course, written ironically. It is a sneer at Horn, whose criticisms on Shakespeare are said to have been the result of twenty years' labour.

Kean's Shylock.

IN a subsequent letter Heine gives a description of Shylock, which was the first heroic part in which he beheld Kean. He vindicates the application to Shylock of the term heroic, saying, concerning his appearance, "He did not play it like a broken-down old man, a kind of Schewa [?] of hatred, as our Devrient does, but like a real hero. So he appears to me in memory, dressed in his black silk *roquelaure*, which is without sleeves and only reaches to the knee, so that the blood-red under-garment which falls to the feet seems more startling by contrast. A black broad-rimmed felt hat, rolled up on both sides, its high conical crown wound round with a crimson ribbon, covered his head, the hair of which, like that of his beard, hung down long and black as pitch, forming as it were a wild disordered frame to the healthy red face, from which two white rolling eyeballs glared out as if in ambush, inspiring uncanny dread." A description of the interview with Antonio follows, but is too long to quote. The famous speech beginning—

> Signor Antonio, many a time and oft
> On the Rialto you have rated me,

exhibited the combat to be expected "between external humility and internal vindictiveness." It ended "with a terrible prolonged laugh, which suddenly breaks off, while the face, convulsively contracted or compelled to servility, remains for a time motionless as a mask, and only the eye—that evil eye—glared out threatening and deadly." It is pleasant and profitable to compare this Shylock as conceived by Kean with the Shylock of to-day, in whom ferocity is subordinated to dignity, and whose sufferings and disappointments demand our pity and extort our tears. "But," concludes Heine, "it is all in vain; the best description can give no idea of Edmund Kean. Many actors have very well imitated his declamation, his broken delivery, for the parrot can perfectly imitate to deception the scream of the eagle, the monarch of the air. But the eagle's glance, the daring fire which looks at the akin sun, Kean's eye, that magic lightning and enchanted flame, no common bird of the theatres can appropriate."

English Tragic Declamation.

ONE further illustration I will take from Heine. In this case I am not wholly of a mind with the critic, though there is something in his comments by which our stage may benefit. Heine describes the difference of declamation "in the three kingdoms of the civilised world—England, France, and Germany." With England alone I am concerned. "When," says Heine, "I first saw tragedies in England I was struck by the gesticulation, which much resembled that of pantomime. It did not seem to me to be unnatural, but rather an exaggeration of Nature; and it was a long time before I could accustom myself to it, and enjoy the beauty of a Shakespearian tragedy on English soil despite this caricatured delivery. Neither could I endure the screaming, the rending screaming with which men and women utter their parts. Is it perhaps necessary that in England, where the theatres are so vast, this roaring aloud is really necessary, so that every word may everywhere be heard? And is the caricatured gesticulation of which I speak also a local necessity, because so many of the audience are at such a distance from the stage? I do not know. There is perhaps in the English theatre a law of custom as regards acting, and it may be to this we must attribute the exaggeration which astonished us, especially among actresses, whose delicate organs, as if stalking on stilts, frequently flung themselves headlong into the most repulsive discordant sounds. . . ." As regards actresses we have improved these things, but as regards actors who shall say the strictures are extravagant or the lesson unneeded?

Distinguished Frenchmen in London.

THE reception of M. Emile Zola in London goes some way to prove that the reticence and alleged insularity of Englishmen are giving way to demonstrativeness, and even ebulliency. It may be granted that the occasion was exceptional. M. Zola came as an invited and honoured guest, with a supposed view of studying our manners and institutions, and it might be of applying to them the penetrative insight and daring analysis which have made of "L'Assommoir," "La Débâcle," and "Le Docteur Pascal," three of the most noteworthy works of the century. Under such conditions the hospitality shown him can scarcely be regarded as excessive. Frenchmen of highest eminence, from Voltaire to Victor Hugo, have visited us, and some men of note have indeed, to our profit, resided in our midst. I need only mention M. Jules Jusserand, whose fame in this country has not yet reached its meridian, but who has don[illegible]ledge concerning

mediæval and renaissance life in England than almost any English writer. These men, one and all, came in what was practically a private capacity. The nearest approach to the exemplary honours offered the great novelist consisted in the brilliant festivities given on the first visit to London of the Comédie Française, when, under the presidency of Lord Dufferin, all that was most distinguished in England took part in a banquet to that body, and when a Cabinet Council was put forward in order to permit of Lord Granville, who went down on horseback, taking part in the proceedings. Less public but not less significant was the compliment paid to M. Berryer, of the Académie Française, the famous advocate who obtained a public reception from the English Bar.

M. Zola in London.

IT has been the custom of too many Frenchmen visiting London to rest practically content with an experience of the purlieus of Leicester Square, and of the not very brilliant colony there established. More than one writer, on the pretence of depicting London, has supplied sketches of a district which is scarcely more English than Boulogne-sur-Mer. Better opportunities than these men furnished themselves with have been accorded M. Zola. It is doubtful, however, whether in the constant revelry forced upon him he obtained much chance of seeing London as it is, or Englishmen as they are. Civic state was duly presented to his eyes, and he saw festivities at Covent Garden which must have contrasted unfavourably with those he has witnessed at the Opéra. His views concerning London accordingly could scarcely be the most cheery. That he was influenced by the reception awarded him is obvious. Every word that he spoke shows his anxiety not only not to offend our prejudices, but even to soothe our vanity. Not a word has he said concerning London that is of any significance or importance. He finds Hyde Park inferior to the Bois de Boulogne. This in some respects it is, though in others it is not. After that he was impressed by the size of London. This is, naturally, the feeling of every foreigner who sees it for the first time. I have already said, perhaps more than once, since the phrase impressed me, that Victor Hugo, on first being shown over (part of) London, honestly, if ungraciously, exclaimed, "Quelle grande ville sans grandeur!"

M. Zola on Journalism.

THE one point on which an opinion of importance was elicited from M. Zola was on a question wholly apart from our general life and habits, and associated only with the life of those journalists

of whom he was in a special sense the guest—on the subject, namely, of signed or unsigned journalism. From this, though M. Zola's arguments do not in every case carry conviction, it is possible to extract some useful knowledge. "In France," says M. Zola, "an unsigned criticism would have absolutely no authority." In England, on the contrary, not only is all criticism for practical purposes unsigned, but the secret is well kept. I am as much behind the scenes as most people, and I will defy anyone in nine cases out of ten to tell by whom is any review of a book in the *Athenæum* or the *Saturday Review*. A super-sensitive race, authors not seldom conjecture who may have reviewed them, and being themselves not seldom reviewers, hit out in return at the wrong man. We are a conservative people, and it is probable that the system of anonymity, which gives most to the journal and least to the journalist, will endure for some time to come. The system is, nevertheless, on its trial, and, attacked as it is from all sides, will in time succumb. A generation ago a signed article was all but unknown. Men read the quarterlies, contributions to which in their days remained unsigned, and in the magazines only in the case of a few men of note were there any names affixed. Those were the palmy days of editors whose anonymity, even when most carefully guarded, was in the case of newspapers invariably pierced. At the present moment the names of editors of daily papers are scarcely known outside the staff.

Quarterly versus Monthly Periodicals.

THE first attack upon the existing system as seen in the quarterlies came from the reviews, of which the first to appear was, I believe, the *Fortnightly*. In this case the name of the editor, George Henry Lewes first, and subsequently Mr. John Morley, was announced on the cover, and all contributions, with a few not very significant exceptions, were signed. The object in the *Fortnightly*, and in the rival publications by which it has been succeeded, has been to trade on the celebrity of the writers, or on their powers and opportunities to form an opinion on the subject with which they dealt. The scheme was successful from the first. I am not in possession of, nor do I seek, statistics on the subject, but my impression is that the reviews are shoving the quarterlies out of the field—that the later periodicals have, in fact, ten readers where their predecessors have one. Conservatism will not stand long against proofs of success, and the magazines have to a great extent followed the lead of the reviews; wherever spirit and enterprise are exhibited, names are given. In the [illegible] which I now write, for instance, my own

are the only words that are not signed by the name of the writer In this case even the only cause that they are not so signed is, that a name associated with the magazine since its outset is thus preserved.

The Feuilleton.

M. ZOLA'S contention is that "every literary article, every contribution into which the personality of the writer is brought into play, ought to be signed." Against this view no English journalist is likely to protest. It is not probable that the political leaders in a newspaper will soon be signed. In this case, indeed, the journalist not seldom holds a brief; the views held by the journal constitute its policy. They have been arrived at after due discussion, and represent pretty fairly, it may be supposed, the opinions generally entertained by the staff. It is possible, however, that an individual may have doubts on points on which he is compelled as a temporary mouthpiece of the organ to insist. Not absolutely defensible in practice this, but in such matters expediency will prevail. It is in the case of what in France is called the *feuilleton*, to which nothing in English journalism quite corresponds, that the advantage of signed journalism is most plainly seen. The path to fame of Théophile Gautier and Jules Janin in previous days, and that of M. Francisque Sarcey and M. Jules Lemaître to-day, has been smoothed by their signed *feuilletons*. How large a part of Gautier's best-known work was first seen in *feuilletons* is known to his admirers. Against the adoption of a similar plan in England, by which journalists of ability could not fail to profit, there is nothing to be urged, except that we have no such thing as the *feuilleton*, and that reviews of books and criticisms of plays are not seldom by different hands. The conditions of newspaper work are different in London and in Paris. The Parisian is content to wait until the end of the week for a report upon new plays. In the case of a new book of importance London newspapers vie with each other as to which shall be first to give a long review with extracts; in that of a new play, at whatever hour the performance closes, the report or criticism must be delivered with the morning milk. Which plan is the more rational I will not presume to say. If I lean to the *feuilleton*, it is because that will inevitably be signed, and so soon as that is done the supposed preponderance of French criticism over English will be as much a thing of the past as is now the supposed preponderance of French acting.

SYLVANUS UP

THE

GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER 1893.

HIS NAMELESS ENEMY:

A RAVELLING FROM LIFE.

BY CHARLES T. C. JAMES.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN THE BEANSTALK AT MIDNIGHT.

"I HAPPEN to know," said the Man with the Gold-Headed Stick, authoritatively, "and tell you fellows it's an uncommonly good thing. An island of that prolific sort isn't in the market every day, don't you know, and if you fellows are half sharp you won't miss the chance."

"What power of intuition tells you it's going to be a good thing?" inquired the Man with the Drawl, sipping whisky and soda.

"Smith has taken shares in it, or is going to take shares in it, when the company's formed. That's how I know. When Smith goes in for a thing you can back it to the shirt on your back."

"To say nothing of the shirt at your laundress's," interjected the Mere Youth. "I suppose you *have* a spare one, Wooley?"

"You go and put your head in a bag, Chicken, or look after that young female. I want to explain this matter."

"Yes, shut up, Chicken! We want to hear about the thing," remonstrated the Man with the Eyeglass. "I may perhaps feel inclined to lay somebody something the affair goes to grief within six months, don't you know, or something of that sort. Go on, Wooley, and tell us all about it."

"Island, don't you know, with a good reputation for coffee, going dirt cheap. Company being formed to buy it up. Profits enormous. Coffee in [illegible] at the coffee drunk here every night

after dinner alone! I always take it myself now, though I didn't previously—increases the demand, don't you know. Tom Smith's going in hot for it—the company. If Smith had advised the thing merely, I should have hesitated, but I only got the tip by chance. Smith let it out after dinner the night before last quite by chance. Spoke of it as a good thing in which he was going pretty deep. Didn't advise other fellows, don't you know, to do it. That settled me. I've applied provisionally for a lump of it, to help float the thing. A nod's as good as a wink to a blind horse. I've put Marchhare on to the thing, and he's in for a big lump of it too."

"What," inquired the Man with the Drawl, "is the name of this delightful island?"

"Bully Island. Don't exactly know where it is; but it must be somewhere where they grow coffee. Company to be called 'The Bully Island Development Company, Limited.'"

"And you say Tom Smith graces the speculation with his own gold?" further inquired the Man with the Drawl, a spark of interest lurking in the tone.

"Yes; Smith's in it. Pretty deep."

"And doesn't advise other people to follow him?"

"Isn't at all enthusiastic about it."

"I'll take shares," said the Drawler, with considerable satisfaction. "Sounds like a success."

"Give you," struck in the Man with the Eyeglass, "ten to one the thing smashes within two years. Would any fellow like to book anything with me?"

No fellow volunteered.

"If Smith had been hot upon it I should have fought deuced shy, don't you know," continued Gold-Headed Stick with preternatural wisdom. "Know Smith so well. Good company, and all that sort of thing, but not to be trusted very far in money matters. Has to live, you see,s omehow, on his own earnings. Always look deuced suspiciously on any fellow who has to live on his own earnings. Makes 'em tricky."

"Why, you see, can't help making them tricky," assented the Drawl with profound thought. "Now, if I'd had to earn my living I should have been about the most beastly tricky johnnie in town. Cunning, don't you know; up to every move, and all that sort of thing. Feel sure I should."

"Give you," exclaimed Eyeglass, rousing himself from semi-torpor, "ten to one you wouldn't!"

"Take you, dear boy, in fivers," returned the Drawl, feeling bound to back his own contingent astuteness.

"That's good!" cried the Mere Youth, who had been temporarily silent while getting a big cigar into due subjection. "How are you going to decide the bet?"

"Take away his income and try," suggested Gold-Headed Stick.

"Aw! bet's off," returned the Drawl. "No way of testing."

"I've given this straight tip to thirteen fellows already," continued Gold-Headed Stick presently. They're all going in for it. Fact is, not often one gets a chance of this sort. Whatever happens, fellows must drink coffee."

"Coffee," inquired the Man with the Drawl, lighting a cigarette, "grows on trees, like apples and tomatoes and those kind of things, doesn't it?"

"You've got it!" cried the Mere Youth, with wild delight. "Got it exactly. By George, you fellows, he knows a thing or two, you see, don't he?"

"Coffee," replied Gold-Headed Stick, regardless of the Chicken's remark, and in the tone of one who had devoted some attention to the subject, "coffee, don't you know, comes over in berries like Indian corn, and is boiled down with chicory in it, for breakfast. That's the way of it."

"Steady on, you chaps; here *is* Smith!" exclaimed the Mere Youth, below his natural voice, as Tom, scrupulously dressed, wonderfully prosperous looking, and extremely happy of countenance, lounged up to the group with a cigar in his mouth.

"Come along, Smith, old chap!" cried the M. Y. and Gold-Headed Stick in chorus, while the latter continued, "we were just talking about things commercial. Can you give us any tips for the making of a snug little fortune now, or anything of that sort?"

"Only wish I could; I'd make it for myself. No; I don't know that there's much to be done just at the moment," Tom returned, taking one of the great chairs near the group, and signalling to a waiter with a view to a drink. "Things uncommonly tame in the City just at present."

The three men exchanged penetrating glances, and the "Chicken," in all the exuberance of youth, winked with superhuman cunning at the ceiling. Gold-Headed Stick, however, was not to be so easily suppressed.

"There's that thing you mentioned to me the other night still going, I suppose?" he inquired, with a collective glance at his neighbours.

"Thing I mentioned the other night! What thing was that?" Tom asked, with an exceedingly baffled air. "What sort of thing?"

"—the chicory," returned Gold-Headed Stick,

bent on being quite as forgetfully cunning as Tom, and with another glance of intelligence at his hearers.

"Oh!" exclaimed Tom, suddenly remembering, "not chicory, coffee. The company that's going to be formed for the purchase of Bully Island. Ah! don't say too much about that just at present, old fellow, if you don't mind. That's rather private at the moment. Keeping the thing dark, you know, for a space."

"I should rather like to have a share or two," remarked Gold-Headed Stick, still with an extremely intelligent and meaning eye upon his friends.

"If anybody wants shares, why of course he can get them—or at least can apply for them. The company's not formed yet," Tom replied with great carelessness. "But, mind you, I don't advise the thing. The previous company for the next island certainly pays over fifty per cent. But that's no proof. I should advise anyone to be extremely careful of embarking in such a speculation. Don't know how I came to enter my name for such a lump of the stuff. Feel, now, that I've rather made a fool of myself over it. However, I shall stand my shot, and see what comes of it. If it does turn out trumps, it will be about the best thing that's been pulled off for a long time. But there it is; time will show. Anybody good for a game of billiards?"

This question was more especially addressed to the Man with the Drawl, but that talented individual did not appear at all anxious for the competition. "Hand too deucedly shaky; thanks, all the same," he replied with some determination. "But here's the gallant Chicken here, who'll play you with all the pleasure in life. I've no doubt you'll give him a game, won't you, Chicken?"

The Mere Youth, however, backed out of the game, under pretext of having to take a speedy departure.

"Look here, don't you know," said the Man with the Eyeglass, "I'll play you, Smith, old fellow, and lay you an even fiver I win."

"All right," Tom returned, cheerily, "and I dare say you will, for I'm not in form to-night. I expect you'll win easy."

The men all rose up, and trooped down to the billiard room to see the game. On the way downstairs, Eyeglass confided to Gold-Headed Stick, "That was good enough about the coffee island, don't you know. I shall take shares to-morrow; and, I say, I'd give anybody two to one the company pays fifty per cent. in a year and a half. Would you care to book anything with me?"

"I'll book two to one with you, in fivers, that Smith licks you at billiards," returned Gold-Headed Stick. 'What d'yer say?'

"Done," returned Eyeglass. "If a fellow wants to bet, never balk him, that's my motto; and I *can* play billiards a little bit, I fancy."

It was a beautiful sight to watch the nearness of that game; and at the finish, Eyeglass, merely vanquished by a point or two of the most fluky description, was anxious for his "revenge."

Which, willingly conceded, unfortunately took the form of another defeat.

Even that, Tom agreed, was quite a fluky victory too, which he hadn't had the least expectation of pulling off.

Chapter IX.

THE MAN WITHOUT A CONSCIENCE.

Lena lay patiently upon her sofa: on wet days in the little cottage drawing-room, on fine days beneath the shadow of the great lime tree that the bees hummed round: and watched the summer slowly fade and die.

Every Saturday and Sunday were delightful, for on those days Tom never failed to come; and when Tom, her hero Tom, was with her, she was happy beyond all expressing.

Sometimes, when it was very fine, he would arrange her with infinite care in some light boat, and pull her up stream in the afternoon, and glide silently back in the twilight times, when the stars were out.

So gliding homeward, one still Sunday twilight, when the faintest breeze wandered abroad, as though the night were sighing in its sleep, Lena looking towards her hero, pulling down stream with leisurely strokes that made a mellow plashing in the water and left eddy-islands behind to mark the skiff's progress out, said suddenly:

"Tom, do you know, I often think what a hindrance I am to you in life. If it weren't for me, I know you'd have made some good marriage ages ago, and been some great man by this time."

A sudden change, like a start of pain, came upon the face of the man without a conscience, fighting the world for fortune against such terrific odds. He pulled on, however, and did not speak.

"Tom! wouldn't you, now?"

"If—if—if; what's the good of ifs?" he asked her.

"No good, perhaps, but who can do without them?"

"We won't talk of it, at any rate," he said.

"But I w[illegible]ething over again, that I've often told you before. [illegible]ot engaged, you

know. Don't let me ruin you for life. I should never forgive myself if I thought I'd done that. You won't forget this, if you get the chance, will you, Tom dear? You know what it would be to me to have to give you up and never see you any more; but I'd rather do that than think I'd spoilt your chance in life. Do you see what I mean?"

"I see," Tom answered, in thick tones.

"Tom! what makes you speak like that? I *do* believe—! Yes, I can see them glittering in your eyes! You silly old thing! You're the softest-hearted man in the world. There, I won't say it any more if it hurts you so. Only, you'll remember, won't you?"

The man without a conscience had rapidly brushed his hand across his eyes. The unprincipled striver for success had turned his head away, so that for the moment she could not see his face.

If there were one soft spot in the worldly heart, set on the world, Lena's steadfast eyes could touch it with their gentle glances; if there were one spark of greatness and nobleness of spirit in this man whom men thought flint, hers was the influence that could strike it out.

"I shall always remember you, Lena, as long as I live; if I tried, I couldn't forget you."

"See how much better I'm getting," she said, after he had helped her out. "Give me your arm, and I'll walk to the house."

"There," she continued, as they slowly walked across the lawn to the lighted window of the cottage, "and it doesn't knock me up a bit; and the poor boots will be worn out in the soles after all!"

How firm and close Tom's arm was linked in hers! How proudly happy (with a dash of pain in it as well) was his heart as he saw that she was gaining strength and movement. How, in that pride and happiness, the sordid chains that held him fast to earth were loosed; and how mysteriously the starry sky seemed somehow nearer to him as, with glistening eyes, he looked up towards the gem-bespangled blue!

"It's terribly damp, with the dew rising, at this time of night," Mrs. Sedgewick exclaimed in melancholy tones by way of greeting as they entered the little drawing-room. "I never *do* anticipate misfortune, it being a thing I couldn't bear to do, but I do hope Lena hasn't got a chill!"

"Not a bit of it; I'm as warm as a toast, mother, thanks," Lena answered cheerily. "Pray don't bother about me. There's whatever."

"Oh, if you don't feel any chill, I suppose it's Sedgewick admitted: extremely sad at having to

don't always show themselves in a moment; and I'll give you a little white-wine whey to-night last thing, in case of accidents; and I suppose you're ready for some supper?"

"Quite ready, so far as I'm concerned," Tom said, gaily.

"And I'll come in too," Lena said. "The doctor allows me to take a little exercise now. Fancy my coming in to supper with you both. It seems as though I must be almost well again, doesn't it?"

"How often we've talked about the days when you'd be quite well again," Tom said with his arm round her waist as they followed Mrs. Sedgewick to the little parlour in which the meal was spread; "but I never expected it would come so soon!"

"Nor did I, to tell you the truth. I'm so glad—glad for your sake, dear old boy," she added in a whisper.

"I mustn't squeeze your waist, or else I would," he told her in the same low tone. "But you'll be equal to even that liberty before very long, if you go on getting well at this pace!"

"Yes," she told him laughing, "I believe I shall!"

They were almost uproarious over their meal, those three, and Lena sat up to the table, and declared she didn't feel a bit of pain when she went back to her sofa in the drawing-room afterwards and Tom's pipe was lighted. But silence fell between them almost immediately, and for some time remained unbroken: while through the open window came the plash of the weir beside the lock, and from the kitchen the sound of Mrs. Sedgewick "washing up."

"If I ever *do* get really well, and if you ever make your fortune," Lena said at last, "and we take that white house opposite the pound, that we've talked so often of taking, how strange it will be to look back on these old days, won't it, Tom?"

"Very, very strange!"

Then he was silent again.

"Tom!"

"Yes."

"What are you thinking about so seriously?"

"About—about a little matter—no, a great matter I'm trying to work; that I *shall* work, if my nameless enemy doesn't step in at the last moment and balk me."

Lena laughed.

"Oh, that nameless enemy! You silly old boy, to believe in him!"

Tom smoked grimly on, with thoughtful eyes upon the slanting sheet of light [illegible] little shaded lamp spread on the garden outside the op

He felt he couldn't tell her the whole intricate workings of the scheme on which the future so vitally depended. There was a horror in the very name of Bully Island in that peaceful cottage by the stream that seemed the haven of his life, and the centre from which all that was best within him radiated. The whole scheme showed little better than a barefaced swindle, looked at through the calm home-light of that place; and the alternative to which he had pledged himself in the event of that scheme's failure was revoltingly hideous to him, near to her. And she trusted him and believed in him with such a steadfastly true devotion; she was so generous towards his truest interests; her love was such an unselfish love. The man to whom honour and probity were but a mere tight-rope upon which his course was balanced by the pole of self-interest, felt near, in that inspired moment, abandoning for ever the moral gymnastics by which he lived, throwing to the winds ambition, and, in lieu of a more doubtful fate, marrying Lena and trying to be good.

But the moment of doubt was not of long duration.

"How silent you are," Lena said; and the spell was broken by the words.

"Am I? Then I'll talk. I'll tell you about a ball I went to the night before last, shall I?"

"Oh, do!"

So the shooting star of virtue passed vividly across the darkness of his inward self, and became of the things that were but are no longer.

The placid Sunday followed, with the distant rising and falling voices of the old church bells; with the mellow plashing of the weir beside the lock, and with the occasional passage of a boat upon the silent roadway of the Thames.

"When you come next Saturday, you'll find me even better still," Lena told him, with her farewell kiss; and Tom, in a sudden dumbness, pressed her lips with his and spoke no word.

His heart was full. Before next Saturday he would know his fate.

"I don't in any way wish to distress you, my dear," Mrs. Sedgewick said when Tom was gone, "but I feel quite sure something's going to happen before next Saturday. There's no thunder about, but I feel the pressure at top of my head something fearful!"

"Oh dear!" sighed Lena, "I feel so down to-day."

"I wish you'd got my naturally brave and cheerful spirit, Lena," was her mother's cheery comment.

Chapter X.

"Touch-and-go."

Tom's nameless enemy seemed once more sleeping soundly. The Bully Island scheme progressed in the most delightful manner. Partly owing to the anxiety of the average man to make a supernatural fortune in the shortest possible time, and partly owing to Tom's skilful generalship, the demand for shares rapidly rose to a height unanticipated by him of the keen dark face who presided over the destiny of companies to be, from a small office, in a small court with a spinal curvature, off Lombard Street.

"How the deuce have you fetched 'em so successfully?" he asked Tom one day, when that fighter for fortune had looked into the little office to hear how matters were progressing. "I can't do the trick in that way, hang me if I can! How the deuce do you manage it, Tom, old chap?"

"Ah! that's my secret, isn't it?" Tom laughed. "We have done it, however, and that ought to be enough for you."

"Oh, it's enough, if you come to that," returned the man with the keen dark face; "you must have puffed the thing most damnably, that's all."

"On the contrary, I didn't puff the thing in the least, so you're rather out of it there. I suppose, however, that now all the trouble's taken, the thing's pretty certain to go on all right?"

"So far as I know, can't help going on all right. The only chance of a hitch is, that we can't get them to accept our offer for the island. They're standing out uncommon strong for more money. I can't quite make the business out. The vendors may have been got at, that's the only thing I'm at all afraid of. The concern being a genuinely good one, other fellows may be anxious to get hold of it. That's the only thing that can throw us; but I don't anticipate it. I only wish we could get the contract signed."

"It seems to me," Tom returned, sitting on the arm of one of the office chairs, and biting the end off a cigar, "that the business plan would have been to get the contract signed first, and to have formed the company afterwards. You seem to have got the cart before the horse."

"Good, my boy, in a general way. Sound logic, no doubt; but in this particular case, no go. You see, there are only two or three comp[illegible] and they couldn't go to work in t[illegible]oing, Tom;

don't you bother yourself about that. If there's any way of working it you can bet your boots we shall work it. If there isn't, it will have to go unworked. By Wednesday's mail we shall know whether our offer's accepted or not. All you've got to do is to wait patiently until Wednesday; and, if they accept, you can look upon your ten thou. as in your pocket."

Tom lighted his cigar upon the strength of that understanding, and took himself off. London was a howling wilderness by that period of the year, with the season dead, and the blinds of the great houses in the squares down out of compliment to its decease.

The "hedging" instinct was especially strong in Tom Smith: it usually is in all gamblers in the game of life: and, finding himself in Piccadilly, he turned quite naturally into Berkeley Square, and knocked at the shrouded abode whence Mrs. Alloy had but recently taken flight. The ringing of the front door bell elicited, after a pause, a nondescript old woman, who, after undoing a vast number of chains and bolts, revealed herself to Tom's gaze in a chronic condition of endeavouring to staunch a watery left eye with the corner of her coarse canvas apron.

"Where was Mrs. Alloy gone?" was Tom's question. He had not the faintest idea, for he had been rather sanguine of his ten thousand until after that day's interview in Lombard Street, and hadn't been paying very much attention to the Alloys' whereabouts.

Mrs. Alloy, it seemed, however, hadn't taken wing to any great distance, her intentions on departure having embraced nothing more desperate than Eastbourne, where she was to be heard of at any time during the next month, it was reported, on application at the Grand Hotel.

Armed with this intelligence, Tom withdrew with thanks; but he sighed in spite of himself as he bent his steps to the deserted "Beanstalk," with a view to luncheon.

"Lord grant I mayn't have to go to Eastbourne for the next ten years!" he muttered devoutly, below his breath. At the moment, Eva Alloy's red hair and red hands contrasted very unfavourably with the delicate tinting of Lena's beautiful complexion; and Eva Alloy's particularly flat figure, which the highest art in that line couldn't somehow conjure a curve into, seemed extremely uninviting in memory of the full flowing lines and delightful absence of angles which were the especial features of Lena's graceful form.

"Why does Fate always shove salt down a man's throat when he wants sugar?" Tom pondered, lunching alone in a room capable of easily accommodating a couple of hundred people, and having by way

of whet to his appetite the concentrated gaze of six footmen directed at each mouthful he took. "I don't know. I only know it's cursedly disgusting. Waiter! a small bottle of claret—No. 5."

How thoroughly this man played to win the great game might have been judged by the way in which he dieted himself. There was no excess of any sort about Tom Smith. Tom Smith could attend the most convivial gathering of the most convivial men, and while being thought by them as receptive in the matter of liquor as themselves, would come away at two in the morning as cool and clear in the head as he habitually was after breakfast: ready at that small hour to effect a sale or purchase, and never one atom nearer losing by the deal than if it had been made at noon. If self-denial were great, then Tom Smith was indeed a hero, bent upon vanquishing all those inclinations which endangered his success; and resolutely fostering all those distasteful ones that seemed likely to help it on.

That such a man should have fallen so desperately in love with Lena Sedgewick was one of those strokes of the unseen enemy from which even heroes are not exempt: one of those digs of fate such as landed Napoleon's artillery in a slough at Waterloo.

"Waiter! cheese and the A.B.C.," Tom said. In his mind was the thought: "Wednesday. Only two more days. I'd better look out the Eastbourne trains, to be fully prepared. Good God! I wish I'd been born to another fate!"

Chapter XI.

PULLING IT OFF

Mrs. Alloy had a particular affection for Eastbourne. Eastbourne, she told her intimate friends, "was aristocratic and suited her." She further maintained that there "was a something in the Eastbourne air that brought her round."

This latter attribute of the Eastbourne air, if taken in the literal sense, would not have been in any way of advantage to Mrs. Alloy, whom years and increasing obesity had brought round enough in all conscience. The statement was usually accepted, however, in a metaphorical spirit by hearers, and consequently understood to have intelligence.

"I can't think, ma," Eva said one sunny morning, when mother, daughter [illegible] their private sitting-

room that looked out over the trim sunk garden of the hotel to the heaving blue in front of it, "I can't think what has become of Mr.—I mean Lord Marchhare—and his great friend Mr. Smith."

"I told his lordship where we were coming when we left town," Mrs. Alloy replied, rolling the "lordship" upon her tongue as though it were infinitely sweet in flavour. "I wonder he hasn't taken the trouble to give us a look in. What can your cousin be doing, Miss Hallmark?"

"Oh, there's not the least accounting for him," that lady replied with some weariness of tone (there had been a painful frequency of reference to "your cousin Lord Marchhare" since the relationship had become known). "When once he goes out of town he's generally lost for three months at least. Usually goes north, I fancy, for the grouse."

"Well," Eva said cunningly, "we might at least have seen something of Mr. Smith. *He* can't have gone after the grouse, because he's got no moor."

"I dare say he's got the use of other people's, Eva," her mother said rather disparagingly. "You forget what a pushing young man he is, always getting himself in where you'd least expect. See how he scraped up an acquaintance with me. Really, when I think of it, I can't hardly tell how he *did* scrape an acquaintance with us."

This volubility produced a sort of cramp spasm on the face of Miss Hallmark at the double negative, and a sort of amused smile on the face of Eva at the forgetful doubt. Perhaps *she* knew how the acquaintance had sprung up. After a moment's pause, she replied:

"Well, nobody's much use in these days without being pushing, that's a sure thing, and you're always saying you admire a man with enterprise."

"Mr. Alloy," replied his widow, with conscious pride, "was often and justly described as a man of enterprise. I hope I respect what made him what he was!"

"Well, and that's what Mr. Smith has, only you call it being pushing in him, as though it were a fault."

"There's a difference, Eva, between enterprise and push," returned Mrs. Alloy, oracularly.

"What difference? Come, ma, let's have it."

Mrs. Alloy, thus brought to bay, looked from her plate to Eva's red hair, red face, and red hands, and from them again to the heaving blue outside, and then, without making any direct reply, drank off a large cup of tea with an aggrieved air.

"I know the difference," Eva persisted. "It's enterprise when people you like have it, and it's 'push' when people you don't like have it—that's the only difference. The thing's the same, all the world over."

"Are you girls going to bathe this nice fine morning?" inquired Mrs. Alloy with great apparent interest. "The chill will be nicely off the water after breakfast."

"That's only a get-off, and you know it," Eva answered, not to be vanquished. "Yes, I suppose we're going in, presently. I wish the water weren't always so jolly sticky. I always seem to want a bath when I come out more than I did when I went in. I believe it's the greasy fish."

Despite this oleaginous attribute of the sea, however, the bright morning sun presently shone upon two splashing somethings that looked more like inflated balloons with unnatural protuberances of heads and arms, than human figures divine; but which Mrs. Alloy's opera-glasses, in operation from the elevation of the Wish Tower, gave as Eva and Miss Hallmark beyond all possibility of misdoubt. When this bathing operation was over, when both the bathers had bobbed up and down a sufficient number of times in tune to the incoming waves, and had thereby produced a striking similarity to the floats of anglers getting a great many bites, the machine was drawn back on to the beach by a great melancholy horse whose postillion rode with bare feet, and presently the two bathers joined Mrs. Alloy on her exalted post of observation.

"Here, you two had better not sit still," that lady told them. "After that wetting, you'd much better take a quick walk somewhere or other, and then come back to me here. I shall be all right, and I've a yellow-back novel to keep me amused, so I can't hurt. Come, don't stand still!"

"We're going back to the Hotel first, to get our hair properly dry and decent looking," Eva answered. "We shan't be very long. Ta-ta."

Then the girls swung themselves down the hill to the Grand, passed through the sunken garden, and were engulfed of the great hall doors.

Mrs. Alloy, in her black gown that was rather tremendous for that early period of the day, opened her novel when she was alone, and, firstly taking a general survey of the world over the swelling outline of herself, fell to on the opening chapter.

But she wasn't destined to get very far with the enthralling work. Before she had read the startling fact of the first

sentence, "The shroud of night lay upon the body of the day," and long before she had time to endeavour to understand that striking statement, a distraction came in the person of a well-dressed man in a blue serge suit, who raised a brown felt hat with great deference as he said, "I hope you haven't quite forgotten me, Mrs. Alloy? though it seems a great while since we met."

Mrs. Alloy abandoned shrouds of night and bodies of day, and all other delightful figures of written speech whatsoever, and, holding out her hand with considerable cordiality, exclaimed:

"Lor, Mr. Smith, how ill you're looking! I didn't really hardly know you! So pale and worried looking, you might just have got up from a fever."

Tom only laughed lightly.

"A bit down, perhaps," he replied. "That's why I've come to see what Eastbourne can do for me. I hope Miss Alloy is quite well?"

"First-rate, thank you. But I wonder you didn't go farther out," continued Mrs. Alloy, growing rather suspicious of him all of a sudden at the mention of her child. "There's Switzerland, you know, and the Land's End."

"Well, you see, there's no doubt I might have gone farther out, but I'm not exactly quite a free agent in the matter. I've as good as pledged myself to meet Marchhare down here and spend a week or two with him. He hasn't actually arrived yet, but he's due. He's a funny fellow, and good enough to say he likes me with him. I expect every day to hear he's coming."

"Dear me," exclaimed Mrs. Alloy, "where are you staying?"

"At the Grand!"

"So are we! I hope, Mr. Smith, that you'll come in quite friendly, and no ceremony, you know, and have a bit of dinner with us to-night, and when Lord Marchhare comes you'll have to dine with us again. Come now, promise!"

"I shall be delighted; thanks very much. What time?"

"Well, down here at seven—unless that's too early for you. The girls like to go down on the Pier afterwards. I hate it after a meal, but they drag me."

"Seven; thanks very much. Remember me to the young ladies, please. I must wander on now. I've got to wire Marchhare I'm here. May I tell him you're here too?"

"Oh, I've not the least objection. I'm afraid it won't be much inducement to his lordship, though!"

"I think it will be a very considerable one," Tom raising his hat, he moved off. "He'll come directly

"Really a most pleasant, well-behaved young man!" Mrs. Alloy told the body of day and the shroud of night, and the rest of it, as Tom disappeared. "He must be, or Lord Marchhare wouldn't be so thick with him."

But the well-behaved young man was cursing heavily as he strolled away with that easy step.

"The damned fool! to have let the other fellows get before him in the purchase! and it was a good thing too! a *really* good thing, and they're so rare! Ten thou. within one's grasp, and then to lose it, and to lose—oh, so much more than that! Those confounded Mexicans letting me in so heavily too! There's no help for it. What an end to ten years' fight, fight, fighting might and main! Hang that nameless enemy! Might at least have the pluck to show himself and let me have a go at his head! Oh, Lena! and yet it would be madness to throw this great chance away! The time comes when one is obliged to look to the future."

The outcome of this bitterness was, that that very night's silvery moon, coming up to tesselate the shimmering waves with mother of pearl, saw Tom with his arm stolen round Eva's skimpy waist, at the far end of the pier, asking her to take pity on his lonely life, and assuring her that there never had been any other woman in the world whom he had loved before, and that there certainly never would be such a woman in the future. What did she say?

Eva, who had been extremely anxious for this declaration for a long time past, naturally enough said, Yes.

Meantime, Mrs. Alloy and Miss Hallmark, happily unconscious of mischief, listened to the band's cheery rendering of the favourite comic song of the moment, and remarked that the moon was exceedingly bright.

"How shall we manage Mrs. Alloy, dearest? She'll never consent to your marrying a poor man."

"You leave ma to me!" Eva answered. "I'll square *her* right enough!"

This mathematical process was effected that night by a tap at Mrs. Alloy's bedroom door, the entrance of Eva in her dressing-gown, and the abrupt announcement:

"Ma, Tom Smith has asked me to marry him, and I've said Yes, and it's not the least use making any fuss about it, because I mean to."

"Tom Smith!" gasped Mrs. Alloy, collapsing into an easy-chair with such suddenness that the piece of furniture in question addressed a complaining "crack" to the world in general; "why, he's a beggar!"

"I don't care what he is. I like him, and that's enough. If I, with all our money, can't marry the man I like best, I think it queer. So I mean to, and there it is!"

"He ought to have spoken to me, Eva."

"He'll speak to you fast enough to-morrow after breakfast, and mind you're civil to him. For if you don't give your consent, I shall marry him without, so now you know."

Mrs. Alloy felt she did know only too well, and that she knew that look in her offspring's face, and that it wouldn't be trifled with. The result being that, as she was but a weak-kneed old lady below the surface, and much clogged in body and mind by adipose deposit, she had a good cry, and then kissed her daughter, and gave her assurance she would not stand between her own child and happiness on any account, not she; it wasn't in her!

So Tom Smith found it comparatively smooth sailing next morning, and gained formal consent to his engagement, and a flabby kiss on both cheeks as material ratification of it. After which ceremony he was so extremely delighted at his own success, that, making an excuse to Eva, who took it in the best part imaginable, he walked wildly away up the downs to Beachy Head, with the vision of Lena's delicate beauty burning itself into his throbbing brain, and hot sorrow scalding in his eyes.

For success is sometimes paid for in tears of blood and whirlwinds of despair.

Chapter XII.

WITH LENA.

"I DON'T wish for a moment to anticipate evil, my dear: to do such a thing being entirely foreign to my nature," Mrs. Sedgewick told Lena that Thursday which saw Tom Smith forswear his soul and all that was best within him. "But I *do* believe in ghosts, and when they manifest themselves, as I may put it, one ought to look for the worst."

"Ghosts, mother! What do you mean?"

Mrs. Sedgewick had brought Lena's breakfast into the drawing-room, and set it down on a little table by the sofa, as she spoke.

"I mean, Lena, exactly what I say. No more and no less. Ghosts, or perhaps I should be more correct if I threw the statement into the singular, and said 'ghost.'"

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old Tom. You know that. It's very unkind of you to hint at such a thing."

"I'll go, my dear, I'll go," replied Mrs. Sedgewick, moving to the door.

"I think, perhaps, you'd better," Lena answered, still extremely angry and indignant, fighting the battle of her hero.

On receipt of that direct intimation, Mrs. Sedgewick took herself off with a kind of snuffling sound, which she was in the habit of emitting at those times she thought herself more than usually badly treated.

Lena went on with her breakfast of tea and toast when she was left alone, and wondered what Tom was doing at that moment. It was infinitely to her peace of mind that she could not see.

When she had finished her tea and the fingers of toast, she took up a book that Tom had given her and began to read. She was so employed for quite an hour, and at the expiration of that time Mrs. Sedgewick re-entered the room in sequence to a knock at the front door of the "second post."

"I don't know what may have happened now," she said with extreme dejection, "but here's a letter for you from London, Lena. It has a blue envelope, and is written in a hand I've never seen before."

"Give it to me, mother; I'll soon find out what it's about."

The plump little white hands soon made short work of the blue envelope, and then a white letter was disclosed to view.

Mrs. Sedgewick, in a dejected attitude, stood over her daughter. The roses in Lena's face changed from York to Lancaster as she read, and then changed back again from Lancaster to York as quickly.

"Oh! mother, look at this! Did you ever hear of such a thing? Those old Miss Sedgewicks of Balham are dead, and they've left half their eight thousand a year to charities, and the other half to ME! What a wonderful thing! Did you ever hear of such a thing? Can you believe it in the least? The lawyers want to see me as soon as possible, and I suppose I'd better go up to-day or to-morrow. Don't you think so?"

Unconsciously, she rose up from the sofa as she spoke, and began moving about the room excitedly, without the slightest difficulty.

"My dear, my dear! Pray lie down again!" entreated Mrs. Sedgewick in a state of daze. "You'll make yourself *so* ill, else."

"No!" cried Lena, still excitedly. "I'm cured! I feel it, and

am quite sure. I shall never have to lie on that dreary old sofa again. What *will* Tom say?"

"Always Tom!" sighed the mother, with profound sorrow.

"And always *will* be Tom—for ever and ever! Oh! I'm so thankful for his sake that this has come! He's fought so hard, and he's been so true to me, though I was poor. He's the noblest dear old boy that ever was."

The tears were in her eyes at the mere thought of how pleased he would be. Then she hugged Mrs. Sedgewick, and said she felt so wild with joy she didn't know how to live.

"They might have left you the whole fortune. It was a pity to divide it!" Mrs. Sedgewick sighed. "But those sort of things always happen in my family. We never have had any real good luck, and we never shall have. It's a trying thing to go through life so miserably."

"Now, I'll tell you what we'll do," Lena went on, paying small attention to this dirge. "We'll just surprise Tom on Saturday. I sha'n't say a word to him about it till he comes, and then I'll tell him."

"It's only *half* a fortune, after all," Mrs. Sedgewick repeated, still much aggrieved. "I hate half measures. If they wanted to leave you their money, the least they could have done would have been to have left it all to you. I can't think what they could have been thinking about."

"Of course Tom and I will be married now, very soon," Lena went on, still walking about the room as easily as though she had not lain on the sofa for three years. "We shall have that white house by the pound—you know, 'The Laurels'—we've settled all that long ago."

"I suppose," opined Mrs. Sedgewick, with an extremely melancholy humour, "that you may be able to find me a small garret somewhere where I can end my days without letting apartments furnished?"

"Oh, mother, how *can* you? Why, of course you shall go wherever you like."

"Yes," returned the old lady, broken by grief, "'go,' but not *stay*. A mother's place is with her daughter, especially when married: to cheer her up and strengthen her courage through the many trials and new experiences a freshly-married girl has to make acquaintance with."

"You know, mother, we must see; and hear what Tom

muffled it off as best she could. "I

At first he had thought he would defer his usual Saturday's visit for a week, thereby affording himself time for mature reflection; but, as the two intervening days went by, the wish to look on Lena's delicate beauty rose to the height of an irresistible desire. Go to Plashet he must, and on the very next Saturday, too.

"You're very dull to-night, Tom!" Eva told him as they stood on the Wish Tower hill in the after-dinner twilight of Friday night. "Why is it? Aren't you well, or what?"

"I'm all right, Eva, thanks. Only annoyed at my night's letters; that's all. You know what a busy man I am, so you mustn't mind if I have to run up to town to-morrow. I hate to leave you, but I can't help it. I'll be back the first thing Monday morning."

"Oh! what a bore!" Eva said. "Can't you chuck it, somehow?"

"That's exactly what I can't do. But, you see, I'll soon get all my affairs straight for a long absence abroad with you. Then it will be all right, won't it?"

"Jolly! I say, look at that couple down there. Aren't they spoons?"

Miss Alloy indicated a wandering pair on the lower parade beneath their feet as she spoke; a pair wandering very close together, with the man's arm about the girl's waist, and a wedded shadow stalking after them, slantingly thrown by the moon across the sea.

Tom looked abstractedly down.

"Yes," he said, "they're happy."

"I suppose," Eva remarked, with some doubt in the tone, "that you've got an arm, haven't you?"

He laughed, and put an arm round her by way of proof; but, even as he did it, he sighed.

"You *are* down," Eva said; and then, a moment later, "I say, have you ever been 'gone' on anyone before?"

"What a question! Why?"

"Because I think you may have been, and this makes you remember it."

"What an idea! Only you, dearest," he told her, "only you."

His arm about her waist tightened its clasp, he looked down into her plain, affectionate face; he looked straight through her, and saw Lena's delicate, perfect beauty on the farther side; and his heart was lead.

He took that leaden heart up to town with him next day; he carried it through town; and he brought it out of the little rustic Plashet station at the usual Saturday time.

The trees were tarnished into

out of the road and began following the ribbon footpath that was a near way to the cottage and led over the weir and through the meadows. It was a hot day for the autumn season, and the rush of the weir had so refreshing a sound that Tom paused a moment in the centre of the narrow planks that led across it, and looked down, with a refreshed feeling, at the foaming water. For an instant's space it seemed as though the speeding waters lifted the lead from his heart and let it beat happily and freely. Then he went on with a grim smile upon his lips. "They would lift it off altogether," he thought, "if I only made a step six inches to one side."

He went forward, passed off the footway, and began to traverse the meadows that led to the cottage garden. He had not gone far in that direction when he stopped dead and stared before him with all his might. There in front, not more than a hundred yards away, on the stile that bounded the last field but one, sat Lena! Surely it *was* Lena? Though her back was towards him and her head bent down, he felt he could swear to her. And yet, it was a quarter of a mile from home. What miracle was this?

He walked rapidly towards her, amazed.

Oh! but she knew he was coming well enough, and held her head down all the lower over her book to perplex him more. And then, when he was two paces from her, she suddenly jumped down from the stile, and stood confronting him with a glowing face, saying:

"Don't die of fright, Tom, but I'm cured! Oh, Tom, how *ill* you look! What *is* the matter? Is it the sight of me?"

He got over the stile to her in dishevelled haste, and held her to him in a passionate embrace, speaking no word.

It was fortunately a lonely footpath, and the sum of humanity within eyesight was a crouching figure in a moored punt half a mile off up-stream, piscatorially intent, and oblivious of all lesser circumstances.

"My own dear love! When did this happen?"

They were walking towards the cottage then, his arm through hers.

"It happened two days ago, through a shock I had."

"A shock?" he looked uneasily at her as he put the question.

"Yes; the greatest in the world. Are you prepared to be amazed?"

"I think so, dear."

"What, on the top of the amazement you've had already?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, it's a good thing, as it's turned out, that you've always

kept yourself disengaged; because there's now a girl with money actually waiting for you."

"What *do* you mean, Lena? Don't humbug about these things. What is it?"

"There!" she said, "I won't. I've been left, quite by a fluke, four thousand a year; and you're going to share it with me. That's what I mean. Come, aren't you going to kiss me for it? for it shall all be yours."

He let go her arm and stood staring blankly at her for a moment in speechless surprise. Then, suddenly, she had her head upon his shoulder and was sobbing there, and he was telling her it was almost too good to be true, and that there was nothing on earth that could part them now!

Mrs. Sedgewick, five minutes later, on their entrance of the cottage, met them weeping, because a beastly cat had been in the larder again and gnawed half the Sunday's joint away. She'd be the last person, she said, "to anticipate misfortune, but if something dreadful wasn't going to happen soon, by the feeling at the top of her head, she was very much mistaken, that was all."

Chapter XIV.

THE GATHERING OF THE CLAN.

The "Beanstalk," which had presented a most distressing condition of dishevelment during the recess, and which had been in the hands of decorators who practised a kind of tight-rope skill upon planks lightly balanced on the tops of "steps" to the accompaniment of the smoking of much extremely rank tobacco, woke up by the first week in October and resumed an even more luxuriant appearance than usual. The old members began to drop in one by one, from various foreign and other hunting grounds, and the place was almost what it had been when the season was in full swing.

"I offered," said the Man with the Drawl, "in the presence of you all, to give any fellow three to one about it. If any fellow had had the pluck to take me, I should have made a most satisfactory pile by this time; that's all."

"Why, d'you mean to say he's going to marry the aluminium girl after all?" inquired the Man with the Go[illegible]

"I mean he's got engaged to

I only came back from Eastbourne three or four days ago, and he'd just pulled it off then. He's a most delightfully sharp fellow, and always does what he wants. If I'd been born without an income I should have been exactly what he is."

"I beg to differ, old chap, from that," said the Mere Youth, lounging up at the moment, and bringing a cloud of smoke along with him. "But what's he pulled off last?"

"He's been and gone and done it, Chicken—though it's hardly a fit subject for one so young as thou art—he's got engaged to the aluminium girl."

"Golly! There you are, you see, just what I always said: johnnie who can shove himself to the front. Women always like a johnnie who can shove himself to the front, no doubt about it. That's why there's always such a rush after Me."

"Here! it's quite time you were in bed, Chicken; past ten o'clock!" returned the Man with the Gold-Headed Stick, while the Drawl hid a grin behind a yawn. "But that Smith fellow, as I've often said before, has only to wish to do a thing and does it. He can't help it, he was born so."

"Believe I have the same gift, but don't seem to exercise it," added the Drawl.

"Well, he's engaged, happy man, but there's a proverb I remember I can't remember, that says there's many a something—I forget what—between the something or other and the other thing that's escaped me; will he pull off the wedding, do you think? What's the betting?"

"Give you," exclaimed the Man with the Eyeglass, lounging up so opportunely at the mere sound of betting, that it seemed almost as though the mention of his one favourite occupation had invoked him magically out of space, "give you odds he *don't* pull it off, after all! Don't know anything about it, but feel I should like to have something 'on' with somebody. Who'll take me?"

"Steady, you fellows, if you're betting about Smith's marriage," said the voice of another man who had quietly strolled up and caught the last words.

"Why?" asked the chair loungers, looking at the last comer with some interest. "Why the devil should we pause, Marchhare? As it happens, we've none of us booked anything, so it's all right. What is it?"

Marchhare, who was very much like any other well-dressed man of eight-and-twenty, collapsed wearily into a chair, puffed at his cigarette, and emitted, between the whiffs, "Have just come up from Eastbourne. Engagement broken off, that's all!"

"Broken off?" exclaimed the whole party of listeners, with their mouths as wide open as their eyes, and their ignited tobacco endangering in nerveless fingers the new carpet of the smoking-room. "Broken off? Why, it's only been on half a week!"

"What's to-day?" inquired Marchhare lazily, "and was it to-day or yesterday I went to bed; this morning or last night? Hang me if I know. No matter! What's to-day, you fellows?"

The fellows (with a reference to an evening paper) gave it as Tuesday.

"I believe," assented Marchhare, "that it is. Then I came up from Eastbourne to-day. Engagement broken off yesterday. Mother told me this morning on the parade. Didn't want her to tell me; but she would. Got me down on the seat beside her, and the end of my racing overcoat under her as she sat, don't you know, and wouldn't let me go till she'd told me. Smith been away, it seemed, from the Saturday. Came back there Monday, and the happy pair had a quarrel in the course of the afternoon. 'Take back the heart thou gavest,' and all that sort of thing, don't you know. Smith returned to town by afternoon express with the thing off."

"But what was the quarrel about, Marchhare?"

"Can't tell. Old mother—you know her; mountainous sort of woman, forty feet round—couldn't tell. Asked me. Told her *I* couldn't tell. Been mad for *me* to take the red-headed girl ever since she knew me. Don't quite see it. Too carroty. Never was fond of vegetables, don't you know. Thought, take it all round, maiden with red head and lonely corner in her heart might be dangerous by the sad sea wave, so bolted off up here. That's the latest. (Waiter! Bring me a whisky with some soda in it.) Going in for pheasants to-morrow."

His lordship abandoned his cigarette end, and prepared to smoke a large cigar. The men looked blankly at each other for some moments in complete silence. The Man with the Eyeglass broke that silence first.

"Give you," he said, pulling himself together, "give you two to one they make it up again!"

"Never, dear boy, bet about a woman," returned the Man with the Gold-Headed Stick. "Too awfully uncertain."

"Nor I," added the Man with the Drawl, "for the same reason."

"Nor I," put in the Mere Youth, "because my experience of the sex leads me to the same conclusion."

"Yes," soliloquised the Man with the Drawl, "I suppose, Chicken, that even nurse-maids can play a fellow false, at times. Poor little chap, I'm sorry for you."

"You be hanged!" exclaimed the Chicken, good-humouredly. "You patriarch!"

Meanwhile Marchhare, lying exhaustedly back in his chair with his eyes closed, emitted, from time to time, long ropes of light-blue smoke, and somnolently imbibed his whisky with the soda in it.

CHAPTER XV.

THE CURTAIN FALLS.

THERE never was any time in the world to Lena like the time that flowed so swiftly by during the days of her regular engagement to Tom—her hero Tom.

"To think of my having got quite well again, you know, too, just at the right moment! Isn't it a strange thing, Tom, dear? Did you ever hear of anything quite like it before?"

She asked him this as they sat together on the sofa in the glow of the little drawing-room fire one evening not long before the day arranged for their marriage, and Tom, with his face completely happy, and his arm about her waist, asked laughingly:

"How hard may I squeeze? It's the only answer that seems at all appropriate to your being such an angel."

She nestled her fair young head down upon his shoulder, and sat silently a moment so, looking with the steadfast grey eyes into the core of the blazing fire before her.

"Tom!"

"Darling!"

"What has become of your nameless enemy now, I wonder?"

"He's taking a nap."

"No; he's dead. Don't you think he must be?"

"I hope he is."

"Tom, dear, are you happy now?"

"Happier than I ever expected to be. Oh! so much happier! and all through you at last!"

He sighed a deep sigh of satisfaction as he spoke. He had done with fighting, and could take his ease.

"We never thought I should be an heiress, did we? and when we used to build all those castles in the air, which of us ever thought that anything could bring them down to earth?"

"Which indeed! Oh, Lena, you don't know what a fight my life

has been ; how I've thought I had victory in my grasp again and again, and how it has always slipped from me at the critical moment ! and now to have got it beyond all doubt ! I've thought so often about the future, and now, you see, the future has solved itself without the least assistance from me ! It makes one feel small, even in the hour of victory ! "

" You've always deserved to win, dear, though you didn't win," she told him, still nestling with her head upon his shoulder. "You have been so brave and true. No ! Don't start in that impatient way when I praise you as you deserve. For you *do* deserve it, every bit. Who else but you would have stuck to a poor cripple girl as you have stuck to me? Not one in ten thousand ! "

She looked up proudly at him for a moment, and saw a strange troubled look upon his face.

" You dear old thing ! You're so modest you can't even bear to hear the truth about yourself ! "

" No," he told her, " don't praise me. I'm not worth one word of praise. I'm about the worst fellow upon earth, I should think."

" I've a rabbit, and I think it's nicely boiled, though there's no telling till we try," came the voice of Mrs. Sedgewick from the doorway at the moment ; " but the sauce will get a skin upon it in another moment if you two don't come at once."

Then the two rose up and went in to supper with their arms entwined, and a deep silent joy upon them that even Mrs. Sedgewick's melancholy couldn't dissipate.

" I wonder, very much indeed, how many more Saturdays I shall come down here ? " Tom said, with good-bye, when he went away next day. " I can count them now ! "

York and Lancaster again—a mingled rose garden—in Lena's beautiful face. They were at the boundary stile of the little garden.

" I won't come any farther because the grass is wet, dear, and I mustn't be too venturesome as yet," she said, putting up her face for his farewell kiss.

He held her passionately to him.

" Dear, dear love ! " he whispered. " My own ! Nothing can come between us now ! "

The late autumn sun shone lightly on them, passionately clasped together ; the fresh morning breeze swept across the gilded landscape and breathed lightly on them so ; the plash of the ever-falling molten silver of the weir floated to them, passionately clasped together in that lo

Le when she had watched his figure

disappear and had waved one more good-bye to the last point at which it was visible, and Tom went to the little rustic station and caught his train.

He smiled to himself, speeding up to town, as he thought between puffs of cigar smoke.

"It's a grim fatalistic sort of affair! after all my years of fighting tooth and nail, I win at last without the least effort of my own! I wonder whether there *is* some Power that 'shapes our ends' and takes us, blindfold and groping, to the fate we have to meet? What a much better fellow Lena deserves than I am! and yet I'm pretty strong when I make up my mind, and I'm quite determined in the future to live up to her fancy portrait of me, and to be as good to her as she believes me to be by nature. I have vowed that vow, and when I make a vow I never break it. Oh! the relief, after all these weary years, of seeing land ahead at last, and a cosy harbour where one can lie calmly anchored and at peace!"

So with his eyes half closed, and the prospect bright before him in every light, Tom Smith went up to town.

The wheel of life went revolving on through the week; making and unmaking, giving and taking, marrying, burying, giving good luck, giving bad luck; dark and inscrutable as is its wont.

On the Sunday afternoon next following, the Mere Youth, with an eager face, rushed up the steps of the "Beanstalk," and projected himself into the smoking-room with the wildest haste.

Gold-Headed Stick, Eyeglass, and the Drawl were dozing over cigarettes in arm-chairs by the window.

"Confound it all, Chicken! what do you wake a fellow up for by coming into the room as though the club were afire?"

Eyeglass adjusted that belonging, and sleepily surveyed the new comer.

"The young female has jilted him!" he gave it. "I see it in his dishevelled air!"

"Shut up!" exclaimed the Chicken, solemnly. "Good God! haven't you fellows heard? Tom Smith's dead!"

"Dead?" exclaimed the three in chorus, and Gold-Headed Stick added "Suicide?"

"No;" returned the Chicken hurriedly and with a pale face, "drowned. Shocking thing. Last night. Marchhare has just seen a fellow who has come up from Marlow and knows all about it. Seems Smith had a girl down there, though we none of us knew it. Went down regularly on Saturdays. Going there last night, and making for the house by a short cut from the station, had to cross the weir. Dark

night and swollen river. False step at the critical moment, and went in. Nobody could come out at that spot with the river in flood. They only recovered the body at one o'clock to-day. That's how they knew. Awful, isn't it? I remember him *so* well!"

Being but a Mere Youth, his voice was shaken as he spoke.

"Wasn't half a bad sort!" commented Gold-Headed Stick. "Won a good deal of my money; but I believe he played straight. So he had a girl, had he?"

"Seems chronic condition of most of us," remarked the Man with the Drawl. "Smith will have a big score to settle where he's gone, I'm afraid!"

"Give you——" broke out the Man with the Eyeglass, and then stopped as suddenly, adding—"No; don't seem quite nice to bet about where he's gone to, and impossible to decide if we did."

"Steady! steady!" exclaimed the three other men reprovingly. "It's positively indecent!"

Then the little group was silent for a time while the twilight deepened; and when the waiter presently turned on the electric light, they began to talk over Tom Smith's virtues, and decided amongst themselves that there were many worse fellows in the world than he.

Who dares intrude upon sorrow such as lovely Lena's in her desolation; the desolation of the unpressed lips, the unencircled waist; the winter solitude of heart to which the passing months can bring no Spring?

There is a grave in Plashet churchyard that is always gay with the freshest flowers of the year; and they come from the conservatories of the white house at the corner of the village by the pound. There is a woman untimely serious and grave, with a wondrously beauteous face wherein sorrow has sown the seed of a copious harvest of generous acts and deeds for time to come.

There is the wandering curate Petty, with as vain a hope within his heart as though he had set it on a star.

"Oh! poor, *poor* Tom! Oh! what *wouldn't* I give to have you back—if only for a moment—dear, brave, noble, generous-hearted Tom!"

The lonely girl bends low above his grave, whispering the words to the cold ear of death, and the earliest blackbird of the year, from the topmost branch of a barren elm hard by, whistles in the clear sunset time a welcome to the Spring.

The End.

LITTUS VENERIS.

AT six o'clock on a glowing June morning I found myself where Prose and Poetry meet, waiting for a tramcar under the shadow of the tomb of Virgil, near the end of that umbrageous Chiaja which alone makes giddy, glaring Naples endurable to a stranger during the warm months of summer. It is worth staying at the Grand Hotel just to go round the corner between 6 and 8 A.M., and watch the life and colour and movement in the Strada di Piedigrotta, which stretches from the Piazza Umberto to the Posilipo tunnel. Crowds of laughing and chattering country-folk are streaming in along the wide white thoroughfare. Idyl and eclogue, with here and there a dash of comedy, amuse and delight the eye that has grown weary of the prose of life. Here are *al fresco* toilets being performed by dozens, in the midst of troops of long-haired matriarchal goats and sleek sleepy-looking cows, mixed up with a motley rabble of women and half-naked youngsters who, with jug or glass in hand, are awaiting their turn at the lacteal stream—

Rusticus expectat dum lactis defluat amnis.

Shrill-voiced matrons on fourth-floor balconies are screaming their orders to the greengrocer below, as they let down their baskets for the day's supply of garlic and greens. A thousand strident cries mingle with the jangling bells of a shrieking cart full of tuff-stone, whose driver sprawls atop of his cargo devouring a loaf into the middle of which he has dribbled a dose of rough red wine; and as he lets his mule-team pick their wilful way through the throng, they come within an inch of running down a mouldy old brown-frocked mendicant friar, who is "button-holing" buyer and seller alike for a bean or a potato, which he consigns, with a smirk and a whisk of his scarf by way of thanks, to a basket already pressed down and running over.

Has there ever, I wonder, risen a sun that did not look upon this same kaleidoscopic bit of tangled human life day after day, year in and year out, through all the laughing, weeping centuries that have sped since the poet was laid to sleep in his grave at Posilipo? For

although it has been the fashion for the compilers of guide-books to throw a mist of doubt over it, there appears to be good evidence in favour of the remains of Virgil having really been deposited here. Everybody knows that the poet died at Brundisium (Brindisi), and that he left directions for his own interment at Posilipo, where he had composed, or at least revised, the Georgics and a portion of the Æneid. A hundred years later, Statius the poet, a native of Neapolis, used to woo his muse in this quiet retreat, made sacred by the memory of a great singer. "At Virgil's honoured tomb," he tells us, "I sit and sing." Afterwards Silius Italicus bought and restored the tomb, which for centuries was overshadowed by a bay-tree that withered and died, so says tradition, on September 14, 1321, the day on which, in far-off Ravenna, the first great light was quenched that had cleft its way through the darkness of the middle ages—the day when Dante Alighieri passed from the ranks of earthly singers, having gathered up the concentrated experiences of life into one deathless work, the quintessence of knowledge, of suffering, and of hope. Hither, too, came the love-sick Boccaccio to dream of his high-born Fiammetta; and here, under the shelter of the poet's grave, he fashioned the beauties of "Filocopo," his earliest love-tale. In 1341 Petrarch also, who was wont to sit here and dream of her whom he was so soon to lose, planted a second bay-tree in the soil which, likely enough, had been trodden thirteen centuries before by the feet of St. Paul. As runs the office hymn of the apostle in the choral books of the cathedral at Mantua—

> When to Maro's tomb they brought him,
> Tender grief and pity wrought him
> To bedew the stone with tears;
> What a saint I might have crowned thee,
> Had I only living found thee,
> Poet first and without peers!

The tomb is entered by a long flight of steps leading up from a row of hammery blacksmiths' shops, and consists of a massive square chamber pierced with recesses for cinerary urns, among which it is impossible now to identify that of Virgil. But in Petrarch's time the actual urn containing the dust of the poet was still to be seen, in the centre of a group of small pillars, with a frieze bearing his own immortal epitaph, which has been recut with additions, on the outside. Above is a stupendous Latin inscription of some five hundred words, setting forth the omnipotent benefits of the twelve ancient *balnea* of Posilipo, which, like the famous Yankee pill, must have combined remedial virtues for the obliteration of every ill that flesh is heir to.

The entire hill of Posilipo, or in its Greek dress Pausilypon, is so called from the ancient villa of Vedius Pollio (of which the walls are still visible under a mantle of brushwood), who gave it a name the equivalent of "Sans Souci," because of the soothing effect of the beauty of its situation on the endurance of sorrow. The hill, about 500 feet in height, is pierced by a tunnel half a mile long, along the north side of which runs the steam-tram from Naples to Pozzuoli, with a paved footpath on the other, and a carriage road in the centre. Overhead, on the summit of the hill, a large number of dwellings are in course of erection, for the accommodation of those whose homes are being abolished in the older parts of the city near the port, in order to make room for new streets and piazzas—a work which, at the expense of many millions of francs, will transform the city of the Siren into one of the finest cities in Europe. At the west end of the tunnel we are whisked past the dusty village of Fuorigrotta, and in a few minutes are traversing the Campi Phlegræi, a region wholly given over to the eccentricities of nature, and desolated on every side by the "veteris vestigia flammæ." It was a tract in the time of Strabo, "surrounded by hills which seem to be on fire, having in many parts mouths emitting smoke, frequently accompanied by a terrible rumbling noise: the plain itself is full of drifted sulphur."

Leaving the tram at Agnano, I bear away to the right, towards the low hollow Solfatara, or Forum Vulcani, with its *fumaroli* or vent-holes, just what they were when Pliny called them "breathing-places of Pluto." The hill is roughly circular, hollowed out like a dish, with steep irregular sides of crumbling tufaceous, pumiceous, and trachytic rocks, from which subterranean echoes make answer to your footfall. In one place rises a column of aqueous vapour mixed with sulphuretted hydrogen, muriatic acid gas, and muriate of ammonia. Immediately around lies a tract known anciently as "campi leucogæi," from the whiteness of the saline soil. The whole hill is a ruined and degraded volcanic vent, the *fumaroli* of which forbid the supposition that its powers are extinct. A little way off is the Grotta del Cane, with its spring of carbonic acid, large quantities of which rise bubbling up through the water of the Lago d'Agnano, and have done so for the last two thousand years, seeing that the gas was made use of by the Cæsars. On the left, from the rising ground, is a pretty glimpse of the small volcanic island of Nisida close inshore, with its *bagno* and breakwater, famed in Pliny's time for its excellent asparagus. On the north is the rock of Gaiola, the "felix Euplœa carinis" of Statius, where, in the days

of old, mariners from the East were wont to offer sacrifices at the end of a successful voyage. Athenæus speaks of the island of Nesis as inhabited by a few people and a great many rabbits. It was in Nesis that Brutus made his home after the assassination of Julius Cæsar. Here Cicero paid him a visit, and here Portia, wife of Brutus, heard the fatal tidings from Philippi. Whether or not the island was given, as some think, by Constantine to the Neapolitan church of Santa Restituta, it is certain that in the fifteenth century it belonged to that church. In 1518 it passed into the hands of Giacomo Carafa, then to those of Pietro Orfanga, whose heirs sold it for 3,000 ducats to the Doge of Amalfi, by whom the castle was built and the island turned into a scene of much revelling, as it had been before by the dissipated Joanna the Catholic. Thirty years later it was sold for 10,500 ducats to Pietro Borgia, Prince of Scilla, he in his turn giving it up to the Neapolitans, who used it as a quarantine station. At the beginning of the present century the population amounted to no more than thirty, and it is but little larger now.

Turning inland again, I try to realise that I am actually tramping through the borders of the "lonely land and gloomy cells," the *atri janua Ditis*, abode of

> The dark Cimmerian tribes, who skirt the realms of hell.

I look nervously around for the gloomy lake and the funereal cypress wood and the gibbering ghosts; but, though the atmosphere is heavy with sulphurous fumes, there is nothing of an uncanny nature to trouble or terrify me on this bright, breezy day; and it is in rather a disenchanted frame of mind that I make my way down towards the old Cumæan port of Pozzuoli, the classical Dicæarchia or Puteoli, so called either from the wells or the smells, "the whole district," says Strabo, "being full of stinking water, sulphur, fire, and hot springs." Now Pozzuoli is famed for little but real odours and sham antiquities (manufactured in Naples), in both of which commodities a large business is done.

A few minutes more, and I am paying my *lira* for admission to the grand old ruins of the amphitheatre, which in some respects excels those at Capua, Verona, and Pompeii, and in point of date is anterior to the Coliseum. Although less capacious as a whole than the first two named, the arena at Pozzuoli (in which the comedian Nero himself appeared as a gladiator) was of superior dimensions to any other in Italy. The basement of the building consists of a double series of vaults forming two elliptical ring[illegible]the arena.

Between the rings a broad corridor, with fine evanescent curves, runs the whole way round the ellipse. The structure is in an excellent state of preservation. No doubt the grass-grown imperial box, or "cubiculum," was formerly more luxuriously furnished than it is now, but the underground arrangements for the show are to all intents and purposes as perfect as when they were first made. There are the wild beast dens with sliding trapdoors, and the gladiators' rooms, and all the contrivances for the *naumachia*, in which the arena was laid under water by means of conduits that would serve their use as well now as ever. The whole place is well cared for by intelligent and courteous officials, and I was loth to come up again to the blazing sunshine out of the cool underground corridors draped with maidenhair fern. In the main corridor, on the left of the principal entrance, one of the side chambers was fitted up in bygone times in honour of St. Januarius, Bishop of Benevento, of whom a tablet records that when, in A.D. 305, he was thrown to the beasts in the arena by Diocletian, they found him such a tough customer that they left him in peace, and he went his way unharmed.

Half a mile away is another relic of Pozzuoli's departed greatness in the Serapeum, or temple of Jupiter Serapis, a spacious rectangular cloister surrounded by porticoes, cells, and lustral chambers standing round a circular temple in the centre, that once possessed what must have been a very stately peristyle of sixteen cipolline Corinthian pillars, most of which now stand in the theatre of the royal palace at Caserta, the Versailles of Naples. The whole plan of the building is plainly adapted for Egyptian worship, and corresponds closely with that of the Tempio d'Iside at Pompeii, and the mighty Serapeon at Alexandria. It is well worth a visit on geological as well as antiquarian grounds, inasmuch as it offers an interesting proof of the telluric changes that have taken place in a region which at different periods has been subjected to clearly defined elevations, as well as to less extensive but equally evident depressions. There are still standing erect three fine columns of Egyptian cipolline, of the kind known as ophicalcite, calcareous with magnesian veins. A hundred and fifty years ago these columns were found to be encrusted at two different levels by still adherent matter, and for some seven or eight feet above the incrustation were perforated by the lithodomus (*Mytilus lithophagus*), a boring shell still found living in the Mediterranean. The question is, How did those columns become perforated by a marine bivalve, resting as they do upon a floor thirteen inches lower than the present mean high-water level of the sea, and their lower eight feet showing a smooth unpierced surface? The simplest

explanation is that they were bored at a time when they were on a lower level, and that temple and town and shore have since that period been all elevated. The conclusion to which Lyell, Phillips, Daubeny, and Breislak have all arrived is that a change in elevation from sixteen to twenty-three feet has taken place during the last sixteen centuries, the effect either of earth movements or convulsive shocks.

These two ruins, the amphitheatre and the Serapeum, are the glory of Pozzuoli, which is otherwise a dull place nowadays. The church is handsome, and stands on the site of a temple of Augustus, the pillars of which may be seen near the entrance. In a locked chapel on the north side is the grave of Gianbattista Pergolesi the composer, who died in 1736, aged twenty-six.

Some will find interest in the remembrance that Pozzuoli was once visited by St. Paul, who stayed, or at least was "desired to stay," here seven days. His eyes must have looked across the beautiful Bay of Baiæ, where now, instead of the good ship *Castor and Pollux*, a huge turret ship-of-war lies a few cables' length from the ruined piers of the Punta di Caligula, all that is left of the old "moles Puteolanæ." It was across this same bay that Caligula drove his chariot on a bridge of boats covered with earth, from which he flung a select party of his dearest friends into the sea, and arranged for their heads to be held under water by poles. But long ago this "monster rather than man," who wanted to put his statue in the Holy of Holies, has given place to a yet more terrible creation in the person of Lord Armstrong, who, like Mercury, has stolen the tools of Vulcan, and has set up on the shore a cannon and armour-plate foundry. Fancy a fifty-ton gun belching fire and smoke at the mouth of the Styx in the very shadow of the Forum Vulcani, and on the very sands across which the son of Alcmena erst drove his Iberian herd by the oyster-beds of the Lucrine lake, famous still for its succulent bivalves. Out beneath the exquisitely translucent water of the bay, and round its curving shore, lie prone a hundred villas, in which once lived and moved the best and worst of Rome—Cicero and Caligula, Cato, Hortensius (the first Roman to roast a peacock, and who wept for the death of his favourite lamprey), Sylla and Marius, Crassus, Pliny, the Agrippinas, Hadrian, and a thousand others, on account of whose foul deeds Baiæ wrung from the pen of Seneca her evil name of "diversorium vitiorum," a place where all restraint could be, and was, thrown aside. Now the water-worn Via Domitiana and the strand of the bay are strewn with broken columns and many fragments [illegible]ed

here and there into perfect spheres by the perpetual wash and play of the sea.

Multæ per mare pessum
Subsedere, suis pariter cum civibus, urbes,

as Lucretius hath it. Here were the natural mineral baths of Nero, the waters of which were praised by Martial. The actual heat of the escaping gases is 170° Fahrenheit; and although there is an entire absence of proper accommodation, the springs are still visited for chronic cutaneous and joint diseases, as well as for gout and rheumatism. Of such fame were they six centuries ago, that three doctors arose in the might of their professional jealousy, and, sailing hither from Salerno, wrecked the entire hydropathic establishment in the dead of night; and while congratulating themselves on their success, got into unexpected hot water, for they were checkmated by Æolus, who, on receipt of a message from the outraged Pluto, upset and drowned them on their way home between Capri and the mainland.

Near at hand, at the very edge of the bay, rose the stately Academy of Cicero, with its far-famed portico, scene of the "De Fato" dialogue, where he sought, but in vain, as he tells us, seclusion from the crowds who desired to interview him. Almost adjoining it was the villa of Varro, recalling the "De Finibus." The great orator loved these shores as fondly as did Horace, whose testimonial is stuck up here and there along the fronts of the houses in Baiæ,

Nullus in orbe sinus Baiis prælucet amœnis.

There is a fascinating old-world charm still lingering about the bay, although the burial-place of Ulysses' friend is no longer the Brighton of dissolute Rome, the resort of the *fine fleur* of empire and republic, but looks very much "down on its luck," and decidedly changed for the worse since the bestial Hadrian died here, and Julia used to sit listening to Virgil reading his verses, and Martial cursed the broiling dog-days by its shores.

It would be difficult to find another space of earth of the same extent that is so identified, so saturated, with the poetry and mythology of the ancients as is the whole of this malarial tract lying between the tomb of Virgil and the Capo Miseno. The stranger is bewildered by its multitudinous associations. Here, between Baiæ and Bacoli, they show you the Sepolcro d'Agrippina, Nero's mother, the notorious wife of Claudius, whose noble statue is in the Naples museum. The sculptor has represented her as seated, and with her head gently inclined she wears a thoughtful and grave look, as if conscious of coming sorrow and death. Her feet are crossed, and her joined hands lie listlessly upon her knees. This was the statue

that Canova imitated in his figures of Napoleon's mother and the Venus Victrix. Her tomb, as now shown, is not at all the "levis tumulus" of which Tacitus writes, but a long vaulted gallery, lined with paintings and stucco work, probably part of a theatre. Pleasant myths also are the temples of Mercury and Venus—the first standing half enveloped in vineyards; the other, a fine lofty ruin, close to the road beyond the Hôtel de la Reine. On a very warm day I found the attempt to investigate the archæology of this district an exhausting work, and I came to the conclusion at last that the only rule to go by is, in almost every instance, to set aside the high-sounding names that have been scattered broadcast over every arch and wall and column. It is most probable that much of the nomenclature had its origin in the minds of enthusiastic churchmen, who did not scruple to exercise their ingenuity, at the same time that they disguised their ignorance, by labelling the first ruin they came to (possibly a mere *trogolo*, as in the case of the temple of Mercury) with the name of the first deity they thought of. And the world at large complacently acquiesced in their pious frauds, until the dawn of an era of scepticism that ushered in a new system. Now, the idea was that, since the old Romans built their bath-houses in a circular form, every round ruin was a bath. One or two undoubted baths are, however, visible among the vines near the temple of Mercury; and the octagonal shrine of Venus described by Propertius, and bearing still the words "Diana lucifera," may be taken as among the few remains in this locality that may be looked upon as being what they are represented to be.

Passing out of Baiæ, along the shadeless road that leads under the old *castello* built by Don Pedro de Toledo, best of Spanish viceroys, I halt for a few moments in the cool shadows of Bacoli, at the old Villa Bauli, where Nero hatched the death of his mother; and then on across the strip of earth that now parts the Mare Morto from the old harbour of Misenum, of which it anciently formed the inner basin. On the left rises the curiously shaped tufa mass of the Capo Miseno, 300 feet high, with a mediæval tower and forlorn village, all that is left of the Portsmouth of imperial Rome—Misenum linked with the memory of the musical son of Æolus, whose body was here washed up by the waves and buried on the hill. Here, according to the witching touch of a De Staël, dwelt Corinne, and in earlier times Cornelia, mother of the Gracchi; and here rose the wonderful bower that Lucullus built, now but a waste of huge anise plants, that look like the shorter garden. The hero of a hundred tu

for his baths and terraced walks, and statues and picture gallery. Plutarch speaks a little disdainfully of him for thus squandering the wealth he had amassed in his many campaigns; but could he have put his money to a better use than he did in fashioning gardens that were "numbered with those of kings, and the most magnificent even of those"? Among the wonders that stirred the admiration of mankind were the "stately walls and galleries, the hothouses," and the vast excavated reservoirs that made Tubero the Stoic call the epicurean "Xerxes in a toga." But now not one stone is left upon another of all the gorgeous rooms in which his guests reclined on couches of purple velvet, and drank from jewelled cups, each worth a king's ransom; not a chip or fragment of the tables and pictures and statues "gotten together out of all parts," or the banqueting hall in which he gave to Pompey a supper that cost him 50,000 drachmas. It may have been on just such an evening as when I looked upon it that Lucullus, sitting down to supper by himself, chided his servants for a meagre bill of fare. "Did you not know that to-night Lucullus was to sup with Lucullus?" Within a bowshot stood the scarcely less magnificent villa of Pompey, in which, as he lay sick, he was visited by his physician, who bade his attendants procure a thrush for their master's jaded appetite. "Alas!" said they, "is it not the summer, and there are no thrushes to be had but in the gardens of Lucullus?" And the sick man only answered, "Must Pompey then have died if Lucullus had not been an epicure?" From the windows of his villa he looked across the harbour of Misenum to the Elysian Fields, now covered with poplars and mulberries and festoons of vines: the "campi Elisi" in which Martial drew a picture of "the rough vine-dresser bringing in the ripe grapes; the savage bulls bellowing in the deep valley; the crafty nets set for greedy thrushes; the long-haired children freed from the rule of their master." I had his very words in my hand as I walked on along the shore towards Cumæ, followed, like the Pied Piper, by a noisy bevy of "long-haired children," to whom I taught the game of bob-cherry till the environs of Avernus rang again with their merry shouts. I make it a rule never to give to beggars in Italy, both on moral and monetary grounds; but here I was fairly overmastered, and when I had sat down on the banks of the (once) crystal Eridanus to cool my fevered brow, I dismissed the troop with a largesse of two-cent bits that, if laid out in the aggregate to the utmost advantage, could hardly suffice for the purchase of an ounce of sweetstuff. Then I walked on, lighter in heart, as well as in pocket, for the sound of children's voices seemed to come in pleasant contrast with all around me, that spoke of death and de-

and as I trudged along, and their chatter faded in the distance, I fell to wondering whether really all these places, so famed in song and story, were ever quite as beautiful as Virgil and Horace have painted them. Is it not a prerogative of genius to rise above the simple contemplation of Nature, to enrich her charms from the treasure-house of Fancy, and to adorn dull facts with the glittering ornaments of Fiction? One thing, at any rate, is certain. A visit to the "descensus Averni," and the cave of the Sibyl, and the shores of the Styx, in this present year of grace, is a dreadful "let down" altogether. The river of hell is a pitiful ditch that a flea could ford; the unfathomable lake across whose

> Dread orifice
> No bird unharmed might steer its flight

is a contemptible water-hole that an Australian dingo would think twice about before he drank of it; the Cimmerian forest,

> Where dwelt dead phantasms in a loveless land,

is a tangle of vines, with here and there a clump of rather scrubby chestnut-trees; the venerable lady's mystic cavern, the starting-point of Æneas for the shades, is but a dark and dismal tunnel in the tufa, highly suggestive of rheumatism—a shameless fraud, which, from the moment in which I first looked at it, has taken rank in my memory with those others of the Tarpeian rock and the tomb of Juliet and the Egerian fount.

ALAN WALTERS.

GOUNOD.

"IN Gounod I hail a real composer. I have heard his 'Faust,' both at Leipsic and Dresden, and am charmed with that refined, piquant music. Critics may rave, if they like, against the mutilation of Goethe's masterpiece; the opera is sure to attract, for it is a fresh, interesting work, with a copious flow of melody and lovely instrumentation." So wrote Felix Moscheles, one of the severe classical pianists of the German school, in a letter to a friend in 1861. Our own Henry Chorley, some ten years before this, had remarked that to a few hearers, since then grown into a European public, neither the warmest welcome nor the most bleak indifference could alter the conviction that "among the composers who have appeared during the last twenty-five years, M. Gounod was the most promising one, as showing the greatest combination of sterling science, beauty of idea, freshness of fancy, and individuality." Before a note of "Sappho" was written, continued the erstwhile critic of the *Athenæum*, certain sacred compositions and some exquisite settings of French verse had made it clear to some of the acutest judges and profoundest musicians living that in him at last something true and new had come. It is a long time since these words were written, and Charles Gounod is now at rest, after having shown, at the end of a struggle against envy, jealousy, and prejudice, that in him was one of the very few individuals left to whom musical Europe could look for its pleasures. The verdict passed upon his work, in notices written since his death, has not been altogether unanimous in favour of his being regarded as a composer of the very first rank; but it has at least been generally recognised that in his own particular line the French master has done much that entitles him to a foremost place among the creative geniuses of the present century.

Charles François Gounod, as Marie de Bovet tells us, belonged to a family of artists, who might certainly be expected to encourage his musical aspirations. His father, François Louis Gounod, was a painter to whom the restoration of some of the pictures at Versailles was entrusted. His grandfather and his great-grandfather were both

"furbishers of the King's Arms," and as such had apartments at the Palace of the Louvre. The future composer was born in a certain street in the old and grim quarter on the left bank of the Seine, on June 17, 1818. Five years later he lost his father, and his education was undertaken by the mother, a woman of rare merit and intense piety. Madame Gounod was a very good musician, and she now took to giving lessons on the piano as a means of helping out the family exchequer. Most remarkable men have owed some obligation to their mothers; and Gounod himself used to say that music must have come to him with his mother's milk, for he had assimilated it while yet his lips were unable to frame the simplest words. But is it not putting it a little too strongly to say that Madame Gounod had rocked her boy to sleep, not with silly nursery songs, but with "the intervals of the scale, the perfect and imperfect concords, and the discords followed by their natural resolution"? A parent who should make a constant practice of resolving discords in her infant's ear would assuredly be a musical phenomenon!

Still, he *must* have been a wonderful child, this Charles Gounod, if we are to believe all the stories we are told regarding him. At the age of two, in the gardens of Passy, where he was taken for exercise, he would say, "That dog barks in *Sol*!" and the neighbours used to call him *le petit musicien*. The baby, scarcely out of leading-strings, felt, too, so it is said, the mournful character of the interval of a minor third. He had been listening to the different cries of the street vendors: "Oh," he exclaimed suddenly, "that woman cries out a *do* that weeps." This because the poor woman hawked her cabbages and carrots on the interval formed by the notes C and E flat! Madame Bovet tells a similar anecdote of another of the French composers. One day when a visitor suffering from great lameness entered his mother's drawing-room, little Camille St. Saëns —the future composer of "Samson et Délila"—who was playing in the adjoining room, struck by the unaccustomed rhythm of the step, exclaimed, "How funny! that gentleman makes a *croche pointée* as he walks." One must take all these stories of musical prodigies with the proverbial grain of salt; but there can be no doubt that genius in this direction generally does, in some way or other, reveal itself very early.

While Madame Gounod was all the time giving her son instruction on the piano, she had no intention of making a musician of him. She was evidently a believer in the Chesterfield notion that it is

nay people to play for you than to play yourself; and

as to the perils involved in the pursuit of a

professional career, she had a pardonable ambition to see her boy settled in a career of more pecuniary certainty. In short, she decided that he should be put in the way of becoming a matter-of-fact and well-to-do notary. The boy was already a scholar at the Collège St. Louis ; and when Madame Gounod expressed her fears to the head of that institution—fears as to the results of the lad's musical leanings—he assured her that there was no cause for alarm. "Your son's career," said he, "is quite mapped out—he will become a professor ; he has the bump of Greek and Latin." The fact that Gounod turned out an accomplished classical scholar so far bore out this opinion, but the head-master must have found his faith shaken when he came to have to reprimand the young Charles for spending all his time covering his text and copy-books with staves and notes. As a matter of fact, the artistic vocation was daily growing stronger. He had been deeply stirred by a performance of "Der Freischütz," to which his mother had taken him when he was only seven. "A simple sensation," he says, speaking of this artistic thrill, "for at that age the faculty of reflection does not yet exist. In the same way that luminous rays become brighter when they are reflected in a mirror, feelings grow stronger and more vivid when the power of retrospection comes with manhood. It is a mistake to believe that sensibility is dulled by age ; on the contrary, it grows more acute, so long, naturally, as the mind retains its vigour. This is why I consider the loves of early youth as incomplete, purely external and superficial when they are not intensified by the crystallisation of a fully developed mind." This was the time of which he afterwards said that, if he had been prevented from learning music, he would have run away to America and hidden in some corner where he could have studied undisturbed.

Happily, wise counsels prevailed, and the mother, unwilling though she still was that her son should follow an uncertain artistic career, yielded to his ardent desire and allowed him to begin the study of music in earnest. Accordingly, Madame Gounod took the boy of thirteen to old Antoine Reicha, the famous theorist, to be told, as it turned out, that "This child knows everything. I have only got to teach it to him." However, it took two years to exhaust the teaching capacity of the modest professor, and while he diligently pursued his musical studies all this time, he as diligently worked at his literary studies at the College of St. Louis. Gounod was, probably, of all the great composers the most accomplished classical scholar. Barbier, his old friend and collaborator, said of him that he was only to be compared to a keyboard of excessive scope and

sonority; while a member of his own family declared that he could as easily have been a great painter, a great poet, or a great saint, as a great composer. This may or may not be true; but certainly no other composer has ever gone through his student career with such devotion to "all-round" studies as Gounod exemplified in these early days. Before he was eighteen he had received the diploma of *Bachelier ès lettres*, and this being considered enough in the way of general education in the mean time, the future composer enrolled himself as a pupil of the Conservatoire.

Here he studied counterpoint with Halévy and practical composition under Lesueur. Madame Bovet tells us that these masters had no influence whatever upon him; he "interrogated Palestrina, Bach, and Mozart; their august shades answered him, and from their dialogues with the youthful genius his inspiration came." This is fine language, but, unfortunately, it seems to be a trifle exaggerated. Of one of his masters, at any rate, Gounod had a very high opinion, for he remarked that "the mediæval frescoes of Byzantine mosaics, which have so strange a grandeur, can give an idea of the character of the works of Lesueur." Indeed, as Professor Niecks has remarked, the influence of this master, of whose compositions he always spoke with enthusiasm, and fragments of which he was fond of singing by heart, had undoubtedly not a little to do with his leaning to Church music. One thing at least is certain; his progress under the Conservatoire masters was both steady and sure. A year after he entered the institution he competed for the Grand Prix de Rome, taking as the subject of a cantata the story of Mary Stuart and Rizzio; but he succeeded only in dividing the second prize with Louis Chollet, who has since become known as a brilliant pianist. In 1839, however, he at last carried off the coveted premier prize, which was awarded to him by twenty-five out of twenty-seven votes, the composition on this occasion being a lyric scene entitled "Fernaud."

The Grand Prix de Rome carries to the winner a pension of £160 for four years; more than that, it carries the privilege of residing for two years of the time at the Villa Medici, the Academy of France, in Rome. To the end Gounod talked with enthusiasm of his early residence in the Italian capital. He did not, of course, believe that Rome could of itself confer superiority, that Rome could miraculously bestow what Nature had withheld. But, given an artistic organisation, he contended that Rome must exercise an undeniable influence on such an one in all that concerns sublimity of thought and artistic development. "Can the inestimable

advantage of such a retreat be too highly prized," he asks—"the calm security, apart from the feverish turmoil and the constant solicitude of ordinary existence—the silence in which one listens to the inner hidden voices, the profound solitudes, the distant horizon whose majestic lines seem to retain the magic power of lifting the mind to the altitude of the colossal events of which they were witness? What a centre, what a plane, what an atmosphere for him who knows how to feel, to ponder, and to muse!" Doubtless, the imaginative faculty would have shown itself in the composer although he had never set foot in Rome; and, as a matter of fact, his residence there seems to have been of value to him chiefly from the exhaustive acquaintance he was enabled to make with the masterpieces of sacred music. Palestrina was at this time his great model and leading study, and it was now that he acquired "the science of construction, the ease in the manipulation of parts, the dexterity and freedom of hand which make the great musician."

But other forces besides those of music were at work in Rome. Gounod seems to have come very strongly under the influence of Father Lacordaire, and the result was that his thoughts were for a time seriously turned aside from music and directed towards the Church. Louis Pagnerre, one of his biographers, tells us that, finding the sojourn at the Villa Medici too noisy, Gounod "took refuge in a retreat not foreseen by the regulations of the Académie; he entered for some time the Roman seminary in order to prepare for the new career, and also to work in peace and quietness. A singular nature, made up of art and mysticism! An example, perhaps a unique one, of a Laureate of the Institute touched by grace, and fluctuating between the priesthood and the vocation of a musician. In Rome Gounod had, as it were, one foot in the seminary and the other, the right foot, in the world. We shall find him again in the same alternative, but the right foot always gains the day."

Mendelssohn's sister Fanny saw a good deal of the future composer at this time, and her letters and diary contain much that is interesting regarding the young musician. She found him "passionately enchanted with music in a manner I can hardly remember to have seen"; he was "terribly vivacious, hyper-romantic, and passionate," and the German music now played to him "falls into his house like a bomb-shell, so that it causes great damage." Referring to a matter already mentioned, the lady says that Lacordaire had been making strenuous efforts to win Gounod for his cause, and adds that the young artist was so enthusiastic and so open to impressions that he had almost entirely entered into the reverend father's ideas.

But music was not destined to be permanently cheated of so gifted a votary. Gounod had composed a Mass while he was still at the Conservatoire, and a second work of the kind which he now completed was so well received in Rome that the composer was made an honorary chapel-master at the Church of Foreign Missions. This recognition of his genius seems to have drawn his thoughts away from the Church, although several after-circumstances plainly show that he was still in a state of indecision. Meanwhile, he was required, by the conditions of his pension, to set out for Germany, there to complete his education by what is known as "travelling studies." We hear very little regarding this part of his career; but, if we may judge from what we do know, he did not profit much by his increased acquaintance with Teutonic music. In Sebastian Hensel's "The Mendelssohn Family" we read: "He was always here, and was received by the whole family in the most friendly manner, but saw actually nothing of Berlin except our house, our garden, and our family, and heard nothing except what I played to him, however much we urged him to look about him. The days with him passed really very pleasantly. We found him much developed since Rome; he is exceedingly gifted, possessed of a musical intelligence, of an acuteness and correctness of judgment which hardly can go farther, and has at the same time the most delicate and tender feeling. This vivid intelligence distinguishes him also outside of music."

At the end of the German "Wanderjahre" Gounod found himself again in Paris, eager to enter on the serious work of life. But what was this work really to be? As yet there was certainly no definite decision in favour of music: indeed, the old idea of the Church appears to have returned with more force than ever. Madame Bovet —who is really, so far, the authority in all that concerns the composer —tells us that what attracted him so irresistibly to the Church was the character of comforter which it confers on the Roman Catholic confessor. To restore Christian peace to a wounded soul, to dispel remorse by divine forgiveness, and soothe the anguish of repentant sinners, seemed to him the most sublime mission to which a human being could aspire. The struggle continued fiercely for a time, and although in the end art was the victor, Gounod to the last continued a man of profoundly religious mind, essentially earnest, and as deeply versed in biblical and theological erudition as if he had remained the "Abbé Gounod" he was in his early days. The causes that finally led to his turning his back [illegible] not fully known; but it is supposed

to do with the decision. She made the acquaintance of some of his compositions, recognised his genius, pointed out to him the direction in which it lay—namely, in opera—and by-and-by secured him the opportunity of a first trial.

The work which opened for him the path to fame was the opera of "Sappho," and it is curious to note that Reicha, the composer's first master, closed his artistic career with an opera bearing the same title. Although full of melodic beauty, "Sappho" obtained only a *succès d'estime* when produced in Paris in 1851. One of the critics said at the time: "This opera will win for M. Gounod the sympathy of artists, and a discreet fame that will enable him to try his luck a second time with better chances of success." It was eight years after this before the composer could be said to have achieved anything like fame. As Herr Niecks has remarked, no other musician of the same rank has ever sustained so many failures as Gounod, for *succès d'estime* are, after all, failures, in which the composer loses all except his honour. Gounod's instrumental music hardly counts, as the larger works, including two symphonies first performed in 1854 and 1855, have practically remained unknown outside his native country; and only a small number of shorter pieces have obtained popularity. The "Funeral March on the death of a Marionette," and the "Meditation" on a Prelude of Bach, are known to all music-lovers. The latter, written for Zimmermann, has been published in various arrangements, but it was originally scored for six voices, principal violin, principal horn, and orchestra. Some musicians have sneered at this *jeu de plume*, as it has been called, but the thing is supremely well done, and whatever is so done, be it great or little, must have our respect and even our admiration.

It was in 1859 that Gounod came forward with the work which has placed him among the immortals. The serious and elevated mind of the composer had dwelt for some years on Goethe's noble poem, and when at last "Faust" was produced at the Théâtre Lyrique, it flashed on the world with an electric brilliance that perfectly surprised those who, judging by previous non-successes, had set down the composer as nothing more than a man of talent. Some interesting details of the first performance of this now famous opera have been recalled by the *Musical Record*. Long and laborious were the preparations, the rehearsals lasting no less than six months! The opera was found too long; a trio was cut out of the second act, while a duet in the third, a romance in the fourth, and a part of the "Prison" duet in the last act met with a similar fate. The church scene gave offence to the censorship, and was saved only by the

intervention of the *Nonce Apostolique*, Monseigneur de Ségur, an old fellow-pupil of Gounod. Then well-meaning friends expressed their opinions. The garden scene alarmed them, the church scene was too long, the death of Valentine too lugubrious, and so on. Danger seemed to threaten the opera up to the very moment of production. The first performance had been announced for February 24, 1859, but Guardi, who sang the title *rôle*, suddenly lost the use of his voice, and postponement was inevitable. Gounod, in despair, thought of creating the part himself, but at length a tenor, Barbot, was found, and the work was given on March 19.

Among modern operas Gounod's "Faust" and Bizet's "Carmen" have achieved a brilliant and apparently lasting success. And yet at their *début* they were received without enthusiasm. "Faust," indeed, recalls Berlioz's work of the same name, which at first attracted no attention, but now enjoys wonderful popularity. By the way, Berlioz wrote a notice of Gounod's opera in the *Journal des Débats*, and spoke of it in terms of the highest praise. He has a curious little criticism of Marguerite's opening wheel song in the third act. "Why," he asks, "that whirring noise to imitate the sound made by the wheel?" And he adds: "Schubert may perhaps be excused, in a song not intended for the theatre, for having wished to convey the idea of a spinning-wheel not visible. But in the opera it is seen; Marguerite is actually spinning; the imitation is not, therefore, in any way necessary." "Faust," which was first heard in England in 1863, has remained, and ever will remain, Gounod's master work; it has carried his name through all countries of Europe, and was the first French opera which at Paris made its way from another stage to that of the Grand Opéra. On November 4, 1887, the 500th performance of the work was given with brilliant success at the latter house, the composer himself conducting.

The works which followed did not come up to the high expectations created by "Faust." Indeed, there is only one other opera that may be named as deserving of a place beside this magnificent creation. "Romeo and Juliet," produced in 1867, is indeed in France placed above "Faust," but the superiority is nowhere else acknowledged. It is certainly a work of exceptional beauty and merit, and why it has failed to take a firm hold of the operatic public it would perhaps be difficult to explain. Here the master, as in "Faust," is in complete sympathy with his subject. "In structure he approaches nearer to Wagner, lays special stress on the music in the orchestra, and makes continual use of dissonances by suspension." After this he produced operas o[illegible]wn only

for certain small portions of special beauty which are heard now and again in our concert rooms.

The Franco-German war of 1870 drove Gounod from Paris, and he decided to settle for a time in London. By the way, one of the incidents of the war on which the Germans pride themselves least was that they burnt down Gounod's house. The great composer, trusting to his fame to defend him against the desecrating hand of the marauder, put up the inscription before the door of his country house in the village of Montretout: "The house of Charles Gounod, the composer of 'Faust.'" The Germans burnt it to the ground all the same. In London the composer founded the choir bearing his name, with which he arranged large concerts, and in 1871, for the opening of the Exhibition, produced his elegiac cantata "Gallia." An unpleasant incident in connection with his four years' stay was his subsequent encounter with Mrs. Weldon, the particulars of which will probably be fresh in the memory of most readers. Mrs. Weldon undertook to manage the composer's affairs, and it was in her house that he resided. A rupture of their friendship ensuing, the lady was placed in a position to sue for libel, and the court gave her a verdict for £10,000. M. Pagnerre, already mentioned, deals at great length with this episode in the composer's career; but it will not be wise to imitate him here.

While resident in England Gounod wrote several of those smaller works, such as the sacred songs, "Nazareth," "There is a green hill," &c., by which he is widely known to the music-loving public. Of his later works, with the exception of the two oratorios, "The Redemption" and "Mors et Vita," it is not necessary to speak. They all contain some fine music; but, while they may have sustained, they have not increased the fame which he gained as composer of "Faust." The oratorios just named were written specially for the Birmingham Festivals of 1882 and 1885. The success of both in England, notably of "The Redemption," has been very marked. In France, of course, the oratorio is a form of musical composition which has never found favour, and we need not be surprised that Gounod as a worker in this field remains without much honour in his own land. Gounod has been very happy in most of his songs, none of which has exercised a greater power of pleasing than his beautiful "Serenade"; and his numerous sacred compositions, with the exception of his Masses, are probably better known and appreciated among ourselves than among his own countrymen.

The fairest estimate of Gounod's genius is perhaps that of M. Arthur Pougin. He was, says this well-known French critic, an

admirable master who will ever be the glory and honour of France. He has taken a place in the ranks of the immortals, in the midst of that galaxy of artists who for two centuries have carried musical art to its highest power. A clear and luminous genius, sober and well defined, he possessed in an eminent degree the great qualities of the French race. "At a time when composers seem to take pleasure in tangled complexities, Gounod exercised his art with a serenity, a simplicity, a sobriety of means to which some feign to apply the epithet of weakness, but which, on the contrary, are the evidences of a virile temperament, owning no master but itself; because it is already master of its methods, knowing what it wants, whence it tends, and its own ultimate aim. Gounod's musical language is of the highest beauty, noble, clear, limpid, and brilliant both in style and colour. His inspiration is rich, abundant, and generous, so that matter and form are equipoised on splendid levels."

Mozart and Bach were the composers whom Gounod most revered. He regarded "Don Giovanni" as the most perfect creation of its class; and wrote that, "if the works of all the greatest masters —Beethoven's, Haydn's, and Mozart's—were annihilated by an unforeseen cataclysm (as those of the painters might be by a conflagration), it would be easy to reconstitute all music with Bach." He was wont to remark, "When I was very young I used to say 'I,' later on I said 'I and Mozart,' then 'Mozart and I.' Now I say, 'Mozart.'" Wagner he had but scant patience with, calling him a wonderful prodigy, an aberration of genius, a visionary haunted by all that is colossal. "With no sense of measure or of proportion in his mind, he flies beyond the limits of human observation, and, face to face with his prodigious endeavours, his gigantic labours, and his overwhelming expenditure of latent and hard work, one feels tempted to quote to him the cruel remark of Agnes to her lover Arnulphe, 'Horace in two words would make more of it than you.' The true sign of genius is the sober employment of one's means proportioned to the wealth of one's ideas." When the Emperor Joseph II. said to the composer of "Don Giovanni" on the first night of its representation, "Your opera is very graceful, Herr Mozart, but it has a huge quantity of notes," Mozart could with justice make the proud reply, "Not one too many, sire." Gounod, recalling this anecdote, adds, "Who will dare say the same of Wagner?" Mr. Hall Caine has lately, in relating his objections to the practice, declared that "literary folks" alone of all professional workers have the impertinence to criticise each other. Did Mr. Caine forget the musicians?

J. CUTHBERT HADDEN.

THE CRADLE OF THE LAKE POETS.

MORE than forty years have passed away since the last of the survivors of the Lake school of English poetry paid the great debt which humanity owes to Nature. Full of years and full of honours, crowned with the warm love and sincere esteem of his fellow-citizens, William Wordsworth descended to the grave in 1850, having, like the patriarch of old, seen the desire of his eyes and peace upon Israel. In common with two other illustrious bards, Robert Southey and Samuel Taylor Coleridge, the poetical lucubrations of Wordsworth had marked a distinct epoch in the annals of English verse. Of that school—a school of which the admirers are not a few even in this prosaic decade of the nineteenth century—much has been said and still more has been written, and we have no intention in this paper of returning to the subject, perennially interesting as it is. Rather would we ask our readers to accompany us in thought to a sequestered nook of the West of England where the three great seers we have named, who have long since joined "the choir invisible," in company with others, passed a portion, and not the least noteworthy portion, of their early careers, and which is associated with some of the pleasantest memories in the lives of each, and to bear with us while we discuss, necessarily somewhat at random, concerning them.

We doubt very seriously whether as many as four persons out of five, even of well-educated persons, would be able to give a correct reply off-hand to an interrogatory respecting the exact locality of the Quantock Hills. They are not in Devonshire, nor are they in Gloucestershire. A glance at the map of Somersetshire will show that the mountain range of the Quantocks, "the Oberland of Somersetshire" as it has been aptly designated by one of the most eminent local antiquaries, takes its rise above the wide plain of Bridgwater and the smiling valley of Taunton. Thence it continues for nearly sixteen miles in a direction from south-east to north-west between the Bristol Channel and Taunton, attaining its loftiest elevation at Wilsneck, an eminence which rises between the two rival heights of Cothelstone and Donisborough. The locality has been carefully investigated by Nichols, who has meditated upon its myriad associations,

historical, classical, poetical, and mythological, and has written a book upon the subject, of which we may say what the gentle Abraham Cowley said of the message which he received from Jersey :

> Fraught with rich racy matter in which we
> The soil from which it came taste, smell, and see.

It is a region little known, untrodden by the foot of the tourist, and untroubled by the presence of the railway. It is a pretty and romantic district, all verdure in summer, a corner of the beautiful island where old-fashioned inns, and grandfathers' clocks, and village greens, and cackling geese can still be found—a peaceful, quiescent country, where the cottage gardens exhibit all the richest profusion, all the brightest glories of Flora's train—where the hay waggons creep leisurely along the deep, leafy lanes—where the stranger sees

> The dull mechanic passing to and fro,
> The grey set life and apathetic end—

where it is still possible to enjoy

> The sleep which is among the lonely hills,

of which Wordsworth was so fond—and where the disturbing influences and the busy hum of men seldom or never succeed in penetrating.

Externally the Quantocks to-day wear very much the same aspect that they wore one hundred years ago, when the country side had not yet recovered from the first shock of the French Revolution, when rumours of invasion by our neighbours across the Channel were creating sore consternation in British homes, and men's hearts were failing them for very fear. Time, we constantly hear it said, works miracles. So far as towns and cities are concerned the remark is true enough, and few or none will be inclined to dispute it. But in rural coverts and benighted districts, far removed from the humanising influences of modern civilisation, the case is different. Changes then progress only by slow degrees. Though the schoolmaster has been abroad for the last twenty years or more, and has filled the heads of young men and maidens throughout the land with knowledge that their grandfathers would have regarded as the exclusive possession of the Enemy of Mankind; though steam and the railroad have robbed our popular mythology of elves and goblins, witches and sorcerers ; though timely and beneficent legislation has effaced many paralysing influences, we are not speaking out of due bounds when we say that it would be an easy matter to-day to find hereabouts those who are confirmed believers in the mysteries of the black art, in

brownies, witches and elves, and in the power of the evil eye. Nor, after all, can we wonder that illiterate villages should not rise superior to such ideas when similar ones are entertained by those cultivated persons who compose the Society for the Promotion of Psychical Research.

In the vicinity of this secluded region there is a little town which has gone for centuries by the name of Nether Stowey, and, though little among the cities of the plain and the thousands of Judah, has a remembrance which shall not perish from the earth so long as English poetry shall endure.

Nestling quite at the foot of the Quantocks, and in close proximity to the fine scenery both of Porlock and Linton, Stowey is but little visited by the outside world. It is a sleepy, overgrown village, consisting of a few houses and farms, and labourers' cottages, clustering round its ancient church, with some outlying houses and homesteads. A century since, Stowey was indeed one of the most retired villages of England, not of a mountainous district. No turnpike road ran through the parish. It lay in the line of no thoroughfare. The only inhabitants of education were the parson, who was probably a man of great simplicity, and a tanner named Thomas Poole, strongly imbued with literary tastes. The villagers were illiterate to an extent which is quite the exception in these days, and few of them ever went twenty miles from the place. Altogether the parish was fully half a century behind the rest of the world, and furnished recollections and traditions of rural people, of manners and intelligence, dating back to the second half of the seventeenth century. Many old men could still remember the Restoration of Charles II., the apostasy of James II., Monmouth's rebellion, Judge Jeffreys and the Bloody Assizes, the landing of the Prince of Orange at Torbay, to say nothing of more recent events, such as the campaigns of Marlborough, the rising of the Young Pretender, and the signal discomfiture of the old one.

The inhabitants of Nether Stowey were indeed a very primitive race, and afforded many indications of unmitigated ignorance *pari passu* with the full exercise of the more violent and vindictive passions of human nature. In short, they possessed the simplicity, though not the virtues, of Arcadia.

We have said that the only person of intelligence in Stowey besides the vicar was Thomas Poole, who followed the vocation of a tanner. He was a native of Stowey, having been born there in November 1765, as we are informed by Mrs. Sandford, of Chester, in her very charming biography of this worthy man, published in

1888.[1] While his brothers were sent to be educated at Blundell's Foundation School at Tiverton, in the adjoining county of Devon, which in the second half of the eighteenth century was regarded as the foremost grammar school in the West of England, Tom Poole was supplied with only the rudiments of learning, and in 1791 settled quietly down to the tanning business at Stowey, but not allowing that business wholly to engross his attention. The times were indeed stirring times. Old things were passing away, and the dawn of most momentous changes was breaking. In France the Revolution had burst forth in all its fury. Nor was it long before its principles began to find sympathisers on British soil, though the majority regarded them with undisguised horror. Tom Poole, having examined the question, made up his mind that the Revolution was almost inevitable in the circumstances, and as he was "not the person to preserve an unpopular opinion, or to be silent when any one of his cherished ideals were attacked or misrepresented," we may be quite sure that he did not always find it easy to live in peace with his neighbours. We are told that after Tom Paine had published his famous "Rights of Man," in answer to Burke's "Reflections on the French Revolution," the same thing happened to Poole that had happened in the ages long ago to Ishmael, the son of Hagar. His hand was against every man's hand, and every man's hand was against his hand. Tom Poole still further displayed his contempt for the conventional tones of thought and feeling by appearing in public without a cocked hat, and without a grain of powder in his hair. Matters went on from bad to worse until, as Mrs. Sandford tells us, the small world of Stowey and Bridgwater made no secret that it was very much shocked, and at times almost inclined to believe that Tom Poole ought to be denounced as a public enemy.

In 1794 Poole met Coleridge and Southey, who were both young men, both fervent sympathisers with the Revolution, both brimming over with the ardour of young converts. To Coleridge Poole took a fancy at once. Coleridge had come to Bristol for the first time to join Southey, Lovell, Burnett, and other young enthusiasts who wished to carry into practical execution a wild scheme which the mystical Coleridge, fresh from the University of Cambridge, had denominated by the outlandish appellation of Pantisocracy or Aspheticism, but which would be more correctly described by the name "Nephelo-coccygia."

This "fire-new" project, although it occupied and unsettled the minds of those who were responsible for its projection for the space of nearly two years, was anything but original, as so

[1] See *Thomas Poole and his Friends*, 2 vols.

seldom are. Many of our readers will remember that the melan-
choly Abraham Cowley more than a century previously had resolve
to retire with his books to a lodge in some wilderness on the othe
side of the Atlantic, and that centuries previously the philosophe
Plotinus, in the most corrupt age of the Roman Empire, had entreate
the Emperor Gallienus to give him a deserted town in Campania, i
order that he might colonise it with philosophers, and so exhibit t
an admiring world, and above all to the remotest posterity, th
grand spectacle of a school of the sages, and show how joyful an
pleasant a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity. Th
Pantisocratists, however, wished to realise a different ideal. T
migrate to the wilds of the Susquehanna; to work hard; to rise u
early; to take rest late; to eat the bread of carefulness, and above a
else, to solace their leisure hours by the composition of epic poem
destined, in their own opinions, if not in those of others, to han
down their names to an imperishable immortality—such were th
plans which this courageous band had the spirit to form. An
why was it that their gigantic visionary scheme was not realised
Merely for the lack of the necessary funds. Money was wanted, an
money could not be had. One by one the projectors forsook th
society of each other. Robert Southey married a wife, left her at th
church door, and then started for Portugal. Coleridge, high
offended, retired to the North. Lovell and Edmund Sewar
Southey's friends, took ill and died. But we are digressing.

In the winter of 1796 Thomas Poole, of Nether Stowey, who ha
not lost sight of that "noticeable man with the large grey eyes
Samuel Taylor Coleridge, tried to induce him to take up his abode
Stowey. Having found a small house, the rent of which was on
seven pounds a year, Poole secured it for Coleridge and bade hi
come. Still dreaming of Pantisocracy and its attendant manu
labour, Coleridge came to Stowey in the Christmas week of 179
For Coleridge throughout life the planning of schemes was simp
Paradise, and the execution of them simply Purgatory. His visio
it has been well said, resemble those gorgeous palaces of architec
tural students who give scope to their fancies because they a
incapable of realisation. Coleridge would have uttered half a doz
epic poems in prose over his after-dinner wine, or his afternoon te
But the misfortune was that when his head had apparently execut
all that it could execute, his right hand would invariably forget
cunning. The mould might be ready, the metal might be bubbli
over in the furnace, and yet Coleridge would have been incapable
running off the one into the other.

The house in which Coleridge fixed his residence at Stowey was "a miserable cottage," and is now transformed into an inn, and greatly increased in size.[1] The cottage in Coleridge's time, we are told, consisted of two small and rather dark little parlours, one on each side of the front door, looking straight into the street. In the rear was a small kitchen, entirely lacking in modern conveniences, and necessitating the kindling of a fire, when such a luxury was required, on the hearth. Above these were probably no more than four sleeping apartments. By the back door the inmates obtained access to a long strip of kitchen garden, through which communication was obtained with that of Thomas Poole, which ran down from another part of Nether Stowey into the same lane. In this retreat, despite many inconveniences, Coleridge and his wife and child contrived to make themselves very comfortable. He had married a wife—Miss Sara Fricker—in 1795, and of this union there were as yet only one child, a son, named Hartley, after David Hartley, for whose philosophy Coleridge's administration was unbounded. On March 26, 1797, the poet could write of his retreat in the following strain:

> Beside one friend
> Beneath the impervious covert of one oak,
> I've raised a lowly shed, and know the names
> Of husband and of father; not unhearing
> Of that divine and nightly-whispering voice
> Which, from my childhood to maturer years,
> Spake to me of predestinated wreaths
> Bright with no unfading colours.

To his friend John Thelwall he wrote in the same year, saying: "We are very happy, and my little David Hartley grows a sweet boy . . . . I raise potatoes, and all manner of vegetables; have an orchard; and shall raise corn (with the spade) enough for my family. We have two pigs, and ducks and geese. A cow would not answer to keep; for we have whatever we want from T. Poole." The poet, however, lay under obligations to Tom Poole other than those of milk. Among these were Tom Poole's company, the run of his house, and of his quiet book-room upstairs, and the jasmine arbour in the garden, a particular, romantic spot which Coleridge designated his "Elysium." At Stowey, in 1797, Coleridge was visited by some notable friends who [illegible] rest and change, both of which they found in profusio[illegible]ng after that domestic tragedy which so sadden[illegible] Mary Lamb, and

[1] A medallion w[illegible]t it was once the residence of Cole[illegible]

thither at a subsequent date came William Hazlitt, fresh from dwelling with Mesech and having his habitation among the tents of Kedar. Charles Lloyd, the son of a wealthy Birmingham banker, and a poet of no ordinary calibre, was another of Coleridge's visitors. At Stowey Lloyd composed a dramatic poem of considerable merit, entitled "The Duke D'Ormond," and published, in conjunction with Charles Lamb, in 1797, a volume of sonnets and other poems, besides a translation of the comedies of Vittorio Alfieri. Southey was only an occasional visitor to Stowey, coming over now and then from Bristol or Buriton, near Christchurch. On one occasion, in a letter to a friend dated August 20, 1799, Southey says: "I write to you from Stowey, and at the same table with Coleridge. . . . I have been some days wholly immersed in conversation. In one point of view Coleridge and I are bad companions for each other. Without being talkative I am conversational, and the hours slip away, and the ink dries upon the pen in my hand." Coleridge was busying himself with French and German literature, and contributing revolutionary essays to journals addressed in "The New Morality," as

> "Couriers" and "Stars," sedition's evening host,
> Thou "Morning Chronicle" and "Morning Post."

The month of June 1797 was destined to be a very noteworthy one in the life of Coleridge. It was in that month that the poet met Wordsworth and his sister at Racedown in Dorsetshire. While yet a Cambridge undergraduate, Coleridge had been struck by the poetic instinct which Wordsworth had manifested in his "Descriptive Sketches," and their meeting was mutually satisfactory. Coleridge invited Wordsworth and his sister to visit him at Stowey, and his invitation was accepted. For more than a fortnight the visitors sojourned at Stowey, highly gratified with the enchanting scenery, and Coleridge's delightful society. Miss Dorothy Wordsworth, the accomplished sister of the poet, has thus described the attractions of the spot, as they were seen on their first arrival: "There is everything here; the sea; woods wild as fancy ever painted; and William and I, in a wander by ourselves, found out a sequestered waterfall in a dell formed by steep hills covered by full grown timber trees. The woods are as fine as those at Lowther, and the country more romantic; it has the character of the less grand parts of the lakes. From the end of the house we have a fine view of the sea over a woody country; and exactly opposite the window where I now sit is an immense wood whose round top has the appearance of a mighty dome. A quarter of a mile from the house is the waterfall of

which I spoke." We may mention that it was by the side of this waterfall that Wordsworth composed his "Lines in Early Spring," in our judgment one of the sweetest of his lyrical compositions:

> I heard a thousand blended notes
> While in a grove I sat reclined,
> In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
> Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

Hard by lies a dell which is now known as "Wordsworth's Glen," because it was a favourite rendezvous of the two poets and their friends. During this memorable sojourn Wordsworth and his sister, "in a wander by ourselves," found their way into the coomb or dell, spoken of above, and following the course of a brook they pursued their way to a spot, about two miles distant, called Allfoxden or Alfoxton, so delightful that they were forced to indulge in "dreams of happiness in a little cottage, and passing wishes that such a place might be found out." Some days afterwards they discovered that Alfoxden Hall was to let. The rent was nominal, and the Wordsworths agreeing to become the tenants, took up their abode there with Basil Montagu, a child of great promise of whom they were then taking charge. "The house," says Dorothy Wordsworth, "is a large mansion with furniture enough for a dozen families like ours. . . . The garden is at the end of the house and our favourite parlour . . . looks that way. . . . The front of the house is to the south, but it is screened from the sun by a high hill which rises immediately from it. This hill is beautiful, scattered irregularly with trees, and topped with fern. . . . Wherever we turn we have woods, smooth downs, and valleys with small brooks running down them; the hills that cradle these valleys are either covered with fern and bilberries or oak woods, which are cut for charcoal. . . . Walks extend for miles over the hill-tops, the great beauty of which is their wild simplicity: they are perfectly smooth, without rocks." It was in this rural paradise that he who was destined hereafter, in the Victorian age, to wear the laureate's bays now settled down. He saw much of Coleridge, who occasionally officiated in a Unitarian pulpit at Bridgwater and Taunton, in the neighbourhood, and was writing a tragedy called "Osorio," which he had undertaken at the request of Sheridan. Wordsworth and his sister kept much to themselves. The poet was shy, reserved, given to self-introspection, and to communing with Nature. The tendency of his mind was strongly speculative and metaphysical, and though he wrote a tragedy at Alfoxden, it was unworthy of his great powers.

If the good folk [illegible]sence of

Coleridge, Poole, and Wordsworth, three deep sympathisers with revolutionary doctrines, how much more must they have been disturbed by the presence of John Thelwall, who honoured Stowey with his presence in the summer of 1797? Thelwall was a proscribed, a hunted fugitive. By the skin of his teeth, as Job says, he had escaped the terrible ordeal of a State trial for treason in 1794. Weary of earth and laden with care, he sought some solitude, some place to live and die unseen. He came to Stowey at Coleridge's invitation, and the uneasiness created by his visit was so great that the Government of the day, of which Pitt was the head, despatched a spy to keep a watch upon Wordsworth's doings. Coleridge was a married man well known to his neighbours in Stowey. Wordsworth was a bachelor, unknowable. Coleridge would talk. Wordsworth would cast an impenetrable ægis around himself. What he with great felicity said of Milton was equally applicable to himself: "His soul was like a star and dwelt apart." Thelwall was still a pariah. It was whispered that he often found his way to the secluded retreat at Alfoxden, and uttered "things" enough to make all good Tories quake in their shoes. At length Mrs. St. Albyn, the owner of Alfoxden, interposed. She had heard, she informed Wordsworth by letter, unpleasant rumours respecting her tenants, and felt obliged to give them notice to quit. Vain was it for Tom Poole to write to her in favour of Wordsworth's respectability, and to emphasise the fact that one of his uncles was a Tory, and above all a Canon of Windsor, that he was a man fond of retirement—fond of reading and writing—and that he had never had above two gentlemen at a time with him. All this was of no avail with the scandalised Tory lady. And so they were forced to say farewell to Alfoxden. The inoffensive sister and the inoffensive brother, he who could say of himself:—

> To me the meanest flower that blows can give
> Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears,

even he had to depart. This, however, did not take place until June 1798, and in the interim one of the finest pieces in the English language was written, "The Ancient Mariner." In the autumn of 1797, Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Poole went on a walking expedition from Alfoxden to Porlock, Linton, and Lynmouth. On the road Coleridge related a remarkable dream which had been dreamed by John Cruikshank, a resident of Nether Stowey, and which he had been thinking of making the subject of a poem. As the trio walked on the subject was worked out. Coleridge suggested that an ancient mariner should be punished for some crime by

ghostly hauntings. Wordsworth, who had been perusing Shelvocke's "Voyages," published in 1726, and had been struck by the author's description of the albatross, then suggested to Coleridge that his ancient mariner should kill one of these birds, and be punished for his cruelty by the tutelary spirits of the region in which the act was perpetrated. And so originated "The Ancient Mariner," that weird poem the merits of which many of our readers, we doubt not, will have been slow to appreciate. We may mention that in Shelvocke's narrative an albatross is shot in the hopes of causing some improvement in the state of the weather. On this fact, or rather the expansion of this fact, Coleridge's poem was based. Thomas de Quincey has, in his "Recollections of the Lakes and the Lake Poets," fallen foul of Coleridge for not having expressed his obligations to Shelvocke. "In the year 1810," he says, "I happened to be amusing myself by reading, in their chronological order, the great classical circumnavigations of the earth; and, coming to Shelvocke, I met with a passage to this effect: That Hatley, his second mate (*i.e.* lieutenant), being a melancholy man, was possessed by a fancy that some long season of foul weather in the solitary sea which they were then traversing was due to an albatross which had steadily pursued the ship; upon which he shot the bird, but without mending their condition. There I at once saw the germ of 'The Ancient Mariner'; and I put a question to Coleridge accordingly." Whether Coleridge was ignorant of Shelvocke's narrative, or whether he had read it and forgotten it, surely matters but little. "The Ancient Mariner" was finished and sent to the press, and in due course made its appearance.

But Coleridge's literary activity at Stowey was not represented solely by those productions to which we have already made reference. In his cottage at Nether Stowey during 1798 he produced the first part of "Christabel," "Kubla Khan," the tragedy of the "Remorse," "France," "This Lime Tree Bower," "Fears in Solitude," "The Nightingale," "The Wandering of Cain," "Frost at Midnight," "The Picture," and the lines addressed to his brother and Wordsworth. Of the circumstances in which "Kubla Khan"—a dream within a dream, as it has been not inaptly described—Coleridge has himself left us a brief account. "In the summer of the year 1797," he says, "the author, then in ill-health, had retired to a lonely farm-house between Porlock and Linton, on the Exmoor confines of Somerset and Devonshire. In consequence of a slight indisposition, an anodyne had been prescribed, from the effects of which he fell asleep in his chair at the moment he was reading the following sentence, or words of the same [illegible] Purchas's 'Pilgrimage': 'Here the

Kubla Khans commanded a palace to be built and a stately garden thereunto; and thus ten miles of fertile ground were enclosed with a wall.' The author continued for about three hours in a profound sleep, at least of the external senses, during which time he has the most vivid confidence that he could not have composed less than from two to three hundred lines. On awaking he appeared to himself to have a distinct recollection of the whole, and taking his pen, ink, and paper instantly and eagerly wrote down the lines that are here preserved." It might very naturally be expected that the poet would commemorate his snug retreat in his verses, and this he has accordingly done in the subjoined lines:

> And now, beloved Stowey! I behold
> Thy church-tower, and methinks the four huge elms
> Clustering, which mark the mansion of my friend;
> And close behind them, hidden from my view,
> Is my own lowly cottage, where my babe
> And my babe's mother dwell in peace! With light
> And quickened footsteps thitherward I trend!

Like the recluse of Olney—the melancholy William Cowper—Coleridge had come to share that poet's fondness for the domestic hearth, when the labours of the day had ended. It was while sitting beside his peaceful cottage hearth at Stowey that he composed that beautiful and pathetic poem entitled, "Frost at Midnight," from which we will quote a few lines:

> The frost performs its secret ministry,
> Unhelp'd by any wind. The owlet's cry
> Came loud—and hark, again! loud as before.
> The inmates of my cottage, all at rest,
> Have left me to that solitude which suits
> Abstruser musings: save that at my side
> My cradled infant slumbers peacefully.
> 'Tis calm indeed! so calm, that it disturbs
> And vexes meditation with its strange
> And extreme silentness. Sea, hill, and wood,
> This populous village! Sea, and hill, and wood,
> With all the numberless goings on of life,
> Inaudible as dreams! The thin blue flame
> Lies on my low burnt fire, and quivers not;
> Only that film, which flutter'd on the grate,
> Still flutters there, the sole unquiet thing.
> Methinks its motion in this hush of nature
> Gives it dim sympathies with me who live,
> Making it a companionable form,
> Whose puny flaps and freaks the idling Spirit
> By its own moods interprets, every where
> Echo or mirror seeking of itself,
> And makes a toy of Thought.

Having apostrophised his little sleeping son who is lying cradled by his side, and commended him to the care of Heaven, the poet proceeds thus :

> Therefore all seasons shall be sweet to thee,
> Whether the summer clothe the general earth
> With greenness, or the redbreast sit and sing
> Betwixt the tufts of snow on the bare branch
> Of mossy apple-tree, while the nigh thatch
> Smokes in the sun-thaw ; whether the eve-drops fall
> Heard only in the trances of the blast,
> Or if the secret ministry of frost
> Shall hang them up in silent icicles,
> Quietly shining to the quiet Moon.

Despite the unpleasant circumstances to which we have adverted, Wordsworth could regard his stay at Alfoxden only "as a very pleasant and productive time of his life," and, as in the case of Coleridge, some of his best known verses were inspired by its scenery. The romantic glen, of which mention has been made, was the scene of his "Idiot Boy." The ballad "We are Seven," "An Anecdote for Fathers," "The Complaint of a Forsaken Indian Woman," "The Last of the Flock," "Her Eyes are Wild," "A Night Piece," "Ruth the Thorn," "Lines composed a few miles above Tintern Abbey," "Peter Bell," "A Whirl-Blast from behind the Hill," "Expostulation and Reply," "The Tables Turned," "Lines Written in Early Spring," "To My Sister," "To Simon Lee," "Goody Blake and Harry Gill," "Animal Tranquillity and Decay"—all these poems were written at Alfoxden during the poet's sojourn there between 1798 and 1799.[1] We may add that the passages of the "Excursion" which describe the affliction of Margaret, and the lines which form the conclusion of the fourth book, were indited in the same congenial retreat. We may mention, furthermore, on the authority of Mrs. Sandford, who has been familiar with the traditions of the Quantocks from her very earliest days, that the entire poem of "The Idiot Boy" was suggested by some words that were actually used by an unfortunate, half-witted youth who was a familiar figure to the inhabitants of Nether Stowey and the neighbouring villages: "The cocks did crow, and the moon did shine so cold." The poem itself was composed, "almost extempore," in the groves of Alfoxden, "in gratitude to those happy moments of which it was the offspring." While we are on the subject it is worth noting that the incident which Wordsworth commemorated in the poem called "The Last of the Flock," occurred at a village called Holford, not far distant f

[1] N

it seems, had been huntsman to "the squires of Alfoxden," and his "moss-grown hut of clay" occupied a spot on the common a few yards from the entrance of the park, and "near the waterfall." With Simon, Wordsworth was personally acquainted, and had on several occasions observed the joyous smile which lit up the time-worn countenance of the old rustic whenever "the chiming hounds were out." The words "I dearly love their voice" were but the echoes of those which the huntsman had used, and the poetical sketch, not overdrawn in the least, was taken from life. No wonder that in after years Coleridge, when referring to the sojourn of the elder moralist, could say that he beheld "no clearer view than any loveliest sight of yesterday, that summer under whose indulgent skies, upon smooth Quantock's airy ridge, they roved unchecked, or loitered 'mid her sylvan coombs."

We have already intimated in a former portion of this article that Coleridge's religious opinions were decidedly Socinian, or, as they would now be generally termed, Unitarian, and that he had on several occasions, or as often as the need existed, occupied the pulpits of that denomination at Taunton and elsewhere. His mind was impelled strongly towards theology, and we are among those who believe that he rendered great service towards this study, the highest indeed of all studies, though the merits of Coleridge the poet have all but eclipsed the merits of Coleridge the theologian. In 1798 he was on the point of deciding finally to undertake duty as a regular Unitarian minister, though he was somewhat doubtful in regard to his eligibility, and apprehensive lest the heterodoxy of his political creed should prove a bar to his advancement. Fortunately for himself, though perhaps unfortunately for the Unitarian body, this step was frustrated.

Among his many friends Thomas Poole numbered two, whose names can never be mentioned without reverence by any lover of the memory of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. These were the brothers Josiah and Thomas Wedgwood, of Etruria, in Staffordshire, the sound of whose names has gone out into all the earth as the originators of a remarkable and costly species of pottery ware. Thomas Wedgwood had been a patient of Dr. Beddoes, of Bristol, and in 1798 had more than once paid a visit to Thomas Poole at Nether Stowey, and had there met Coleridge and Wordsworth, whom he had recognised as men destined to leave their mark upon their times. Thomas Wedgwood himself was no ordinary man. Nature had endowed him, as the old anatomists were wont to say, with good parts. His proficiency in the study of metaphysics won the respect even of such a

master in Israel as Coleridge was himself. Disease had, however, marked him for its own. He could now only wander from place to place in the vain quest of that priceless treasure, bodily health. Hearing from Poole that Coleridge had set out for Shrewsbury in order to undertake the duties of a Unitarian pulpit in that town, he addressed a letter—characteristic in every line of himself—offering the poet, in his own name and in that of his estimable brother, an annuity of one hundred and fifty pounds. After some hesitation this generous offer was accepted. Unitarian pulpits were abandoned, and Coleridge was placed for ever above the reach of actual want.

The spring and summer of 1798 were to be the last which Wordsworth and Coleridge were to spend together on "smooth Quantock's airy ridge." Time was therefore precious to them. They were seldom absent from one another, and when they were it was for no very long intervals. When Wordsworth wrote the "Prelude" it is all but certain that he was thinking of the summer that he spent at Alfoxden—"the buoyant spirits that were our daily portion when we first together wantoned in wild poesy"—"the kindred influence" which found its way to "the heart of hearts" from "that capacious soul, placed on this earth to love and understand," and in whose society

> Thoughts and things
> In the self-haunting spirit learned to take
> More rational proportions; mystery,
> The incumbent mystery of sense and soul,
> Of life and death, time and eternity,
> Admitted more habitually a mild
> Interposition—a serene delight
> In closelier gathering cares, such as become
> A human creature howsoe'er endowed,
> Poet, or destined for a humbler name.
> And so the deep enthusiastic joy,
> The rapture of the hallelujah sent
> From all that breathes and is, was chastened, stemmed
> And balanced by pathetic truth, by trust
> In hopeful reason, leaning on the stay
> Of Providence; and in reverence for duty,
> Here, if need be, struggling with storms, and there
> Strewing in peace life's humblest ground with herbs,
> At every season green, sweet at all hours.[1]

It had long been one of the earnest and sincerest desires of Coleridge's life to pay a visit to Germany; and, having now the means

[1] *The Prelude*, Book xiv.

of doing so, the poet determined to realise his wish. Accompanied by the Wordsworths, he quitted Stowey in 1798 for Yarmouth, and thence crossed to Hamburg, and thence proceeded to Germany. His chief objects were to study metaphysical philosophy and the German language and literature. Nor did he fail to achieve both of these objects. In the "Biographia Literaria" the curious reader will find Coleridge's narrative of his travels, whom he conversed with, what he thought, felt, liked, disliked, and saw. Thomas Poole and other of the good folk of Stowey received occasional epistles from "that Ancient Man, the bright-eyed Mariner," as Wordsworth styles him, and great was the joy that the receipt of them invariably occasioned, for Coleridge was a past-master of the art of correspondence, in an age when correspondence was still an art. After a sojourn of fourteen months on German soil, Coleridge returned home to his old roof at Stowey, with a prodigious stock of varied erudition. He had, however, lost the relish which he had once possessed for Stowey. Absence had cooled his love. Tom Poole was still resident in the spot, but Wordsworth had migrated to the North of England, and Coleridge pined for the congenial society of Wordsworth and his amiable sister. Every walk that he took in or about Stowey reminded him only too forcibly of that glorious summer of 1798 when Wordsworth was sojourning in the vicinity. At last he determined to migrate to Greta Hall, near Keswick, Wordsworth's abode, and finally quitted Stowey in 1800. He did not visit the spot again until 1807. That visit was his last, although the poet lived until 1835. Good Tom Poole passed home in the autumn of 1837, to the lasting sorrow of the denizens of Stowey. Southey died in 1843. Wordsworth was called away seven years later. Nine years before he came to the grave in a full age, "like as a shock of corn cometh in his season," Wordsworth visited the old beloved spots for the last time in the flesh. This was in 1841. "We visited," he subsequently wrote, "all my old haunts in and about Alfoxden and Nether Stowey. These were farewell visits for life, and of course not a little interesting." The poet was accompanied by his wife and daughter and a few select friends. But she who had in early life trodden these scenes with him, whose counsel and sympathy had been so dear to him—whose many graces and accomplishments are commemorated in his verse—where was she? Lying a sad spectacle both in mind and body at her brother's quiet home in the Lake District. As the venerable seer took his stand for the last time in the romantic glen which had inspired his early muse, as he recalled the past with its sad, sad memories, as he gazed with wistful eye into the trackless, unknown future, what wonder

if those solemn lines of a brother bard should have crossed his mind:

Call it not vain. They do not err
Who say that when the poet dies
Mute Nature mourns her worshipper
And celebrates his obsequies;
Who say tall cliff and cavern lone
For the departed bard make moan;
That mountains weep in crystal rill;
That flowers in tears of balm distil;
Through his loved groves that breezes sigh,
And oaks in deeper groans reply;
And rivers teach their rushing wave
To murmur dirges round his grave.

WILLIAM CONNOR SYDNEY.

A PROPHET AND HIS PROPHECY

"IF a vacancy," said Mr. Brougham, in opposition in the Hous of Commons, inveighing against the manifold iniquities o the Government, "should unhappily occur in the office of Lor Chief Justice of England, everyone knows that the person bes qualified to fill it would be my honourable and learned friend th member for Peterborough (Mr. Scarlett). But everyone knows, also that the person to whom the office would first be offered would be th attorney-general of the day." In his great speech on Law Reform in February 1828, which is included in his collected speeches, Mr Brougham dilated on the same topic with more elaboration. "There ought not to be, in choosing judges from the bar," said he, "any exclusion or restriction. He alone should be selected in whom talent, integrity, and experience most abound and are best united The office of judge is of so important and responsible a nature tha one should suppose the members of Government would naturally require that they should be at liberty to make their selection from the whole field of the profession. . . . Is all the field really open Are there no portions of the domain excluded from the selectors authority? True, no law prevents such a search for capacity and worth! True, the doors of Westminster Hall stand open to th minister! But there is a maxim above the law—a maxim, in my mind, more honoured in the breach than in the observance—tha party as well as merit must be studied in these appointments. . . If at the present moment the whole of Westminster Hall were to b called upon, in the event of any vacancy unfortunately occurring among the chief justices, to name the man best suited to fill it, t appoint the individual whose talents and integrity best deserved th situation—whose judicial exertions were the most likely to she blessings on his country—can anyone doubt for a moment whos name would be echoed on every side? No; there could be n question as to the individual to whom would point the common consent of those most competent to judge. But then he is known as a party man, and all his merits, were they even greater than they

are, would be in vain extolled by his profession, in vain desiderated by his country!"

Scarlett was at this time the leader of the Bar. He led the great Northern circuit, of which he had been for many years the only King's Counsel. He ruled Lord Tenterden, the Chief Justice, as supremely as, some years later, Lord Westbury ruled Vice-Chancellor Shadwell. Whenever he addressed a jury, he became the thirteenth juryman. In the year after the delivery of this speech he was appointed attorney-general, over the head of Tindal, the solicitor-general. To console Tindal, the chiefship of the Common Pleas, which became vacant shortly after Scarlett's appointment, was given to Tindal. In the following year the Duke of Wellington and his unpensioned Chancellor, Lord Lyndhurst, went out of office, and Lord Grey came in with Brougham as Chancellor. The ex-Chancellors had no pension until Lord Brougham's Act of 1833. Lord Lyndhurst was poor. Bailiffs waited at his table. The chiefship of the Exchequer became vacant. Here was an opportunity of ending the scandal. With general approval Lord Lyndhurst was made Lord Chief Baron. Thus Scarlett was a second time passed over. He grew more and more soured and disappointed. He was especially bitter towards Denman, the new attorney-general. Lord Tenterden was old and ailing. The only remaining chiefship must soon be vacant. What chance would Scarlett have against the attorney-general of the day? In this mood he was retained with Campbell and Follett—as strong a team as ever appeared in any Court—to defend the Mayor of Bristol against the indictment of Denman, the attorney-general, in October 1832 at the bar of the King's Bench. Scarlett was never in greater force. Denman was never so feeble. The counsel for the Crown, though double in number, were defeated on every point. The Mayor was triumphantly acquitted. It was Lord Tenterden's last case. He was too ill to preside on October 31. The trial continued before the three puisne judges, and ended on November 2. At 9 o'clock on the following morning Lord Tenterden died.

Now was Brougham's opportunity! The vacancy had unfortunately occurred. The individual was there. His name was echoed on every side. What did Brougham do? Here are his own words: "I was resolved that Denman should succeed him on every ground—political, party, public, and private. This was quite plain. Among my colleagues some were averse secretly, some openly, and proposed others among the Tory puisne judges. I roared them down in a [illegible] prevent a repetition of what I felt to be an attack on me

personally as well as on the honour of the Government and of th party. On sounding the king, in expectation of the vacancy, I ha found him very averse; I therefore resolved to lose no time, and whe I received, early on a Sunday morning (November 3, 1832), a not from Tenterden's son announcing his death, I sent off a messenger t Windsor, and wrote to Lord Grey." Whether Lord Grey was one o the opposing colleagues, Lord Brougham's Memoirs do not stat The description of the whole affair in Lord Denman's Life rathe suggests that he was. Brougham is there represented as forcing th appointment down the throats of everybody. He seems, however, t have thoroughly succeeded with Lord Grey. "I firmly believe," he write to Lord Grey on November 6, "there would have been a push mad at him and at us if the enemy had had a day or two to turn about in Lord Grey," he adds complacently in his Memoirs, "had gone t the king at Windsor and settled the matter after a short struggle Immediately after, Denman was sworn in at my private residence."

The speech of 1828 is accompanied, in the collected edition o Brougham's speeches, by various notes, written by himself, showing how and when many of the reforms suggested were afterwards carried out. But the passage in Hansard beginning "If at the presen moment" is not to be found in the speech as it appears in the col lected edition. If the speaker had inserted it and had subjoined to it a note showing how and when he contrived to fulfil his own prophecy to the very letter, and how difficult it would have been for Denman, after his conspicuous failure, to retain the post of attor ney-general, the reader would have been still more edified.

Denman, the judge, it is only fair to add, far surpassed both Denman the counsel and Abinger the judge. When Scarlett, two years afterwards, became Lord Chief Baron and Lord Abinger, he ceased to be a power. He is only remembered as Scarlett the great counsel. Denman's contemporary peerage was almost a response to a general demand. Men of all parties joined in extolling the judge. He seemed to be magnified by the judicial office. His presence, his bearing, his character were those of an ideal judge. By many of his contemporaries he was considered to be the greatest Chief Justice of England since the days of Lord Mansfield.

S. H. BOULT.

A VISIT TO RAMESWARAM.

FOR over fifteen hundred years the city of Madura, the former capital of the Pandyan kingdom, has been one of the most important in the South of India. This kingdom is mentioned in the inscriptions of Asoka, and though the Chola kings who lived further to the north overcame the Pandyans in the eleventh century of our era, still sovereigns of the latter dynasty reigned from the fourteenth to the seventeenth century, at which time Nayakka Viceroys of Vijianagar held Madura, to be succeeded first by the Mahomedans and then by the British. The Pandyan kingdom by one authority is conjectured to have been flourishing, and its chief city to have been founded, five or six hundred years before Christ. Be that idea correct or otherwise, the city had for centuries before it was known to us been the scene of barbaric splendour, and the seat of an ancient civilisation. Ptolemy and Marco Polo mention it, and Roman copper coins have been found in the neighbouring river, showing the probable existence of a colony. Its antiquity, its extent, its royal palace, and its magnificent temple of Siva render the city of Madura in the eyes of the Tamil people the metropolis of the South. Allusion to this city and kingdom in an account of Rameswaram is essential, since the history of one is involved in that of the other. According to the myth Rama passed by Madura on his way to rescue Sita from the clutches of Ravana in Lanka; pilgrims from all parts of India to Rameswaram use this route; and the Madura kings exacted allegiance from the Sethupatis, or chiefs of Ramnad, who built the Rameswaram Temple. The railway now makes the journey from all parts of India to Madura an easy one, but in former days the pilgrimage to the sacred shrine of Rama was a long and difficult one, from which some never returned to their homes. The town is dominated by the four lofty and richly ornamented pyramidal towers of the temple, surmounted by the prodigious and terrific image of Narasinha, the man-lion, an incarnation of Vishnu to free the world from the tyranny of the demon Hiranyakasipa. Most of the present buildings c[illegible] hundred years ago—

perhaps only two and a half centuries—when Tirumalu Nayakka flourished; but a small shrine in the centre is much older. Besides the Linga, or stone pillar representative of Siva, the type of destruction as well as of reproduction, the image of Ganesha is a special object of reverence for the pilgrim ; this god is invoked prior to the commencement of every undertaking with words such as these : "O, thou spotless gem, that possessest the face of a beautiful lofty elephant ! Milk, clarified honey, sugar, and pulse to thee will I offer !" It is a welcome relief to the traveller, after journeying under a tropical sun, without having, perhaps, for some days changed his raiment, or bathed, or partaken of freshly-cooked food, to rest in the Chuttrum or Pilgrims' Inn of Madura, to loiter in the arcades of the Temple, to mix among the crowds of pán and trinket sellers, and to watch the throngs pass in and out for prayers. At times there may be 30,000 souls bent on the same errand to Rameswaram, swelling the trade of the stall-keepers, and by their votive offerings to Ganesha causing the attendant Brahmins to glow with satisfaction. Though the toil in such an attempt is great and the hardships many, still the people are happy ; indeed among Dravidian races a smiling face is common, and their general aspect calls to mind the words used by Neander of the condition of the Pomeranians in the middle ages: "They were now precisely at that point of culture which the Apostle Paul, in the seventh chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, describes as a life without the law. Possessing the simplicity, openness, and innocence of primitive manners, and enjoying a degree of temporal prosperity which was the natural result of a favourable climate, soil and location, they were as yet ignorant of the conflicts between law and lust, and the strifes of contrary interests, and hence exempt from the evils that grow out of them ; as well as unconscious of many wants, difficult to be satisfied, but very sure to be called forth in a people making the transition from a state of nature to civilisation." The student of physiognomy would easily feel that among such people credulity and superstition must have firm growth, and would, as ever, retard spiritual development. And such has been the case, for whatever may have been their ancient faith, the tutelary deity in the shape of a stone image set up in each village evidences pure idolatry, and the devil-worship that prevails in some parts, the outcome of natural timidity of disposition unsoothed by any profound belief in divine protection ; while the general worship of Siva for the past thirteen hundred years under the type of the Linga, a phallic stone, whatever is its spiritual significance, has led to the use of grossly sensual designs in the decoration of temples and

of festive cars. Let us now accompany in thought the band of pilgrims as they turn their faces to the well-trodden road which leads eastward from Madura to Rameswaram, and realise in some measure the conceptions which engross their thoughts, and the inspirations which the sacred locality affords, and which sustain them in their toilsome endeavours. People of all classes and ages are found on the road; here an old ascetic from Benares, whose age scarcely leaves him strength to make this his last pilgrimage; there a rich Sowcar or banker from Madras, with many female relatives, children, and attendants; here a weaver from Arcot with wife and two children, one at the breast, the other holding to his mother's sári, and toddling his short stages; a prince of Travancore and his suite with bags of rupees and rare gems to be offered to the shrine; cultivators, toddy-drawers, image makers, betel-sellers, silversmiths, shepherds, musicians, dyers, and pearl-fishers, all animated by desire to realise what to them is a high ideal. Some are riding in bullock-carts or in palanquins, but strict religious practice requires the journey to be performed on foot; those only who walk receive the full benefit of the pilgrimage.

Perhaps with most of these who have heard in their childhood the stories of the Rámáyana, that grand epic, recited by minstrels, the fancy conjures up visions of the terrific flight through the air of the demon king Ravana in his chariot, with the unhappy Sita, whom he has captured in the lonely forests of the Godaveri; when the sun's disc pales, and darkness overspreads the heavens: it is the short-lived triumph of evil over good; the gods and saints are horrified onlookers. Then Rama in pursuit comes flying through the sky, and to help him hastes Hanuman, the monkey general, with his army. Thousands of his bridge-builders in aerial flight bring rocks and trees even from the distant Himalayas, and cast them in the sea which separates Ravana's isle from India's strand. The gods applaud and exclaim, "As long as the sea shall remain, so long shall this bridge endure, and the fame of Rama be proclaimed." Then follows the fearful fight which lasts a week; the gods and demons battle in the sky, and Rama in the end destroys Ravana with the arrow of Brahma. It is a religious duty to read or to hear this poem. He who repeats it is liberated from all his sins. So that the memory of this myth is lively, as the pilgrims wind along the far-famed path and pass through the very village where Rama lay and slept, tired with the hot pursuit; and this memory sustains their often faltering resolves. But the [illegible]ointed each individual to this goal operates also [illegible] incantations,

fasts, temple offerings, prayers, and ceremonials make up the ordinary religious life, still a pilgrimage to such a shrine as that of Rameswaram secures admission hereafter to the heaven of the presiding god, expiation for all sins, the cure of diseases, fulfils the desire of the barren woman, and results in continued prosperity to the devotee. To the cultivated peoples of the West, among whom prevails an intellectual temper of the mind, the motives which sway these simple and credulous people may seem strange; but they are explained in the fact which Monier Williams remarks: "The craving for the marvellous appears to be almost inseparable from their mental constitutions." Every incident of such a journey has the false importance that superstition attaches to it. If a vulture alight on the rest-house where the pilgrim takes the one meal of rice permitted him, some misfortune is foreboded; likewise in the shades of evening if an owl lodge on the roof, or a jackal howl at the door; so also should the traveller by chance cross a rope which ties an animal, or intercept the shadow of a Brahmin. Bad luck must be looked for if a lizard chirp, or a person sneeze, just as the pilgrim starts; good luck if he see a full water-pot or a jackal on his left hand, or a cow, a deer, or a Brahmin on his right. Incantations must be said when rising, when going to rest, and when sitting down to eat, and should a dog or a crow by chance take a portion of the food, it must all be thrown away. Further, on an occasion like this the remembrance of past misdeeds weighs heavily on the mind; the driver of the ox recalls the pain of the animal under the goad, and trembles lest in a future state he himself may be born a cat or other eater of raw flesh; he who has indulged in forbidden pleasures may hereafter be mangled by ravens and owls; the killer needlessly of an animal may die as many similar deaths in number as its hairs; and the spirit drinker will live again as a worm or an insect. To be clear of such retribution is indeed worth the pain of the pilgrimage. Nature's phenomena have too their significance. Each day shows forth the mythic drama of the battle between the powers of darkness and of light. Indra, the sky, sends Surama, the dawn, to demand from the Panis the rays of light which they have concealed at eve in their fortress. Surama is tempted, but in vain, to stay there. Then Indra attacks the robbers with his forces and the light is let loose. The water-spout, which travels sometimes up the coast and breaks in sheets of rain, rendering the road impassable for a time, is the elephant of Indra drinking from the sky, of the water of the ocean; the rainbow, Rama's bow; and the whirlwind, which often scours the heated plains, and raises on high the fine

dust and dried leaves, is moved by aerial demons, which are abroad indeed also in numbers before dawn and after sunset. Full of such thoughts, now inspired by hope and now distracted with fear, the devotees hasten to shorten the hundred miles which separate Madura from Rameswaram. Several villages are passed, each with its Siva temple, the pyramidal gopura or tower of which is seen afar off across the plains ; and at the sixty-second mile Ramnad or Ramanathapuram. This is the ancient city of the Sethupatis, or lords of the causeway between India and Ceylon, made by the monkeys for Rama. The Marawers were the aboriginal inhabitants of this end of the Indian Peninsula. A chief of the tribe is said to have been given hereditary charge by Rama of the temple at Rameswaram, with the title of Sethupati. These people have figured in mythology as the monkeys who aided the Brahminical invaders of Ceylon. As early as the year 1591 A.D. the Sethupati was recognised by the Nayak of Madura as a partially independent feudatory. The fort of Ramnad is now in ruins, but the palace is still occupied by the chief, and the town is a large one. Its ample grain bazaar, its beautiful tank or excavated pool, and its choultry contribute to make a halt agreeable for the wayfarer. From this town pilgrims proceed in a north-easterly direction to Devipatnam (the sea-port of Devi or Parvati, wife of Siva), where the first ceremony of bathing is performed in the sea. There is here a very old temple of Siva. Nine stones near the shore were set up by Rama, symboiical of the nine planets which are believed to control the destinies of mankind. Rama, to secure their propitiation for his conflict with Ravana, here worshipped them, and these stones give the name of Navapáshánum to this place. During the bathing of the pilgrim the presiding priest recites Sanskrit slokas, laudatory of the merits of the bath and commemorative of the deeds done by Rama. Nine sorts of grain, as peace-offerings, are then presented to the Brahmins, and the pilgrims take boat for the island of Rameswaram. By a southerly route from Ramnad the sea journey may be shortened, although the walk for thirty miles over sandy plains is wearisome. There is no made road, and the country is dotted only with palmyra and babul trees. These seem to have flourished in the drift sand through the vicissitudes of all ages, and the people who live upon the juice and fruit of the palmyra are the descendants of toddy-drawers who have been in this locality from time immemorial. Two days' journey through this wilderness br[illegible] pilgrims to the sparkling waters of the straits which [illegible] Rameswaram from the main, where two te[illegible]h. These are

falling to decay, and the goats that browse alongside take shelter from the midday sun within the empty shrines. Five hundred years ago the lords of these lands devoted their large wealth to the building and upkeep of the stately structures that adorn the road from this spot right across the island to the large temple; but in modern times new needs, and comparative neglect of religious observance, have led to the revenues being diverted elsewhere. The blue water of the gulf washes upon a white beach of shells and sand, upon which fragments of coral and of a pretty pink weed are cast up. The dust-stained pilgrim laves his feet before he is ferried across. The channel between Tonitori, on the extremity of the mainland, and Paumben, on the Island of Rameswaram, is a mile wide, but the waters are shallow and a natural bridge of sandstone rocks almost unites the two. The Brahmins say that the god used to be periodically carried across this causeway, but that it was breached by a violent storm in the year 1480 A.D., and that successive tempests have added to the damage. Anyhow, during the past hundred years the reef has suffered little change, for the chart of Dalrymple of the year 1781 shows it in much the same condition as now, except that a narrow channel near the Paumben Dutch fort has in recent years been deepened artificially to permit of small craft passing through without being forced to disembark cargo, as was formerly the case, when the greatest depth was six feet at high tide. At low-water it was formerly no doubt possible to wade across. As one views the surroundings of the sacred island the scene is one to suggest languid repose and meditation. One stands on a rocky prominence amid the fallen columns of an ancient temple; northward on the left hand stretches a placid bay of sapphire hue, dotted with fishers' boats; on the right the Gulf of Manar with its several islands, its surface slightly agitated by the southerly breeze, and bearing on its bosom strange weeds and leaves rent off the skirts of the Isle of Spices, whose coasts and holy mountain are concealed from sight in the tropical haze; opposite is the old fort, fringes of cocoa palms with a foreground of shell and coral strand, and a white-pillared choultry for pilgrims peeping out from beneath the shade of the Indian fig-trees. Now, as one disembarks on the eastern side of the channel, begins the intense interest of the pilgrimage. Over one hundred million persons have sought its benefits and taken part in the ceremonials which commence at Devipatnam and are resumed on this shore. The place is alive with sacred associations. The Brahmins do not allow cultivation in the island as it would help to destroy its holy character; in general babul

jungle prevails, although in gardens may be found plantains, limes, pomegranates, and betel vines. Good water in wells is plentiful, which fact is ascribed to the influence of the gods, since on the neighbouring coast of Ceylon it is scarce. The population is mostly Brahmin ; fishermen and sailors are Lubbays and Christians, however. The road from Paumben to Rameswaram is eight miles in length, is paved with stones, and bordered by magnificent banyan, tamarind, and acacia trees, which in course of time have formed an arch of foliage, which affords grateful shade. At every few hundred yards is a sacred well, a shrine of Ganesha or a rest-house, all adorned with sculptured columns and many with gopuras or pyramidal towers. At many places by the wayside ceremonial baths must be taken. Pilgrims of wealth are met by Pundahs, or spiritual guides, from Rameswaram, who will tutor their *protégés* in the numerous ceremonials to be gone through and afford them lodging and hospitality during their stay.

Emerging from the shade the traveller at last enters the neat streets of terrace-roofed houses, some thousand in number, which compose the village of Rameswaram. Most of the dwellings have recesses or verandahs in front, which are thatched with palm leaves and afford cool resorts for sleep by noon and by night for the inhabitants ; here and there are ample wells and sacred trees, with stone platforms built around their bases, where those who wish can sit and meditate. Above all, and rising high beyond the surrounding palms and plantain trees, are the majestic east and west pyramidal towers of the temple. The latter is the only complete one; the former, though lofty, is half finished, and those on the north and south sides scarcely rise above the gateways. All the work is of stone. In other localities all but the bases of such towers is of brick. A high wall encloses all the temple buildings and courts, the gates under the towers affording entrance. The exteriors are deeply scored and honeycombed by the furious rain and wind experienced at times. About the walls, and on the niches and cornices of the many storeys of the towers, monkeys abound, and contribute to the picturesqueness of the scene. The granite corridors within are some 700 feet in length, with triple rows of massive pillars 30 feet high, in the front line of which a huge lion surmounts the three distinct capitals ; these open into galleries as rich in detail as themselves, and reveal an immensity of labour, that, combined with a certain mystery and with the varied devices and modes of lighting, produce an effect which is not [illegible] walled by any other temple in India. The whitewash [illegible] has partly

destroyed the original sharpness of detail; and the profound religious feeling which so stupendous and happily conceived a masterpiece of Hindu architecture would naturally arouse, loses in a measure its force in the presence of the obscene daubs which disfigure the ceilings. The interior is seen to great advantage about mid-day, when the lights and shades are strongest, and the temple is vacant. Portions of it may be seen sketched in Fergusson's "History of Indian and Eastern Architecture." By following one of the long corridors to its eastern extremity and turning to the right to a cross gallery, the observer beholds the holy shrine of Rama Linga; that is, the Linga or phallic stone set up by Rama in honour of Siva; its resting-place is surmounted by a small gopura about the centre of the temple buildings. Persons other than Hindus who come to worship are not permitted to enter the shrine, and as late as the year 1819 Europeans were not allowed inside the temple, although from Cordiner's account it would seem he must have entered it in 1807. He describes the wonderful colonnades, and in his "Description of Ceylon" gives an engraving of a distant view of the exterior. There is an idol of Parvati, wife of Siva, besides others. The Linga is bathed daily with water brought from the Ganges, which is afterwards sold to devotees. All the idols are richly bedecked with jewels on great festivals, the Linga ornamented with a cap or diadem of beaten gold, and its pedestal with a covering of the same metal. Some of the gems are of great size, though rudely cut and set. On Friday nights idols are carried round the corridors in procession by torchlight, with noisy music, and accompanied by twelve female dancers in white muslin, and an image of Siva is deposited on its bed in the shrine of Parvati. On each side of the temple buildings and within the enclosure formed by the high walls are gardens, and the sacred well known as Kodithirthum, supposed to have been made with the end of Rama's bow to obtain water to bathe the Linga; this well is kept under lock and key by the Brahmins, who distribute the water on payment. The peculiar surroundings of the temple throw it into strong relief, and add to the general picturesque effect. The buildings are on a low strand but little removed from the sea, with thick plantations of palm, plantain, and other evergreen fruit trees around, above which the finished western tower and the incomplete one over the east gate are conspicuous afar off; a placid sea lies in front, and stretches for 30 miles away to the Island of Manar and the coasts of Ceylon, breaking on a shell and coral beach; and southward is a narrow spit of sand running out some 18 miles towards the east. At its extremity is Dhanuskoti, the most important of all bathing-places

for pilgrims, since it was here that Rama, returning victorious from battle, broke with his bow the bridge built by the monkeys in order to protect Ceylon from future invaders, and blessed the place. To see this spot is sufficient to secure salvation. The history of the temple of Rameswaram, one of the most sacred to Hindus and interesting to the traveller, is as follows. The Gangetic nations appear to have invaded Ceylon in the sixth century before Christ. The Aryans became essentially an agricultural people when settled on the banks of the rivers of the north of India, and many of the aboriginal tribes pushed by them to the hill tracts and to the southward were not agricultural. The legend which forms the theme of the Ramayana perhaps springs from the idea of the Aryan race wresting, in their onward progress, the fruitful soil from the grasp of the black demons—the aborigines—who had until now possessed it. The invasion of Ceylon, to rescue Sita his wife from the clutches of Ravana, by Rama, regarded now as an incarnation of Vishnu, but practically no doubt a deified leader of a Hindu migration, represents this notion in a concrete form. The earliest version of this epic, which describes this story in beauty of language, is supposed to have been composed about 500 B.C., but was revised and coloured by Brahminical influence two hundred years later. Hindus found their way throughout Ceylon. Choultries and temples of the style met with at Rameswaram extended from north to south of the island. Now up to the date last mentioned the religion of Hindustan had been Vedic. Worship of the powers of Nature as manifestations of the Supreme Being had preceded that of heroes, and admitted no notion of incarnation ; though it is highly probable that the aboriginal tribes of India had their tutelary deities shaped in wood or stone, similar to those met with in other primitive countries. Buddhism sprang up and widely spread about the time we are considering, penetrated to Ceylon 300 B.C., and, as Ramesa Chandra Dutt says, "dissociated Hinduism from the Vedas ; and the revised form of Hinduism of the sixth century and later ages is not a religion of Vedic sacrifices, but of worship of images and gods unknown to the Vedas. Temple-building and Hindu architecture flourished in the sixth century to long after the Mahomedan conquest."

Among people like the Hindus, deeply reflective and observant of nature, habitual speculation as to the origin of the phenomena of decay and reproduction must have been early cultivated ; and because the principles involved in them baffled analysis then, as they do even at the present time, and seemed to them the most potent in their material environment, these principles were taken to be

immediate evidences of the energy of the Almighty, and were adored by the Hindus and other Aryan races in material forms. The reaction against Buddhism led to the general introduction among Hindus of image-worship, although the ideas embodied in it had no doubt prevailed earlier. The doctrine of incarnation had also proceeded from the heroic poems, Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva constituting a mythological pantheon. The production of the universe, involving the association of the male and female principles, was symbolised by the Ardha-nari form of Siva—that is, a half-masculine, half-feminine representation. According to Hinduism all death leads to new life, all destruction to reproduction; so that in process of time Siva (originally the destroyer alone) came to be worshipped in his more auspicious aspect. The adoration of Siva under the type of the Linga, a phallic stone, represented in association with the emblem of Parvati, prevailed probably throughout India as early as the fifth or sixth century of the Christian era. It should be remarked that with these symbols there is no necessary implication of sensual ideas, and the spirit of the worshipper is not always influenced by the character of the types. Indeed, in a treatise written in the year 1891 by a native in Madras, the idol is declared to be nothing more than a crude representation of a Yogi, or ascetic, sitting in an attitude of devotion. He says that the common meaning is only attributed by unknowing foreigners and bigoted sectarian Hindus. Wilson, in the preface of his translation of the Vishnu-Purana, describes how Siva is thought of as a pillar of fire springing up in the interval of a creation to separate Vishnu and Brahma, who had been fighting for supremacy, and this thought may have suggested the earliest material representation of this type in the cave temples; but the generally accepted signification of the symbols, as they are witnessed to-day in all Sivaite shrines in India, is that first given. This lengthy reference to the introduction of this mark or type in wood or stone is necessary in estimating the antiquity of the worship at the shrine of Rameswaram. Some sort of commemorative monument had no doubt been set up at this place by the Hindus at the time of their invasion of Ceylon, about 500 B.C. But none of the buildings now extant at Rameswaram are credited with so early a beginning. Sankara Achárya, a teacher of Sivaitism of ancient repute, lived in the eighth or ninth century A.D., about which time was written the Linga-Purana, a book relating to Siva worship, and which gave an impulse to it, for twelve great Lingas were set up in various parts of India, at Somnath and other places, including Rameswaram. So that rather more than a thousand years ago a small shrine con-

taining this Linga probably existed at Rameswaram. The present temple is not the work of one age. It was commenced about 1414 A.D., and the construction extended over three hundred and fifty years; three of the towers, as has been said, are still incomplete. The erection and endowment are the work almost exclusively of one family, the Sethupatis of Ramnad. The tradition made current by the Brahmins of the setting-up of the Linga by Rama is as follows. The vanquished Ravana was of the race of Brahma, and Rama had misgivings that he might himself incur the vengeance and retribution of the latter. Rama, it must be recollected, was an incarnation of Vishnu, between whom and Brahma, Siva had before, in the guise of a fiery pillar, interposed himself. Rama's followers counsel him to raise a temple and to confine Siva within it by precatory charms, while for a type or idol Hanuman repairs to Mount Kailasa, the abode of Siva, to obtain a Linga. The hour for dedication passes without his return. Rama and his council induce Sita to mould a Linga with her hands from the white sand, and the symbol is established and worshipped. Hanuman returns directly afterwards with the image he had sought for, and is much distressed to find the hastily-made type set up. He urges Rama to transfer the spirit of Siva to the more appropriate Linga. Rama is in doubt. Hanuman winds his tail round the Linga of sand and tries to uproot it. In vain, for it has penetrated downward through the three worlds, and the monkey general breaks his tail in the effort and falls senseless. He subsequently revives, and an apparition of Siva and Parvati issues from the consecrated Linga of sand with this speech: "O, Rama, whoever visits this Linga dedicated by thee and bathes in the twenty-four sacred bathing-places shall be free from sin and shall as his reward inherit heaven." The apparation fades away within the Linga. Rama then by prayer persuades Siva to inhabit the new one, and the two images are placed side by side. The congregation of sages name the place in token of these events Rameswaram, the second word, Iswaram, signifying Siva, or supreme lord, for here Rama had prevailed upon Siva to dwell. Having at such length described the origin of this temple, a detailed account of the propitiatory ceremonies of the pilgrims would be wearisome. Suffice it to say that the course of worship in a Hindu temple is the circumambulating of the place, with the right hand towards it, as often as the devotee pleases; the worshipper then enters the vestibule, and if a bell be suspended there, as is commonly the case, strik[illegible] times upon it. He then advances to the threshol[illegible] which the officiating

Brahmin receives, mutters inaudibly a short prayer, accompanied by prostration, or simply with the act of lifting the hands to the forehead, and departs. In the worship of the Linga and in general of other idols of the Hindus there is, as a rule, no indecency practised nor even indelicate suggestion presented. All is simplicity and earnestness. Yet at some festivals vulgar songs are sung by the crowd, and the vilest pictures exhibited on the triumphal carriages constructed for the occasions; while nearly all the carved festal cars belonging to temples contain subjects here and there which cannot be regarded by a foreigner without a blush. Again, a melancholy feature is the presence of dancing women, with whom immorality is practised by Brahmins and others, and which by these poor creatures is felt to involve no degradation. In and about Rameswaram there are twenty-four important Thirthums, or bathing-places, where ablutions by the pilgrim cannot be dispensed with. The most sacred, alluded to previously and called Dhanuskoti, is at the extremity of the sandy spit which runs out from Rameswaram Island towards Ceylon. The religious importance attached to this place, and the great veneration with which it is regarded by all Hindus, may be gathered from the fact that a distant sight, or being to leeward of the place, is considered sufficient to insure salvation. There are cases of ascetics who, upon their arrival, simply gaze at the place and return, without performing any of the ceremonies enjoined by the Puranas. The ablutions over, the pilgrim returns to Rameswaram to go through the temple worship described above, with the addition of bathing the Rama Linga with water from the Ganges, which can be bought in the temple. The pilgrim must then feed Brahmins, and give them cows, cloth, or money according to his ability. The revenue of the temple is some forty thousand rupees from lands and donations. The Rajahs of Travancore alone are said to have spent £25,000 on their visits to the place. Lastly, the pilgrim bathes at the Kodithirthum in the temple garden. This ceremony comes next in importance to that at Dhanuskoti, as it opens ways for both spiritual and worldly ends. Some of the water is purchased and carried away. It is believed that a spoonful administered to a dying man will contribute to his spiritual elevation. This bath ends the duties of the pilgrim.

It is impressive to see an immense concourse of people, of all ages and classes, assembled to participate with profound faith in these ceremonials, and the sight creates a desire in the beholder to penetrate beyond the mere outward observances of the ritual to the motive spirit of the devotee, to form some idea of his habit of thought,

of the mental mainspring which actuates him. On a Friday evening we were admitted to view the procession of the idols through the galleries of the temple. Crowds thronged every space; dancing-women richly jewelled chanted songs mingled with warm expressions of devotion, which appeared well calculated by strength of utterance to rouse and elevate the mind; the air was oppressive with the scent of sandal and white jasmine; weird music by a band of various instruments—some seventeen are in use—echoed through the vast cloisters, and the lurid light of oil torches revealed here and there in strong relief the massive pillars surmounted by the lion *couchant.* When all was ended, the crowd had melted away, and the last wail of the shankam, or conch, was borne on the night breeze, we sought the Brahmin who was to tell us something of the immutable principles of an ancient faith which underlie these idolatrous manifestations. A dim lamp burned in Parvati's shrine, and the moonlight through the apertures below the roof faintly lit the colonnade where we sat. All else was in darkness, and in silence too, but for the rustle of the palm leaves and the splash of the crisp waves upon the beach outside. The scene was deeply picturesque. The Brahmin began:

"You have asked me to give you reasons for the faith which has animated millions of beings in this land for thousands of years. Among us who have, from generation to generation, ministered to it, it is regarded as more than a revelation, rather as a divine inspiration. In the earliest times songs of gratitude and praise and worship were poured forth by our ancestors to the bright sky, the blushing dawn, the rising sun, and the glowing fire. These were instinct with deity, and in sincere self-surrender to the Divine will the worshipper received spiritual guidance from the Almighty. But this simple trust did not endure. Most were led astray by motives of self-will. Truth remained with the few, and by the will of God has remained with our class from generation to generation. We believe that Brahmins were created as custodians and faithful exponents of the truth, both as it is written in the scriptures and as delivered by tradition. I have said that the powers of Nature were regarded as instinct with deity. We believe them to be the immediate manifestations to man of the Supreme Being. These manifestations or attributes of the deity in action have been spoken of and thought of in process of time as divinities, emanating from, and subordinate to, the Almighty. They have been personified, and images have been formed of them. Our caste has encouraged such ideas and taken image-worship under its protection, for it is not [illegible] mighty

simultaneously in all His attributes, nor in any one of them only, in the abstract. Concrete form brings the untutored mind into intimate association with the element that it seeks. I have heard that Christian Churches have recognised this necessity, and that where pictures and images have not been permitted, as in your country, large numbers of the people have forsaken your religious services. Ritualistic precept for the guidance of worshippers has been given to us in the inspired Vedas. We Hindus of all classes are born, as you, with the sense of original corruption; and the Vedas have taught us surrender to God's will and forgetfulness of self in our dealings with others. The duty of man is revealed in the same spirit as that exhibited in your sacred books. But you will find throughout India that the people reverence us, the Brahmins, as their infallible and indispensable guides in religious and in most worldly matters, and indeed as created with truth in us; and we ourselves, in the consciousness of this fact, have always encouraged and stimulated this belief on their part. The ceremonials which you have seen are not the inventions of to-day, but have been practised for hundreds of years. The ignorant who need a visible sign worship Siva through a 'mark' or 'type'—the Linga; but the wise contemplate in their minds the invisible, inscrutable type. The belief of the former in the efficacy of their worship is strengthened by the very acts involved in these ceremonials, and without them those who are uncultured and material would feel their worship to be lame and deficient. You ask me if I myself gain spiritual strength from the performance of these functions. To that I say, No. I have ministered in this temple for fifty years. Ritual to me is now but an empty form. I have passed beyond its influence. A calm mind is cultivated by all us Brahmins; strong emotions betoken the propensities of the lower animals. When we feel that our family life has no further claims upon us, we detach ourselves from mundane feelings and interests, but even in youth we know the virtue of an undisturbed and deliberate mind. Habitual contemplation and mortification have removed from me worldly considerations. It seems to me that among Western races a person is in a state of constant agitation; he is incessantly the victim of desire. By this even the wise are drawn into evil; from it proceed lust, anger, and destruction. The aim of the religious should be to cultivate indifference to it."

The Brahmin concluded, and we passed out to resume our journey in the star-lit night, impressed by the evidences given us of the strong hold which a degenerate faith exercises still upon more than half the Indian people, and by the firm root which it has afforded to

the ministering caste; impressed also by the consciousness of corruption revealed by the devotees, and the need they feel for regeneration.

E. O. WALKER.

NOTE.—The works consulted on the subject of this paper were Wilson's *Vishnu-Purana*; Monier-Williams' *Indian Wisdom*; Ward's *Account of the Hindoos*; contributions by R. Sewell and J. Burgess to the *Archæological Survey of Southern India*; Fergusson's *History of Indian and Eastern Architecture*; *Asiatic Researches*, 1832, Vol. 17; *Gazetteer of Southern India*, 1855; Cordiner's *Description of Ceylon*; and Ramesa Chandra Dutt's *History of Civilisation in Ancient India*.

"THE GOLDEN ASS."

SUCH is the extraordinary title of one of the most famous romances of antiquity and of the world. The "Ass," we are told, was called "Golden" because it was such a charming and delightful story—not by any means because the hero of the tale was of any such precious metal. On the contrary, he was a most hirsute, ugly, and even commonplace animal. But the marvellous adventures he underwent, and the extraordinary interest attaching to his biography, induced a grateful world to describe him by an adjective which, we believe, was applied to no other individuals except this celebrated ass and the goddess Venus—a strange and unexpected pair to be classed in any category by any possibility together.

Witchcraft and magic form the mainsprings of the interest in "The Golden Ass." The Ass is a human being who, by the power of a certain witch, is transformed into the quadruped in question, and the often comical adventures into which he falls in his new guise have their humour heightened by the fact that it is a victimised man who tells them.

Thessaly was ever the country of witches and wizards in antiquity, and received the same character for the supernatural power of its residents as Lapland did within modern memory. Lucius, a Greek traveller, has occasion to visit this wonderful country on business, and after some very singular adventures, unconnected with the main march of the tale, meets a Thessalian witch named Pamphile, who, he is credibly informed, has the power of transforming herself into the shape of animals—a very widespread superstition among the lower classes in antiquity, to which we have frequent allusions in classical writers. His curiosity excited by what he hears about Pamphile, he resolves to watch her. Accordingly, concealing himself in her most private chamber one night, he saw her unlock a certain cabinet and take out of it several little boxes. These contained ointment, with which she rubbed herself, as a result of which feathers began to start out all over her body, and very soon she flew out of the window in the form of an owl.

Lucius, overwhelmed with wonder and curiosity at so strange a spectacle, became possessed with the desire to undergo a similar transformation himself. He thought it would be so delightful to experience for a short time the sensations of a bird; to soar in the sky and feel his wings expand in the balmy air would realise, he fancied, his wildest dreams of happiness. Accordingly, possessing himself of the ointment which had wrought such a wonderful change in the appearance of Pamphile, he rubbed it over his own body. But no soft down sprang from his skin, no feathery wings appeared. The hairs on his flesh grew up and stiffened into bristles; he felt his skin harden until it had attained the thickness of an elephant's hide; a huge tail shot out from the extremity of his spine; his face grew to enormous proportions, his mouth widened, and finally his ears increased immoderately in length and trailed almost to the ground. This last transformation convinced him of the fact which had taken place: instead of a bird he had become an ass, and henceforth was "The Golden Ass" for all posterity.

In great mortification at what had occurred, Lucius, under his new form, thought he had better fraternise with his horse, and imagined that in the stable, with a good feed of hay before him, he should at least reap that contentment which was denied him elsewhere. But on trotting into the loose-box, where his horse had so often received hay and corn at his hands, he found the ungrateful brute with its ears laid back, determined to refuse him an entry by every means in its power. With great difficulty, however, he managed to force his way in, but was unable to possess himself of a morsel of the barley which his own hands had placed there in the morning.

The sole source of comfort for this human ass in his misery was the knowledge, which he had obtained from a servant of the witch, that if he could only chew some roses he would regain his proper form. Accordingly, all through the story we find him diligently on the search for roses to chew, but never succeeding in getting near enough to any to bite them. His first experience in that direction cost him dear. After all the miseries of the stable, he suddenly bethought himself of the antidote, and, espying a statue crowned with roses, he walked to it, and standing on his hind legs, as best he could, attempted to seize the flowers with his teeth. Unluckily the groom, who came along at that moment, saw, as he thought, a strange ass endeavouring to do damage to the statue and its garland. Lifting up his cudgel, he administered such a stroke that the poor animal was forced to let go the flowers before it had swallowed a morsel. He then fell [illegible] was only

stopped by the irruption of a band of robbers into the premises, who plundered the house of all its valuables and effects, and added insult to injury by loading the Ass with the plunder of the house, and driving him off into the country.

It took a considerable time for the Ass to reconcile himself to the ways and customs of mankind. While still in the possession of the robbers, he happened to pass a beautiful and trim little garden, teeming with vegetables and adorned with rose trees in full bloom. This sight was sufficient to tempt his cupidity, and at the same time to encourage the hope that he would at length regain his proper form. He accordingly made his way into the garden, but his huge hoofs trampled the vegetables down in all directions, and before he could satisfy his hunger, or even reach the roses, a young fellow ran out at him with a thick stick. But the Golden Ass by this time had learnt wisdom and the manners and customs of his species. He did not submit to his beating with such good grace as at an earlier stage in his adventures, but, turning his back to his assailant, he struck out repeatedly at him with his hind legs, and at length laid him prostrate on a bank.

Beatings and retaliations of the above description occur with very great frequency in the story of the Golden Ass. The unfortunate animal came in for a good many of them, and the author seems to enjoy telling them, as no doubt the public did the reading of them, much in the same way that the coarse horseplay in the novels of Smollett and Fielding used to give untold satisfaction and enjoyment to our ancestors.

He continued in the keeping of the robbers, who loaded him with whatever plunder they happened to take. They had another ass in their employment likewise, and our hero learnt a lesson from his fellow-sufferer which he was not likely to forget. One day the two asses were going along a road which was crossed by a prattling rivulet, when the Golden Ass, overcome by fatigue, and longing to slake his thirst in the water which babbled by him, determined to lie down in the road and refuse to budge, whatever his masters might do to make him. He thought that a thousand blows were a cheap purchase for the beautiful delicious shade and the sweet water, which was so cool and so near at hand. But his companion jackass seems to have conceived a similar idea, and, ere our hero could carry his design into execution, lay down sprawling in the road, and defied his masters to make him move on, do what they might. The robbers were not men to be trifled with, and accordingly they hamstrung the animal and pitched him over a precipice. "What

a mournful lot might mine have been," reflected our hero, "if I had carried my design into practice!" Honesty, he finally concludes, is the best policy even for an ass to follow, and he resolves that henceforth his masters shall have no cause to blame him on the ground of inactivity.

One day the robbers returned home with a choice piece of booty in the person of a captured damsel, who laments her hard lot through several pages of the novel. This new arrival in the company led the Ass into a fresh adventure, for he escaped from his tyrannical masters with the damsel on his back, and, like another lion carrying another Una, employed his time after the escape had been effected in kissing her feet and bestowing on her other tokens of his affection.

Let us hear Apuleius himself give the account of the escape, which is an excellent specimen of that vivid and graphic style which constitutes half his charm:

"The old woman who was with the robbers had hold of me by a thong, and with a boldness above her sex strove to lead me back again to the place where I was tethered after I had attempted to escape; but I immediately knocked her down with a stroke of my hind feet. Even when sprawling on the ground she held on to the thong with a tenacious grip, so that for awhile I dragged her along in my gallop. Then did the young damsel whom the robbers had captured, with virile daring perform an admirable exploit; for, wresting the thong from the hands of the old woman, she checked my speed with a few soothing words and mounted cleverly on my back. Besides my own spontaneous desire to escape, I was now impelled by a wish to liberate the young girl, and, further urged on by the blows with which she frequently admonished me, my four feet beat the ground at the rate of a courser's gallop, and all the while I endeavoured by my braying to reply to the sweet words of the maiden; sometimes also, turning my neck and pretending to scratch my back, I kissed her beautiful feet."

After these endearments and these mutual rejoicings had continued for some time, the happy pair were overtaken by the robbers, who threatened the most horrible vengeance on the Ass and the girl for running away. Among the various proposals which were made for revenge, the following was, perhaps, the mildest: "That the Ass should be taken and cut open, and the girl should be placed inside him with her head alone visible. She should then be sewn up in his enormous hide, and exposed [illegible] to the broiling sun."

A curious *rencontre* brings the young girl's betrothed lover on the scene, who with great difficulty persuades the robbers to abandon their plan of murder, and eventually rescues the maiden, and with her the Ass, from their dangerous companions. A triumphal procession takes place into the native town of the young girl, and "a new and memorable spectacle—that of a virgin riding upon an ass in triumph—was beheld with astonishment by all spectators." In this last sentence we may notice a sneer at Christianity; the procession of our Lord into Jerusalem, seated on an ass, furnished Apuleius with a subject of ridicule which he was not slow to take advantage of.

As a reward for the Ass's services in the liberation of the damsel, he was turned out to grass, and suffered to have his liberty once more.

After passing into the possession of various masters, the Golden Ass was at length sold to the priest of a pagan temple, and when in this employment he saw some of the extraordinary impostures which the priests of Cybele used to practise on the faithful in those days. In the midst of one of these ceremonies the self-respect of the Ass got the better of him. "Unable to endure the sight of what they were doing," he says, recounting the story in the first person, "I tried to shout out the words 'O citizens!' but could not get beyond the 'O!' It was a fine, sonorous 'O!' which I uttered, but it was very ill-timed; for several young men who had been looking for an ass that had been stolen the night before, happening to hear my splendid bray at a distance, ran in and caught the priests in the very middle of their juggleries." The whole imposture was discovered, and there was an end to the lucrative traffic of the temple.

A very narrow escape which the Ass had further on in his history is too amusing to be omitted. A cook at the house where he belonged had lost the haunch of a very fat and large stag, and imagined he should lose his place as well in consequence of his carelessness. The unfortunate cook kissed his little son, and was on the point of actually hanging himself in his grief, when his wife, a practical woman, suggested the very drastic remedy that he should say nothing about the accident, but should take the Ass, kill him, and, taking a haunch of his flesh, serve it up instead of the stag's.

The cook agreed with his wife as to the wisdom of this suggestion, and began to sharpen his knife with the most homicidal intentions against the animal. The Ass, not relishing the idea of being

turned into venison, and having nowhere else to go for a place of escape, rushed into the supper-room where all the guests were assembled, and in his anxiety to get away from the cook smashed and upset all the dishes and tables in every direction. It was the best thing he could have done. The cook could hardly have the effrontery to cut up the Ass in presence of his master, and the intelligent animal was ordered to be confined in a stable for some time to come, so as to prevent such freaks as this for the future. One of the servants having declared that the Ass was raging mad, the creature was compelled to go through the ordeal by water, that is to say, its refusal to drink water was to be considered a proof of the man's assertion. But the Ass, too wise to be outwitted by a clown, drank enough water to fill a hogshead, and made himself so agreeable to the company that he soon became a popular favourite.

One of the peculiarities of the Ass which most surprised his various masters was his strong partiality for human food. Roast sucking-pigs, chickens, fish, delicate pastry—nothing came amiss to him. And after the banquets were over he used to steal into the rooms and devour with great avidity the scraps. One of his masters, noticing this peculiarity, determined to make capital out of it, and, having taught him a number of tricks in addition to those with which Nature had so plentifully endowed the animal, he commenced to make a public exhibition of him.

During one of these exhibitions a lady fell in love with the Ass. She became desperately enamoured, and nothing would content her but that she must have a private interview with the animal who had so taken her fancy, and must confer on him several marks of her favour. This episode is one of the most amusing in the history of the Golden Ass, but we have not space to give it in detail. How he meets with other extraordinary adventures, and how he ultimately recovers his proper shape, are the incidents which occupy the remainder of the volume. He gained his old form by eating a chaplet of roses which was given him by a priest of Isis. "My rough hair fell off," he says, alluding to the metamorphosis, "my hoofs spread out into feet and toes, my long neck was shortened, my enormous ears were restored to their former dimensions."

Once more he was a man, very much improved and subdued by the experiences he had undergone. And so ends this famous novel—the delight of antiquity, the curiosity of the world ever since.

Some writers, especially Bishop Warburton, have been at pains to discover a profound theologic[illegible] with

that we have nothing here to do. Several beautiful stories are inter woven in the main body of the tale, among the rest being th myth of Cupid and Psyche, which has excited the admiration o all classes of readers, and has been the theme of numerous philo sophical disquisitions and religious musings.

J. F. ROWBOTHAM.

THE CAT-AND-MAN CHURCH.

SOME time ago we were staying at Mexborough—fifty years ago described as "a small village pleasantly situated on the river Don," but now a fairly large town, with collieries all around and underneath—(a friend of mine, who is probably condemned to live there for his sins in some past life, says that the air there contains over a hundred-weight of coal dust to the cubic yard)—possessing a local board, with the local squabbles inherent in such bodies, and also a canal; which latter is found very useful as a means for the self-disposal of the surplus population, and incidentally finds the coroner some employment. When we had exhausted the lions of Mexbro', which are chiefly the waterworks (a very useful but uninteresting edifice), and the new cemetery (also a very useful but even more uninteresting place to a stranger), we started seeing the neighbourhood, which before this utilitarian age must have been lovely country.

One day we drove out to Barnborough (the borough of Beorn), an old hamlet on a hill, and having unearthed the sexton, we followed him into the old church, locally known as the "Cat-and-Man Church."

In the north chancel is the tomb and effigy of Alice Cresacre and between the high and north chancels is that of her husband, Percival Cresacre, who is supposed to be the hero of the story; he was lord of the manor of Barnborough, and died about the middle of the fifteenth century. On his wife's tomb is the curious old couplet:

> "Our bonys in stonys lye full still,
> Our Saulys in wandyr at Godys wyll."

The heiress[1] of the Cresacres was married to John, the only son of the great Sir Thomas More, author of "Utopia."

There is nothing specially noticeable in the dame's effigy, but that of Percival Cresacre represents the recumbent statue of a man

[1] married in mistake for a richer heiress,

in armour, with a moustache, joined hands, and crossed legs in the orthodox style, but without a sword, and at his side, in a crouching attitude, looking towards the man's face, an animal represented as a cat by village tradition. We have some little acquaintance with cats, but this effigy is unlike any cat we have seen, but when we pointed this out to the sexton, he at once said, "Ah! but this wor a *wild* cat," which, of course, explains any lack of resemblance to its domestic prototype, and many other points as well.

The tomb is of stone, but the figures of the man and cat are carved in oak, and are in parts somewhat the worse for wear.

The legend states that, "once upon a time," a gentleman walking in the woods met a wild cat doing the same, and owing to some slight difference of opinion—perhaps, as this happened in the olden time, due to a question of precedence—the two resolved to settle the matter by combat *à outrance*, the upshot of which was that the man killed the cat, and the cat also killed the man. The fight started in the woods, and ended in this tragic manner at the church porch.

The cat, when wild, was classed as a beast of prey, and there are charters granted by the Conqueror and other kings, giving permission to hunt various beasts, among which the wild cat is specially mentioned, and as the district was once (and is still, though not so largely), well covered with wood, there is no improbability in such an event happening, though it appears to us as more likely that the legend took its rise, in common with many legends, from a similar cause, from the crest of the Cresacres, which was a "cat a mountain," but our guide had many and more convincing proofs to offer. He said that everybody around there believed it, which must be taken to be conclusive; furthermore, he pointed out a stone at the church porch which has a red streak running across it, which local knowledge avers to be the blood of the man or the cat, or both, which, having fallen on to the stone, has very obligingly coloured some portion of it, in order to furnish satisfactory refutation to unbelievers. It may here be mentioned that there are plenty of these stones with a reddish vein in them to be found in the neighbourhood, and in the church walls, so that, on this supposition, it is very likely that, in their struggles, the cat and man gradually worked their way round about the place and up and down the walls, carefully leaving their gore at more or less appropriate intervals. This very strongly reminded us of the stains of Rizzio's blood on the boards of Queen Mary's chamber at Holyrood, which, it is whispered, are carefully renewed as occasion requires; but this must not be talked about, for the honour of Scotland is involved.

But the great argument was reserved to the last. Some years ago (how very indefinite these village sextons are at all times), some people, most of them wearing spectacles, and all carrying notebooks, had come to view the church and its contents, and our cicerone had poured this story into their willing and believing ears, with the gratifying result that he got enough largesse to enable him to get "pretty comfortable" (whatever that may mean) every night for nearly a month. There was only one thing to do after that; we asked him if he were thirsty, and he said he was.

JOHN STOKES.

PAGES ON PLAYS.

The New Amusement.

IT has been said with insistence of late that the music hall has triumphed over the theatres. The world has been told by the wise that the business of the stage is to amuse; that people are more greedy of mere amusement now than they ever were before, and that while the regular stage, turning from its true purpose, fails to amuse them, they find, full measure, what they want in the music hall. The assertion may be based on logical deductions from ascertained facts. It may be that the hunger and thirst for crude amusement is keener than it was. It may be that the strain of modern life finds its relief in a reaction towards simpler humours and more straightforward appeals to the primal passions. It may be that the theatre, agitated as it has been of late by strong external influence and internal revolution, has made a mass, if not the majority, of playgoers impatient of the theories and fretted by the ambitions of the new men and the new ideas. Or it may be that human nature is the same now that it always has been, and that we only notice more distinctly certain expressions of popular taste because we have been giving of late more attention to the whole subject of the stage and its meaning and the amusement of the people.

But whatever conclusion the philosopher may come to, the plain observer can scarcely fail to recognise the plain fact that at this moment the attractions of the music hall predominate over the attractions of the drama. Not only are there a number of music halls which are crowded nightly by enthusiastic audiences, but a very considerable proportion of our theatres are music halls in everything but name and tobacco, and are the more successful the more closely they are affined to the originals which they imitate. At this moment the four most popular dramatic entertainments in London on the stages of regular theatres are "Morocco Bound" at the Shaftesbury, "Little Christopher Columbus" at the Lyric, "A Gaiety Girl" at the Prince of Wales's, and "Don Juan" at the Gaiety. Now, each of these pieces is in greater or less degree what

is called a variety show, and offers in greater or less degree the same kind of entertainment that is offered by the best and most successful music hall. There is no question at this moment whether these pieces are better or worse because they rival the music halls, the only point of interest is that they do rival the music halls. The performances, if analysed, resolve themselves for the most part into a series of turns, in which songs, dances, and eccentricities of all kinds alternate in the variety manner.

It is not surprising that these entertainments please the people. In each of these four performances, which are at this moment the most popular performances in London, there is a great deal to admire, and a great deal to amuse, and a great deal to delight. In "Morocco Bound," for instance, the exquisite dancing of Miss Letty Lind would in itself be enough to enrich a far less amusing, far less ably acted piece. In "Little Christopher Columbus," Mr. Lonnen's untiring energy and exhaustless resource command interest and deserve applause. "A Gaiety Girl" brings to the service of what, after the fashion of the hour, might be called the "new amusement," some exceedingly witty dialogue and some exceedingly clever acting. In it, in fact, the book contributes an important portion to the pleasure of the performance. In the newest of the four, in "Don Juan" at the Gaiety, the influence of variety is most conspicuous; construction, dialogue, incident, all count for nothing; the story is the unimportant thread which serves to string together some pretty songs, some pretty dances, some brilliant buffoonery, and some clever experiments in mimicry. The brilliant buffoonery is of course the work of Mr. Arthur Roberts. Since the burlesque stage lost Fred Leslie Mr. Arthur Roberts has been without a rival, and his isolation seems only to have spurred his extraordinarily fantastical sense of humour to fresher and wilder efforts. Mr. Roberts has a genius for the work he has devoted himself to, and his appearance in any piece sets upon it the seal of his own whimsical and fascinating spirit of extravagance.

But the chief charm of "Don Juan" is due to the presence of a young actress who was unknown to London a year ago, but who for more than one reason merits some special attention. Miss Cissy Loftus seems to be very young, seems to be little more than a girl. It has been said that she came straight from a convent school to the music-hall stage, where she earned an immediate fame for her cleverness in mimicking the mannerisms and the merits of popular players and singers; and from the music-hall stage she was very quickly moved to the stage of the Gaiety Theatre. There is always some-

thing appealing, attractive, and even melancholy in the presence of extreme youth upon any stage: it may be admitted that the melancholy quality of the interest aroused is increased when the stage happens to be one devoted to burlesque. The conditions of theatrical life, even at its best, are not of a kind that seem to harmonise most happily with the dawning life, and inevitably these conditions are not more felicitous when that stage is of the nature of a variety show. A variety show is an excellent institution; but it does not seem the ideal succession to the possible convent school and to the certain period for which school of some kind seems the most appropriate condition.

It would be difficult to overrate the charm that the presence of Miss Loftus lends to the scene and to the stage. Her youth and her beauty would in themselves be enough to recommend her to the frequenters of a theatre where youth and beauty are highly rated. But Miss Loftus attracts, not by her accordance with, but by her contrast to, her surroundings. In the heat and glare of colour, in the assertion of gaudy dresses, the emphasis of physical display and the audacity of a chartered license, this pale, tranquil, dark-haired girl comes like an incarnation of candour and simplicity and youth, and the artless grace of youth. She moves through the noise and glitter of the burlesque with the ingenuous self-possession of Spring, to all appearance unconscious of her beauty and heedless of applause, a living allegory of Arcadian innocency passing with unstained serenity through the Saturnalia of a masquerade. A nymph of the woods, a sister of the society of Artemis could seem scarcely less out of place at a Witches' Sabbath than this quiet child in the delirium of a Gaiety burlesque. It was a stroke of genius on the part of the management to put her there. It gave to a familiar entertainment a new and subtle savour, a quality of pleasure unfamiliar to the time and the place, a pleasure like that which the coolness and the cleanness of the dawn affords after long hours of revel.

But there is something melancholy if there is not something cruel in the pleasure which this contrast offers. It is gained at a great expense; the sacrifice is well-nigh inevitable; it seems impossible that the freshness which makes the contrast so sharp can, under the conditions, endure. A nameless poet in the Greek Anthology, in his rapture over a statue of the sleeping Ariadne, implores the beholders not to come too near, lest by their touch they should stir the image from its slumber to life and the hurt of life. It is to be hoped that daily contact with the wild business of burlesque will not arouse Miss Loftus from her simplicity, from her reserve, from her cool,

sweet inexperience, and change her from what she is into anything less modest and refined and admirable. This may be too much to hope. It is possible to find a great deal of entertainment in a Gaiety burlesque, in a long succession of Gaiety burlesques, to be heartily amused by the mad world of misrule and to have a high admiration for the players who devote their talents to that form of mirth—it is possible to feel all this, and yet to wish also that other work could be found for a child like Miss Loftus.

She is exceedingly clever in the one thing that she is called upon to do. She lends to her mimicry of this player and that dancer and the other singer a delicate graciousness which makes the satire the most flattering compliment in the world; she reproduces voice, gesture, mannerism of her subjects with a fidelity that surprises and delights. There are those who maintain that experts in mimicry seldom show originality or gain distinction in creation, just as great linguists are seldom masters of a native style. Critics of this school might forbode that Miss Loftus plays the parts of so many people with too great an ease to suggest the possibility of her having any part of her own to play. If there be such a rule in dramatic art—an art that, after all, is based on mimicry—it is possible that Miss Loftus may prove to be one of the exceptions. As far as it is possible, or rather as far as it is wise to speculate from the known to the unknown, I should be inclined to believe, or at least to hope, that Miss Loftus has a capacity for the acting of comedy. Even if she has, it is perhaps scarcely likely that it will ever be given an opportunity. The music-hall stage and the burlesque stage, though they occasionally exchange their artists, seldom allow them to pass into the service of a less grotesque muse.

And it is a pity; it is a thousand pities. Music halls and burlesque houses are excellent places of entertainment for those, with whom I am content to count myself, who find them entertaining; but there are forms of art which, without pedantry, may be admitted to stand higher—forms of art that reward their service with more desirable rewards. And one would be glad if it were possible to enlist so much youth and so much grace and charm and aptitude in that higher service. The future of the player in burlesque is necessarily limited. The work almost invariably tends to narrow the horizon and to harden the methods of those who serve it. In the majority of cases this matters very little; in the minority of cases it matters a good deal. It is impossible to see actors like the late Mr. Fred Leslie, like Mr. Arthur Roberts, like Miss Nellie Farren, without thinking that if burlesque is the gainer by their great gifts the

higher form of art loses much in losing them. In the case of Miss Loftus it remains to be seen whether she has any gifts beyond her skill in mimicry and the native attraction of her youth and her fair face. If she has, it would be matter for congratulation if they could be fostered for comedy, for comedy whose cause needs recruits so badly. Everybody who is interested in the stage watches the advent of every new actor and every new actress with a stronger or a fainter hope that the new-comer may prove a precious ally for the better business. Burlesque is in the ascendant; she has her legions: but the mirthful service of the cap and bells is not the only service, and there are some whom we grudge to it, whom we would gladly see ranged under the brave banner of comedy.

JUSTIN HUNTLY M^CCARTHY.

TABLE TALK.

Woman's Place in Art.

ARE women artistically inferior to men? Here is a question that gallantry predisposes one to answer in the negative. Something might even be urged in favour of such a response. Not until recently have we given woman the independence and education which foster the highest development of intellect. Professor Ferrero, however, in the "New Review," will have no coquetting with the subject, and says that the existence of this inferiority on the part of women is self-evident. He brings once more forward the well-known and often repeated facts that "although there is hardly a woman of a certain degree of refinement who cannot play one or more instruments, yet there is not one who can claim to be a composer of genius." In literature they may claim Sappho, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, George Sand, George Eliot, &c., but in the figurative arts "Sekani, Maraini, and Rosa Bonheur about exhaust the list." Besides a general lack of the creative power in art, women, according to the Professor, do not even understand physical beauty, and "remain cold, not only before a Venus of Medici, but, which is stranger still, before an Apollo Belvedere, of which famous statue a lady not very long ago could find no more appropriate remark to make than that *the face bore a striking resemblance to her hall-porter.*"[1] This is one of the cruellest cuts ever dealt to the fair sex. To be sure, the story concerning the lady does not count for much. One is not typical of all. I could, moreover, find many masculine utterances which would serve as parallels. I am not even prepared to accept as generally true the statement that women do not understand physical beauty.

Causes of Her alleged Inferiority.

I SHOULD not have reopened a controversy I not wished to draw attention to th asserted inferiority. The primary

[1] *New Revie*

lie in the sensual coldness of women as compared with men." This, too, is a hard saying. Once more, too, the question arises, Is it true? If so, the general theories concerning women that have been advanced by men are worthless. Beginning with early literature and mythology, and progressing down to to-day, I find that men have been wont to regard passion as a gift accorded to women in larger measure than to men. I need not refer with Mr. Swinburne to "The Mænad and the Bassarid." I will only ask if any lines of Byron are better known than those in which he compares the love of man as of itself "a thing apart" with woman's, which is "her whole existence." The subject is one I scarcely care to follow out. I do not, however, think that the Professor's theory is so well established as to justify any serious deductions from it. A second reason for inferiority is said to be the comparative rarity in woman of "the synthetic faculty, which in its most exalted manifestations becomes genius." A third is the weakness of woman's muscular structure, and the fact that her muscular sensations are consequently less intense. She takes less part in the great struggle for existence, and, consequently, "feels in a less degree the tragic emotions of life." Destined "by Nature for the part of nurse in the battle of life, she cannot adequately and with full power depict its passionate and bloody episodes."

Provinces in Art Woman can Command.

IN matters where mere prettiness is concerned the Professor finds in woman a lively appreciation and a fair inventive faculty. She will prefer a Watteau to a Michelangelo, a Coppée to a Dostojewski, for "the reason that graceful objects awaken by association a number of those gentle images which repose in the mind of every woman, especially if she be a mother, and cause her to worship in ecstasy before the graces of a baby." Further into this question I cannot go. I have not been intentionally unjust to the writer, and have, so far as I am able, given his exact words. Deprived of their context, and the explanations afforded, they are not, of course, the same thing. It is, however, impossible to force into a few sentences matter that occupies the whole of a thoughtful and intelligent, if not quite convincing, essay. Not wholly condemnatory of woman's art work is the essayist. In the imitatory arts, such as dramatic representation, they excel. The names of celebrated actresses are much more numerous than those of great actors. Here, again, I am at issue with him. In the primitive arts concerned with the adornment of the person, of weapons and vases, and the decoration of dwellings,

woman has taken up the place vacated by men. In regard to costume, some enthusiasm even is shown, and some dresses are said to be "really genial creations." Other artistic matters are said to be within woman's reach, and the art of conversation is declared to be specially her province. In this "woman has always been a queen, from the time of the Greeks, when the celebrated courtesans kept around them almost a Court of illustrious men, down to the last century, when the flower of French intelligence assembled in the salons of Madame de Longueville or Mademoiselle d'Epinay."

Difference of Mental Conditions between the Sexes.

I SHALL not dream of impugning the gallantry of the Professor, no will I dispute all his premises. In a sense, what he says is true. The same delicacy of constitution that has prevented woman from taking part, as a rule, in war or the chase has debarred her from competing with men in other fields. It may at once be admitted that women can no more point to a Homer, a Shakespeare, a Dante, a Rabelais, a Goethe, than they can to a Julius Cæsar, a Marlborough, or a Nelson. It is not, however, easily conceivable that they should. Without being consciously repressed by men, they have, until recent days, been discouraged from competition with men. In the case of a few women, as Queen Elizabeth, Lady Jane Grey, and so forth, an education advanced in some respects has been assigned them. Nine-tenths of the women alive at this moment even obtain no education whatever, and over immense districts they are mere household drudges, or ministers to masculine pleasure. It is too early as yet to see what will be the result of the species of academic training now, for the first time, brought within the reach of any considerable section of womanhood. We are not yet far advanced in the study of heredity, and we know not how long it may be before woman throws off the influences of centuries of restriction, or before man generously reconciles himself to find in woman a competitor as well as a companion, an equal instead of a subordinate.

Amativeness in Works of Art.

ONE further subject in this ingenious essay deserves a moment's consideration. In dealing with the question of the sensual coldness of women, Professor Ferrero assigns marvellous importance to the faculty of amativeness which most works of art tend to excite. In this faculty, and not in the eye or the ear, lies, he holds, the true centre of the æsthetic sense. "The very germ of art is love." The

connection between art and love may be hidden beneath a number of other mental considerations, but it continues to exist. "The great majority of novels and dramas are but studies in erotic psychology: the motive of all lyrics is love." It is the same with statues and pictures; they are a source of pleasure because they arouse in the mind of man "some reflection of the most thrilling sensations which he derives from love." To a great extent this is true. I will not tie the Professor down to the very letter of his assertion, or I might show that, using love in regard to the relations between the sexes, which is the sense in which he employs it, this is not strictly true. Not a few of the most splendid lyrics have not a word in suggestion of love in them. Take, as the easiest and most accessible of instances, Campbell's "Nelson and the North," Wolfe's "Burial of Sir John Moore," Byron's "The Assyrian came down like a Wolf on the Fold," and innumerable lyrics of Wordsworth, Shelley, and Tennyson. The lyrics with which the world is most actively concerned deal, directly or indirectly, with love. A hundred readers know Coleridge's "Genevieve" for one that knows "Lines before Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouni"; nothing of the ex-Laureate is more widely popular than his "Maud." So I might proceed. The Devil in "Festus" cynically observes:

> An we might trust these youths and maidens fair,
> The world was made for nothing but love, love.
> Now, I think 'twas made but to be damned—

which, at least, is another view.

Influence of Wine on Literature.

WITH love as a subject of poetry we have to class wine, its great provocative. In one of his purest and best-known poems Shelley, the most ideal of poets, praising the song of the skylark, says:

> I have never heard
> Praise of love or wine
> That panted forth a flood of rapture more divine.

The ancients told us that without wine love starves, and Parson Herrick, no bad judge, holds wine indispensable to the production of good verse. He says:

> Give me wine and give me meate,
> To create in me a heate,
> That my pulses high may beate.
>
> Cold and hunger never yet
> Co'd a noble verse beget,
> But your boules with sack repleat.

May it not, then, be put into the computation concerning women that, as immeasurably the more temperate sex, they fail to attain the highest raptures of verse, and, not stimulating unduly their faculties with alcohol, incur the charge of "sensual coldness"? An eminent physician, a rigid and inflexible abstainer, told me that in his opinion the chief reason for which men drink is for the sake of inflaming their animal instincts. As to the truth of this I am in no position to judge. Chaucer, in language which I will not quote, maintains that women who drink are characterised by the reverse of "sensual coldness." Men have written almost as many poems in praise of Bacchic indulgence as in praise of amorous occupation. I do not know of any poem in praise of wine that is written by a woman. In the expression of passion, poetesses from the days of Sappho to those of Mrs. Browning have used language strong enough to shock their own sex and to startle ours. If Professor Ferrero's theory as regards feminine lack of poetic inspiration is right, may not some allowance be made for their temperance?

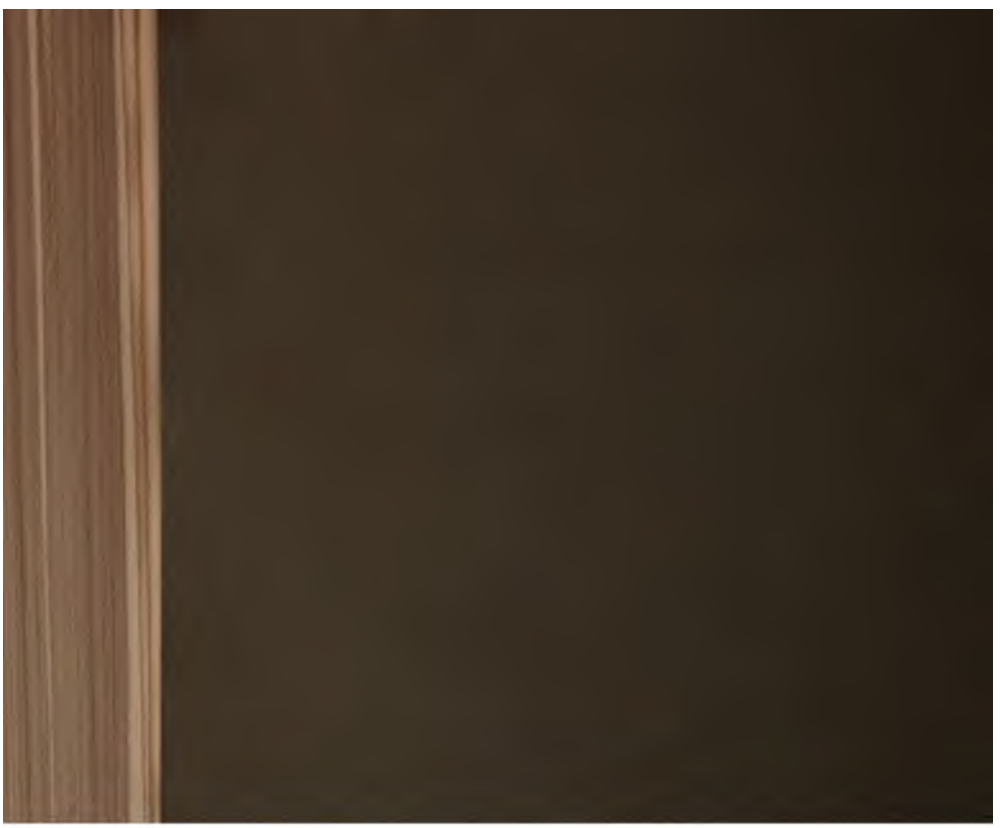
Cheating at Cards.

I SUPPOSE, if there is any one offence of which, more than another, an Englishman of to-day would resent the suspicion, it is that of cheating at cards. Now and then a scandal of the kind is whispered in clubs, and a man, not seldom the bearer of an aristocratic name, disappears from London, and is heard of no more. There is a story current of a man detected in cheating, who was thrown by those he had robbed out of the first floor window of a club, and seriously hurt. After his recovery he consulted a friend as to what he had better do under the circumstances, and received the cynical and not very consolatory advice, "Always play on the ground floor." Though a joke of this kind is occasionally hazarded, the offence of cheating is very properly resented, and the moral stigma attached to its detection is of the blackest. When, however, I should like to know, was cheating first regarded as so serious an offence? In France, in the last century, it was held in no special abhorrence. Memoirs and novels of that period treat it as a venial offence. Among the many iniquities of which the Chevalier de Seingalt, in his wholly unedifying book, unblushingly boasts, is his possession of the art at need to "correct fortune." As this worthy, among his many evil qualities, is the most notorious of liars, his evidence, even when it incriminates himself, need not necessarily be taken. It is supported, [illegible] estimation in

which the offence is held, I was very much struck in re-reading the romance of "L'Abbé Prévost," which is the foundation-stone of the modern French novel "Manon Lescaut." This work is avowedly fiction, and its hero owns himself a *fripon*. The book, however, presents a picture absolutely perfect of Parisian life, and the hero is a man of noble family, and holds that in cheating he has not compromised his name nor his title to respect. In his interview with his father, the Chevalier des Grieux, the hero in question states that "As there was not anything in my conduct so grossly improper as to reflect dishonour upon me, at least, in comparison with the conduct of other young men of a certain station in the world; and as a mistress is not considered a disgrace any more than a little dexterity in drawing some advantage from play, I gave my father a candid detail of the life I had been leading." He quotes, of course, without giving names, illustrious examples of titled thieves. "I certainly have on one or two occasions cheated at play. Well, the Marquis of . . . and the Count . . . have no other source of revenue. The Prince of . . . and the Duke of . . . are at the head of a gang of the same industrious order." All this may be fiction; I take it to be none the less truth. Lest we should draw comparisons flattering to ourselves, let us think that at a time not very much earlier a young Englishman of position, when his regiment was disbanded, would turn almost as a matter of course to the road. Prince Hal and Falstaff, moreover, are as true to life as the Chevalier des Grieux.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

Spottiswoode & Co., Printers, New-street Square, London.



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